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THE MORAL DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN.*

STRANGELY enough, the most glaring defect in our programmes of education is entirely overlooked. While much is being done in the detailed improvement of our systems in respect both of matter and manner, the most pressing desideratum has not yet been even recognized as a desideratum. To prepare the young for the duties of life is tacitly admitted by all to be the end which parents and schoolmasters should have in view; and happily the value of the things taught, and the goodness of the method followed in teaching them, are now ostensibly judged by their fitness to this end. The propriety

of substituting for an exclusively classical training a training in which the modern languages shall have a share, is argued on this ground. The necessity of increasing the amount of science is urged for like reasons. But though some care is taken to fit youths of both sexes for society and citizenship, no care whatever is taken to fit them for the still more important position they will ultimately have to fill—the position of parents. While it is seen that for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, an elaborate preparation is needed, it appears to be thought that for the bringing up of children, no preparation whatever is needed. While many years are spent by a boy in gaining knowledge, of which the chief value is that it constitutes “the education of a gentleman;” and while many years are spent by a girl in those decorative acquirements which fit her for evening parties; not an hour is spent by either of

* *Some Thoughts on Education.* By JOHN LOCKE. London. 1710.

Levana; or, the Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of JEAN PAUL FR. RICHTER. London: Longmans. 1848.

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them in preparation for that gravest of all responsibilities—the management of a family. Is it that this responsibility is but a remote contingency? On the contrary, it is certain to devolve on nine out of ten. Is it that the discharge of it is easy? Certainly not: of all functions which the adult has to fulfill this is the most difficult. Is it that each may be trusted by self-instruction to fit himself, or herself, for the office of parent? No: not only is the need for such self-instruction unrecognized, but the complexity of the subject renders it the one of all others in which self-instruction is least likely to succeed. No rational plea can be put forward for leaving the Art of Education out of our *curriculum*. Whether as bearing upon the happiness of parents themselves, or whether as affecting the characters and lives of their children and remote descendants, we must admit that a knowledge of the right methods of juvenile culture, physical, intellectual, and moral, is a knowledge second to none in importance. This topic should occupy the highest and last place in the course of instruction passed through by each man and woman. As physical maturity is marked by the ability to produce offspring, so mental maturity is marked by the ability to train those offspring. *The subject which involves all other subjects, and therefore the subject in which the education of every one should culminate, is the Theory and Practice of Education.*

In the absence of this preparation, the management of children, and more especially the moral management, is lamentably bad. Parents either never think about the matter at all, or else their conclusions are crude and inconsistent. In most cases, and especially on the part of mothers, the treatment adopted on every occasion is that which the impulse of the moment prompts: it springs not from any reasoned-out conviction as to what will most conduce to the child's welfare, but merely expresses the passing parental feelings, whether good or ill; and varies from hour to hour as these feelings vary. Or if these blind dictates of passion are supplemented by any definite doctrines and methods, they are those that have been handed down from the past, or those suggested by the remembrances of childhood, or those adopted from nurses and servants—methods devised not by the enlightenment, but by the ignorance of

the time. Commenting on the chaotic state of opinion and practice relative to family government, Richter writes:

"If the secret variances of a large class of ordinary fathers were brought to light, and laid down as a plan of studies, and reading catalogued for a moral education, they would run somewhat after this fashion: In the first hour 'pure morality must be read to the child, either by myself or the tutor'; in the second, 'mixed morality, or that which may be applied to one's own advantage'; in the third, 'do you not see that your father does so and so?'; in the fourth, 'you are little, and this is only fit for grown-up people'; in the fifth, 'the chief matter is that you should succeed in the world, and become something in the state'; in the sixth, 'not the temporary, but the eternal, determines the worth of a man'; in the seventh, 'therefore rather suffer injustice, and be kind'; in the eighth, 'but defend yourself bravely if any one attack you'; in the ninth, 'do not make a noise, dear child'; in the tenth, 'a boy must not sit so quiet'; in the eleventh, 'you must obey your parents better'; in the twelfth, 'and educate yourself.' So by the hourly change of his principles, the father conceals their untenableness and oneness. As for his wife, she is neither like him, nor yet like that harlequin who came on to the stage with a bundle of papers under each arm, and answered to the inquiry, 'what he had under his right arm, 'orders' and to what he had under his left arm, 'counter-orders.' But the mother might be much better compared to a giant Briareus, who had a hundred arms, and a bundle of papers under each."

This state of things is not to be readily changed. Generations must pass before any great amelioration of it can be expected. Like political constitutions, educational systems are not made, but grow; and within brief periods growth is insensible. Slow, however, as must be any improvement, even that improvement implies the use of means; and among the means is discussion.

We are not among those who believe in Lord Palmerston's dogma, that "all children are born good." On the whole, the opposite dogma, untenable as it is, seems to us less wide of the truth. Nor do we agree with those who think that, by skillful discipline, children may be made altogether what they should be. Contrariwise, we are satisfied that though imperfections of nature may be diminished by wise management, they can not be removed by it. The notion that an ideal humanity might be forthwith produced by a perfect system of education, is near

akin to that shadowed forth in the poems of Shelley, that would mankind give up their old institutions, prejudices, and errors, all the evils in the world would at once disappear; neither notion being acceptable to such as have dispassionately studied human affairs.

Not that we are without sympathy with those who entertain these too sanguine hopes. Enthusiasm, pushed even to fanaticism, is a useful motive power — perhaps an indispensable one. It is clear that the ardent politician would never undergo the labors and make the sacrifices he does, did he not believe that the reform he fights for is the one thing needful. But for his conviction that drunkenness is the root of almost all social evils, the teetotaler would agitate far less energetically. In philanthropy as in other things, great advantages result from division of labor; and that there may be division of labor, each class of philanthropists must be more or less subordinated to its function — must have an exaggerated faith in its work. Hence, of those who regard education, intellectual or moral, as the panacea, we may say that their undue expectations are not without use; and that perhaps it is part of the beneficent order of things that their confidence can not be shaken.

Even were it true, however, that by some possible system of moral government children could be moulded into the desired form; and even could every parent be duly indoctrinated with this system; we should still be far from achieving the object in view. It is forgotten that the carrying out of any such system presupposes, on the part of adults, a degree of intelligence, of goodness, of self-control, possessed by no one. The great error made by those who discuss questions of juvenile discipline, is in ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children and none to the parents. The current assumption respecting family government, as respecting national government, is, that the virtues are with the rulers and the vices with the ruled. Judging by educational theories, men and women are entirely transfigured in the domestic relation. The citizens we do business with, the people we meet in the world, we all know to be very imperfect creatures. In the daily scandals, in the quarrels of friends, in bankruptcy disclosures, in lawsuits, in police reports, we have constantly

thrust before us the pervading selfishness, dishonesty, brutality. Yet when we criticise nursery management, and canvass the misbehavior of juveniles, we habitually take for granted that these culpable men and women are free from moral delinquency in the treatment of their offspring! So far is this from the truth, that we do not hesitate to say that to parental misconduct is traceable a great part of the domestic disorder commonly ascribed to the perversity of children. We do not assert this of the more sympathetic and self-restrained, among whom we hope most of our readers may be classed, but we assert it of the mass. What kind of moral discipline is to be expected from a mother who, time after time, angrily shakes her infant because it will not suckle her, which we once saw a mother do? How much love of justice and generosity is likely to be instilled by a father who, on having his attention drawn by his child's scream to the fact that its finger is jammed between the window-sash and the sill, forthwith begins to beat the child instead of releasing it? Yet that there are such fathers is testified to us by an eye-witness. Or, to take a still stronger case, also vouched for by direct testimony — what are the educational prospects of the boy who, on being taken home with a dislocated thigh, is saluted with a castigation? It is true that these are extreme instances — instances exhibiting in human beings that blind instinct which impels brutes to destroy the weakly and injured of their own race. But extreme though they are, they typify feelings and conduct daily observable in many families. Who has not repeatedly seen a child slapped by nurse or parent for a fretfulness probably resulting from bodily derangement? Who, when watching a mother snatch up a fallen little one, has not often traced, both in the rough manner and in the sharply-uttered exclamation — "You stupid little thing!" an irascibility foretelling endless future squabbles? Is there not in the harsh tones in which a father bids his children be quiet, evidence of a deficient fellow-feeling with them? Are not the constant, and often quite needless, thwartings that the young experience — the injunctions to sit still, which an active child can not obey without suffering great nervous irritation, the commands not to look out of the window when traveling by railway, which on a child of any intel-

ligence entails serious deprivation—are not these thwartings, we ask, signs of a terrible lack of sympathy? The truth is, that the difficulties of moral education are necessarily of dual origin—necessarily result from the combined faults of parents and children. If hereditary transmission is a law of nature, as every naturalist knows it to be, and as our daily remarks and current proverbs admit it to be; then, on the average of cases, the defects of children mirror the defects of their parents; on the average of cases, we say, because, complicated as the results are by the transmitted traits of remoter ancestors, the correspondence is not special but only general. And if, on the average of cases, this inheritance of defects exists, then the evil passions which parents have to check in their children imply like evil passions in themselves: hidden, it may be, from the public eye; or perhaps obscured by other feelings; but still there. Evidently, therefore, the general practice of any ideal system of discipline is hopeless: parents are not good enough.

Moreover, even were there methods by which the desired end could be at once effected, and even had fathers and mothers sufficient insight, sympathy, and self-command to employ these methods consistently, it might still be contended that it would be of no use to reform family discipline faster than other things are reformed. What is it that we aim to do? Is it not that education of whatever kind has for its proximate end to prepare a child for the business of life—to produce a citizen who, at the same time that he is well conducted, is also able to make his way in the world? And does not making his way in the world (by which we mean, not the acquirement of wealth, but of the means requisite for properly bringing up a family)—does not this imply a certain fitness for the world as it now is? And if by any system of culture an ideal human being could be produced, is it not doubtful whether he would be fit for the world as it now is? May we not, on the contrary, suspect that his too keen sense of rectitude, and too elevated standard of conduct, would make life alike intolerable and impossible? And however admirable the result might be, considered individually, would it not be self-defeating in so far as society and posterity are concerned? It may, we think, be argued, with much reason, that as in a

nation so in a family, the kind of government is, on the whole, about as good as the general state of human nature permits it to be. It may be said that in the one case, as in the other, the average character of the people determines the quality of the control exercised. It may be inferred that in both cases amelioration of the average character leads to an amelioration of system; and further, that were it possible to ameliorate the system without the average character being first ameliorated, evil, rather than good, would follow. It may be urged that such degree of harshness as children now experience from their parents and teachers, is but a preparation for that greater harshness which they will meet with on entering the world; and that were it possible for parents and teachers to behave towards them with perfect equity and entire sympathy, it would but intensify the sufferings which the selfishness of men must, in after life, inflict on them.*

“But does not this prove too much?” some one will ask. “If no system of moral culture can forthwith make children altogether what they should be; if, even were there a system that would do this, existing parents are too imperfect to carry it out; and if, even could such a system be successfully carried out, its results would be disastrously incongruous with the present state of society; does it not follow that a reform in the system now in use is neither practicable nor desirable?” No. It merely follows that reform in domestic government must go on, *pari passu*, with other reforms. It merely follows that methods of discipline

* This is the plea put in by some for the rough treatment experienced by boys at our public schools; where, as it is said, they are introduced to a miniature world whose imperfections and hardships prepare them for those of the real world: and it must be admitted that the plea has some force. But it is a very insufficient plea. For whereas domestic and school discipline, though they should not be very much better than the discipline of adult life, should at any rate be somewhat better: the discipline which boys meet with at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, etc., is much worse than that of adult life—much more unjust, cruel, brutal. Instead of being an aid to human progress, which all culture should be, the culture of our public schools, by accustoming boys to a despotic form of government and an intercourse regulated by brute force, tends to fit them for a lower state of society than that which exists. And chiefly regretted as our legislature is from among those who are brought up at these schools, this barbarizing influence becomes a serious hindrance to national progress.

neither can be nor should be ameliorated, except by installments. It merely follows that the dictates of abstract rectitude will, in practice, inevitably be subordinated by the present state of human nature—by the imperfections alike of children, of parents, and of society; and can only be better fulfilled as the general character becomes better.

"At any rate, then," may rejoin our critic, "it is clearly useless to set up any ideal standard of family discipline. There can be no advantage in elaborating and recommending methods that are in advance of the time." Again we must contend for the contrary. Just as in the case of political government, though pure rectitude may be at present impracticable, it is requisite to know where the right lies, so that the changes we make may be *towards* the right instead of *away* from it; so in the case of domestic government, an ideal must be upheld, that there may be gradual approximations to it. We need fear no evil consequences from the maintenance of such an ideal. On the average the constitutional conservatism of mankind is always strong enough to prevent a too rapid change. So admirable are the arrangements of things that until men have grown up to the level of a higher belief, they can not receive it: nominally, they may hold it, but not virtually. And even when the truth gets recognized, the obstacles to conformity with it are so persistent as to outlive the patience of philanthropists and even philosophers. We may be quite sure, therefore, that the many difficulties standing in the way of a normal government of children, will always put an adequate check upon the efforts to realize it.

With these preliminary explanations, let us go on to consider the true aims and methods of moral education—moral education, strictly so called, we mean; for we do not propose to enter upon the question of religious education as an aid to the education exclusively moral. This we omit as a topic better dealt with separately. After a few pages devoted to the settlement of general principles, during the perusal of which we bespeak the reader's patience, we shall aim by illustrations to make clear the right methods of parental behavior in the hourly occurring difficulties of family government.

When a child falls, or runs its head

against the table, it suffers a pain, the remembrance of which tends to make it more careful for the future; and by an occasional repetition of like experiences, it is eventually disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. If it lays hold of the fire-bars, thrusts its finger into the candle-flame, or spills boiling water on any part of its skin, the resulting burn or scald is a lesson not easily forgotten. So deep an impression is produced by one or two such events, that afterwards no persuasion will induce it again to disregard the laws of its constitution in these ways.

Now in these and like cases, Nature illustrates to us in the simplest way, the true theory and practice of moral discipline—a theory and practice which, however much they may seem to the superficial like those commonly received, we shall find on examination to differ from them very widely.

Observe, in the first place, that in bodily injuries and their penalties we have misconduct and its consequences reduced to their simplest forms. Though, according to their popular acceptations, *right* and *wrong* are words scarcely applicable to actions that have none but direct bodily effects; yet whoever considers the matter will see that such actions must be as much classifiable under these heads as any other actions. From whatever basis they start, all theories of morality agree in considering that conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are beneficial, is good conduct; while conduct whose total results, immediate and remote, are injurious, is bad conduct. The happiness or misery caused by it are the *ultimate* standards by which all men judge of behavior. We consider drunkenness wrong because of the physical degeneracy and accompanying moral evils entailed on the transgressor and his dependents. Did theft uniformly give pleasure both to taker and loser, we should not find it in our catalogue of sins. Were it conceivable that benevolent actions multiplied human pains we should condemn them—should not consider them benevolent. It needs but to read the first newspaper leader, or listen to any conversation touching social affairs, to see that acts of parliament, political movements, philanthropic agitations, in common with the doings of individuals, are judged by their anticipated results in multiplying the pleasures or pains of men.

And if on looking under all secondary superinduced ideas, we find these to be our ultimate tests of right and wrong, we can not refuse to class purely physical actions as right or wrong according to the beneficial or detrimental results they produce.

Note, in the second place, the character of the punishments by which these physical transgressions are prevented. Punishments, we call them, in the absence of a better word; for they are not punishments in the literal sense. They are not artificial and unnecessary inflictions of pain; but are simply the beneficent checks to actions that are essentially at variance with bodily welfare—checks in the absence of which life would quickly be destroyed by bodily injuries. It is the peculiarity of these penalties, if we must so call them, that they are nothing more than the *unavoidable consequences* of the deeds which they follow: they are nothing more than the *inevitable reactions* entailed by the child's actions.

Let it be further borne in mind that these painful reactions are proportionate to the degree in which the organic laws have been transgressed. A slight accident brings a slight pain, a more serious one, a greater pain. When a child tumbles over the door-step, it is not ordained that it shall suffer in excess of the amount necessary, with the view of making it still more cautious than the necessary suffering will make it. But from its daily experience it is left to learn the greater or less penalties of greater or less errors; and to behave accordingly.

And then mark, lastly, that these natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats; but a silent, rigorous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result: and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal; and very soon recognizing this stern though beneficent discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress.

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as throughout infantine life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences; that men and women

are checked when they go wrong. After home education has ceased, and when there are no longer parents and teachers to forbid this or that kind of conduct, there comes into play a discipline like that by which the young child is taught its first lessons in self-guidance. If the youth entering upon the business of life idles away his time and fulfills slowly or unskillfully the duties intrusted to him, there by and by follows the natural penalty: he is discharged, and left to suffer for a while the evils of relative poverty. On the unpunctual man, failing alike his appointments of business and pleasure, there continually fall the consequent inconveniences, losses, and deprivations. The avaricious tradesman who charges too high a rate of profit, loses his customers, and so is checked in his greediness. Diminishing practice teaches the inattentive doctor to bestow more trouble on his patients. The too credulous creditor and the over-sanguine speculator alike learn by the difficulties which rashness entails on them, the necessity of being more cautious in their engagements. And so throughout the life of every citizen. In the quotation so often made *apropos* of these cases—"The burnt child dreads the fire"—we see not only that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognized; but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by "dearly bought experience" had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spendthrift or the other speculator, the remark that advice was useless, and that nothing but "bitter experience" would produce any effect: nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural reaction is not only the most efficient, but that no humanly-devised penalty can replace it, we have such further proof in the notorious ill-success of our various penal systems. Out of the many methods of criminal discipline that have been proposed and legally enforced, none have answered the expectations of their advocates. Not only have artificial pun-

ishments failed to produce reformation, but they have in many cases increased the criminality. The only successful reformatories are those privately-established ones which have approximated their *régime* to the method of Nature—which have done little more than administer the natural consequences of criminal conduct: the natural consequences being, that by imprisonment or other restraint, the criminal shall have his liberty of action diminished as much as is needful for the safety of society; and that he shall be made to maintain himself while living under this restraint. Thus we see not only that the discipline by which the young child is so successfully taught to regulate its movements is also the discipline by which the great mass of adults are kept in order, and more or less improved; but that the discipline humanly devised for the worst adults, fails when it diverges from this divinely ordained discipline, and begins to succeed when it approximates to it.

Have we not here, then, the guiding principle of moral education? Must we not infer that the system so beneficent in its effects, alike during infancy and maturity, will be equally beneficent throughout youth? Can any one believe that the method which answers so well in the first and the last divisions of life will not answer in the intermediate division? Is it not manifest that as “ministers and interpreters of Nature” it is the function of parents to see that their children habitually experience the true consequences of the conduct—the natural reactions: neither warding them off, nor intensifying them, nor putting artificial consequences in place of them? No unprejudiced reader will hesitate in his assent.

Probably, however, not a few will contend that already most parents do this—that the punishments they inflict are, in the majority of cases, the true consequences of ill-conduct—that parental anger, venting itself in harsh words and deeds, is the result of a child's transgression—and that, in the suffering, physical or moral, which the child is subject to, it experiences the natural reaction of its misbehavior. Along with much error this assertion, doubtless, contains some truth. It is unquestionable that the displeasure of fathers and mothers is a true consequence of juvenile delinquency; and that the manifestation of it is a normal

check upon such delinquency. It is unquestionable that the scoldings, and threats, and blows, which a passionate parent visits on offending little ones, are effects actually produced in such a parent by their offenses; and so are, in some sort, to be considered as among the natural reactions of their wrong actions. And we are by no means prepared to say that these modes of treatment are not relatively right—right, that is, in relation to uncontrollable children of ill-controlled adults; and right in relation to a state of society in which such ill-controlled adults make up the mass of the people. As already suggested, educational systems, like political and other institutions, are generally as good as the state of human nature permits. The barbarous children of barbarous parents are probably only to be restrained by the barbarous methods which such parents spontaneously employ; while submission to these barbarous methods is perhaps the best preparation such children can have for the barbarous society in which they are presently to play a part. Conversely, the civilized members of a civilized society will spontaneously manifest their displeasure in less violent ways—will spontaneously use milder measures: measures strong enough for their better-natured children. Thus it is doubtless true that, in so far as the expression of parental feeling is concerned, the principle of the natural reaction is always more or less followed. The system of domestic government ever gravitates towards its right form.

But now observe two important facts. In the first place, observe that, in states of rapid transition like ours, which witness a long-drawn battle between old and new theories and old and new practices, the educational methods in use are apt to be considerably out of harmony with the times. In deference to dogmas fit only for the ages that uttered them, many parents inflict punishments that do violence to their own feelings, and so visit on their children unnatural reactions; while other parents, enthusiastic in their hopes of immediate perfection, rush to the opposite extreme. And then observe, in the second place, that the discipline on which we are insisting is not so much the experience of parental approbation or disapprobation, which, in most cases, is only a secondary consequence of a child's conduct; but it is the experience of those re-

sults which would naturally flow from the conduct, in the absence of parental opinion or interference. The truly instructive and salutary consequences are not those inflicted by parents when they take upon themselves to be Nature's proxies; but they are those inflicted by Nature herself. We will endeavor to make this distinction clear by a few illustrations, which, while they show what we mean by natural reactions as contrasted with artificial ones, will afford some directly practical suggestions.

In every family where there are young children there almost daily occur cases of what mothers and servants call "making a litter." A child has had out its box of toys, and leaves them scattered about the floor. Or a handful of flowers, brought in from a morning walk, is presently seen dispersed over tables and chairs. Or a little girl making doll's clothes, disfigures the room with shreds. In most cases the trouble of rectifying this disorder falls anywhere but in the right place: if in the nursery, the nurse herself, with many grumblings about "tiresome little things," etc., undertakes the task; if below stairs, the task usually devolves either on one of the elder children or on the housemaid; the transgressor being visited with nothing more than a scolding. In this very simple case, however, there are many parents wise enough to follow out, more or less consistently, the normal course—that of making the child itself collect the toys or shreds. The labor of putting things in order is the true consequence of having put them in disorder. Every trader in his office, every wife in her household, has daily experience of this fact. And if education be a preparation for the business of life, then every child should also, from the beginning, have daily experience of this fact. If the natural penalty be met by any refractory behavior, (which it may perhaps be where the general system of moral discipline previously pursued has been bad,) then the proper course is to let the child feel the ulterior reaction consequent on its disobedience. Having refused or neglected to pick up and put away the things it has scattered about, and having thereby entailed the trouble of doing this on some one else, the child should, on subsequent occasions, be denied the means of giving this trouble. When next it petitions for its toy-box, the reply of its mamma should be: "The last time

you had your toys you left them lying on the floor, and Jane had to pick them up. Jane is too busy to pick up every day the things you leave about; and I can not do it myself. So that, as you will not put away your toys when you have done with them, I can not let you have them." This is obviously a natural consequence, neither increased nor lessened; and must be so recognized by a child. The penalty comes, too, at the moment when it is most keenly felt. A new-born desire is balked at the moment of anticipated gratification; and the strong impression so produced can scarcely fail to have an effect on the future conduct: an effect which, by consistent repetition, will do whatever can be done in curing the fault. Add to which, that by this method, a child is early taught the lesson which can not be learnt too soon, that in this world of ours pleasures are rightly to be obtained only by labor.

Take another case. Not long since we had frequently to listen to the reprimands visited on a little girl who was scarcely ever ready in time for the daily walk. Of eager disposition, and apt to become thoroughly absorbed in the occupation of the moment, Constance never thought of putting on her things until the rest were ready. The governess and the other children had almost invariably to wait; and from the mamma there almost invariably came the same scolding. Utterly as this system failed, it never occurred to the mamma to let Constance experience the natural penalty. Nor, indeed, would she try it when it was suggested to her. In the world the penalty of being behind time is the loss of some advantage that would else have been gained: the train is gone; or the steam-boat is just leaving its moorings; or the best things in the market are sold; or all the good seats in the concert-room are filled. And every one, in cases perpetually occurring, may see that it is the prospective deprivations entailed by being too late which prevent people from being too late. Is not the inference obvious? Should not these prospective deprivations control the child's conduct also? If Constance is not ready at the appointed time, the natural result is that of being left behind, and losing her walk. And no one can, we think, doubt that after having once or twice remained at home while the rest were enjoying themselves in the fields, and after

having felt that this loss of a much-prized gratification was solely due to want of promptitude, some amendment would take place. At any rate, the measure would be more effective than that perpetual scolding which ends only in producing callousness.

Again, when children, with more than usual carelessness, break or lose the things given to them, the natural penalty—the penalty which makes grown-up persons more careful—is the consequent inconvenience. The want of the lost or damaged article, and the cost of supplying its place, are the experiences by which men and women are disciplined in these matters; and the experience of children should be as much as possible assimilated to theirs. We do not refer to that early period at which toys are pulled to pieces in the process of learning their physical properties, and at which the results of carelessness can not be understood; but to a later period, when the meaning and advantages of property are perceived. When a boy, old enough to possess a penknife, uses it so roughly as to snap the blade, or leaves it in the grass by some hedge-side, where he was cutting a stick, a thoughtless parent, or some indulgent relative, will commonly forthwith buy him another; not seeing that, by doing this, a valuable lesson is lost. In such a case, a father may properly explain that penknives cost money, and that to get money requires labor; that he can not afford to purchase new penknives for one who loses or breaks them; and that until he sees evidence of greater carefulness he must decline to make good the loss. A parallel discipline may be used as a means of checking extravagance.

These few familiar instances, here chosen because of the simplicity with which they illustrate our point, will make clear to every one the distinction between those natural penalties which we contend are the truly efficient ones, and those artificial penalties which parents commonly substitute for them. Before going on to exhibit the higher and subtler applications of this principle, let us note its many and great superiorities over the principle, or rather the empirical practice, which prevails in most families.

In the first place, right conceptions of cause and effect are early formed; and by frequent and consistent experience are eventually rendered definite and complete.

Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of actions are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority. A child who finds that disorderliness entails the subsequent trouble of putting things in order, or who misses a gratification from dilatoriness, or whose want of care is followed by the loss or breakage of some much-prized possession, not only experiences a keenly-felt consequence, but gains a knowledge of causation: both the one and the other being just like those which adult life will bring.

Whereas a child who in such cases receives some reprimand or some factitious penalty, not only experiences a consequence for which it often cares very little, but lacks that instruction respecting the essential natures of good and evil conduct, which it would else have gathered. It is a vice of the common system of artificial rewards and punishments, long since noticed by the clear-sighted, that by substituting for the natural results of misbehavior certain threatened tasks or castigations, it produces a radically wrong standard of moral guidance. Having throughout infancy and boyhood always regarded parental or tutorial displeasure as the result of a forbidden action, the youth has gained an established association of ideas between such action and such displeasure, as cause and effect; and consequently when parents and tutors have abdicated, and their displeasure is not to be feared, the restraint on a forbidden action is in great measure removed: the true restraints, the natural reactions, having yet to be learnt by sad experience. As writes one who has had personal knowledge of this short-sighted system: "Young men let loose from school, particularly those whose parents have neglected to exert their influence, plunge into every description of extravagance; they know no rule of action—they are ignorant of the reasons for moral conduct—they have no foundation to rest upon—and until they have been severely disciplined by the world, are extremely dangerous members of society."

Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice; and will be recognized by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehavior, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil

artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men. Take the case of a boy who is habitually reckless of his clothes—scrambles through hedges without caution; or is utterly regardless of mud. If he is beaten, or sent to bed, he is apt to regard himself as ill-used; and his mind is more likely to be occupied by thinking over his injuries than repenting of his transgressions. But suppose he is required to rectify as far as he can the harm he has done—to clean off the mud with which he has covered himself, or to mend the tear as well as he can. Will he not feel that the evil is one of his own producing? Will he not while paying this penalty be continuously conscious of the connection between it and its cause? And will he not, spite his irritation, recognize more or less clearly the justice of the arrangement? If several lessons of this kind fail to produce amendment—if suits of clothes are prematurely spoiled—if pursuing this same system of discipline a father declines to spend money for new ones until the ordinary time has elapsed—and if meanwhile, there occur occasions on which, having no decent clothes to go in, the boy is debarred from joining the rest of the family on holiday excursions and *été* days, it is manifest that while he will keenly feel the punishment, he can scarcely fail to trace the chain of causation, and to perceive that his own carelessness is the origin of it; and seeing this, he will not have that same sense of injustice as when there is no obvious connection between the transgression and its penalty.

Again, the tempers both of parents and children are much less liable to be ruffled under this system than under the ordinary system. Instead of letting children experience the painful results which naturally follow from wrong conduct, the usual course pursued by parents is to inflict themselves certain other painful results. A double mischief arises from this. Making, as they do, multiplied family laws; and identifying their own supremacy and dignity with the maintenance of these laws; it happens that every transgression comes to be regarded as an offense against themselves, and a cause of anger on their part. Add to which the further irritations which result from taking upon themselves, in the shape of extra labor or cost, those evil consequences which should have been allowed to fall on the wrong-doers. Similarly with the children. Penalties which

the necessary reaction of things brings round upon them—penalties which are inflicted by impersonal agency, produce an irritation that is comparatively slight and transient; whereas, penalties which are voluntarily inflicted by a parent, and are afterwards remembered as caused by him or her, produce an irritation both greater and more continued. Just consider how disastrous would be the result if this empirical method were pursued from the beginning. Suppose it were possible for parents to take upon themselves the physical sufferings entailed on their children by ignorance and awkwardness; and that while bearing these evil consequences they visited on their children certain other evil consequences, with the view of teaching them the impropriety of their conduct. Suppose that when a child, who had been forbidden to meddle with the kettle, spilt some boiling water on its foot, the mother vicariously assumed the scald and gave a blow in place of it; and similarly in all other cases. Would not the daily mishaps be sources of far more anger than now? Would there not be chronic ill-temper on both sides? Yet an exactly parallel policy is pursued in after years. A father who punishes his boy for carelessly or willfully breaking a sister's toy, and then himself pays for a new toy, does substantially this same thing—inflicts an artificial penalty on the transgressor, and takes the natural penalty on himself: his own feelings and those of the transgressor being alike needlessly irritated. If he simply required restitution to be made, he would produce far less heart-burning. If he told the boy that a new toy must be bought at his, the boy's, cost, and that his supply of pocket-money must be withheld to the needful extent, there would be much less cause for ebullition of temper on either side; while in the deprivation afterwards felt, the boy would experience the equitable and salutary consequence. In brief, the system of discipline by natural reactions is less injurious to temper, alike because it is perceived on both sides to be nothing more than pure justice, and because it more or less substitutes the impersonal agency of nature for the personal agency of parents.

Whence also follows the manifest corollary that under this system the parental and filial relation will be a more friendly, and therefore a more influential one. Whether in parent or child, anger, how-

ever caused, and to whomsoever directed, is more or less detrimental. But anger in a parent towards a child, and in a child towards a parent, is especially detrimental; because it weakens that bond of sympathy which is essential to a beneficent control. In virtue of the general law of association of ideas, it inevitably results, both in young and old, that dislike is contracted towards things which in our experience are habitually connected with disagreeable feelings. Or where attachment originally existed, it is weakened, or destroyed, or turned into repugnance, according to the quantity of painful impressions received. Parental wrath, with its accompanying reprimands and castigations, can not fail, if often repeated, to produce filial alienation; while the resentment and sulkiness of children can not fail to weaken the affection felt for them, and may even end in destroying it. Hence the numerous cases in which parents (and especially fathers, who are commonly deputed to express the anger and inflict the punishment) are regarded with indifference if not with aversion; and hence the equally numerous cases in which children are looked upon as inflictions. Seeing, then, as all must do, that estrangement of this kind is fatal to a salutary moral culture, it follows that parents can not be too solicitous in avoiding occasions of direct antagonism with their children—occasions of personal resentment. And therefore they can not too anxiously avail themselves of this discipline of natural consequences—this system of letting the penalty be inflicted by the laws of things; which, by saving the parent from the function of a penal agent, prevents these mutual exasperations and estrangements.

Thus we see that this method of moral culture by experience of the normal reactions, which is the divinely-ordained method alike for infancy and for adult life, is equally applicable during the intermediate childhood and youth. And among the advantages of this method we see—First. That it gives that rational comprehension of right and wrong conduct which results from actual experience of the good and bad consequences caused by them. Second. That the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects brought upon it by its own wrong actions, must recognize more or less clearly the justice of the penalties. Third. That, recognizing the justice of the penalties, and re-

ceiving those penalties through the working of things, rather than at the hands of an individual, its temper will be less disturbed; while the parent, occupying the comparatively passive position of taking case that the natural penalties are felt, will preserve a comparative equanimity. And Fourth. That mutual exasperation being thus in great measure prevented, a much happier, and a more influential state of feeling, will exist between parent and child.

“But what is to be done with more serious misconduct?” some will ask. “How is this plan to be carried out when a petty theft has been committed? or when a lie has been told? or when some younger brother or sister has been ill-used?”

Before replying to these questions let us consider the bearings of a few illustrative facts.

Living in the family of his brother-in-law, a friend of ours had undertaken the education of his little nephew and niece. This he had conducted, more perhaps from natural sympathy than from reasoned-out conclusions, in the spirit of the method above set forth. The two children were in-doors his pupils and out of doors his companions. They daily joined him in walks and botanizing excursions, eagerly sought out plants for him, looked on while he examined and identified them, and in this and other ways were ever gaining both pleasure and instruction in his society. In short, morally considered, he stood to them much more in the position of parent than either their father or mother did. Describing to us the results of this policy, he gave, among other instances, the following: One evening, having need for some article lying in another part of the house, he asked his nephew to fetch it for him. Deeply interested as the boy was in some amusement of the moment, he, contrary to his wont, either exhibited great reluctance or refused, we forget which. His uncle, disapproving of a coercive course, fetched it himself; merely exhibiting by his manner the annoyance this ill-behavior gave him. And when, later in the evening, the boy made overtures for the usual play, they were gravely repelled—the uncle manifested just that coldness of feeling naturally produced in him, and so let the boy experience the necessary consequences of his conduct. Next morning at the usual

time for rising, our friend heard a new voice outside the door, and in walked his little nephew with the hot water; and then the boy, peering about the room to see what else could be done, exclaimed, "Oh! you want your boots," and forthwith rushed down stairs to fetch them. In this and other ways he showed a true penitence for his misconduct; he endeavored by unusual services to make up for the service he had refused; his higher feelings had of themselves conquered his lower ones, and acquired strength by the conquest; and he valued more than before the friendship he thus regained.

This gentleman is now himself a father; acts on the same system; and finds it answer completely. He makes himself thoroughly his children's friend. The evening is longed for by them because he will be at home; and they especially enjoy the Sunday because he is with them all day. Thus possessing their perfect confidence and affection, he finds that the simple display of his approbation or disapprobation gives him abundant power of control. If, on his return home, he hears that one of his boys has been naughty, he behaves towards him with that comparative coldness which the consciousness of the boy's misconduct naturally produces; and he finds this most efficient punishment. The mere withholding of the usual caresses, is a source of the keenest distress—produces a much more prolonged fit of crying than a beating would do. And the dread of this purely moral penalty is, he says, ever present during his absence: so much so, that frequently during the day his children inquire of their mamma how they have behaved, and whether the report will be good. Recently, the eldest, an active urchin of five, in one of those bursts of animal spirits common in healthy children, committed sundry extravagances during his mamma's absence—cut off part of his brother's hair, and wounded himself with a razor taken from his father's dressing-case. Hearing of these occurrences on his return, the father did not speak to the boy either that night or next morning. Not only was the tribulation great, but the subsequent effect was, that when, a few days after, the mamma was about to go out, she was earnestly entreated by the boy not to do so; and on inquiry it appeared his fear was that he might again transgress in her absence.

We have introduced these facts before replying to the question—“What is to be done with the graver offenses?” for the purpose of first exhibiting the relation that may and ought to be established between parents and children; for on the existence of this relation depends the successful treatment of these graver offenses. And as a further preliminary, we must now point out that the establishment of this relation will result from adopting the system we advocate. Already we have shown that by letting a child experience simply the painful reactions of its own wrong actions, a parent in great measure avoids assuming the attitude of an enemy, and escapes being regarded as one; but it still remains to be shown that where this course has been consistently pursued from the beginning, a strong feeling of active friendship will be generated.

At present, mothers and fathers are mostly considered by their offspring as friend-enemies. Determined as their impressions inevitably are by the treatment they receive; and oscillating as that treatment does between bribery and thwarting, between petting and scolding, between gentleness and castigation; children necessarily acquire conflicting beliefs respecting the parental character. A mother commonly thinks it quite sufficient to tell her little boy that she is his best friend; and assuming that he is in duty bound to believe her, concludes that he will forthwith do so. “It is all for your good;” “I know what is proper for you better than you do yourself;” “You are not old enough to understand it now, but when you grow up you will thank me for doing what I do;” these, and like assertions, are daily reiterated. Meanwhile the boy is daily suffering positive penalties; and is hourly forbidden to do this, that, and the other, which he was anxious to do. By words he hears that his happiness is the end in view; but from the accompanying deeds he habitually receives more or less pain. Utterly incompetent as he is to understand that future which his mother has in view, or how this treatment conduces to the happiness of that future, he judges by such results as he feels; and finding these results any thing but pleasurable, he becomes skeptical respecting these professions of friendship. And is it not folly to expect any other issue? Must not the child judge by such evidence as he has got? and

does not this evidence seem to warrant his conclusion? The mother would reason in just the same way if similarly placed. If, in the circle of her acquaintance, she found some one who was constantly thwarting her wishes, uttering sharp reprimands, and occasionally inflicting actual penalties on her, she would pay but little attention to any professions of anxiety for her welfare which accompanied these acts. Why, then, does she suppose that her boy will conclude otherwise?

But now observe how different will be the results if the system we contend for be consistently pursued—if the mother not only avoids becoming the instrument of punishment, but plays the part of a friend by warning her boy of the punishments which Nature will inflict. Take a case; and that it may illustrate the mode in which this policy is to be early initiated, let it be one of the simplest cases. Suppose that, prompted by the experimental spirit so conspicuous in children, whose proceedings instinctively conform to the inductive method of inquiry—suppose that so prompted, the child is amusing himself by lighting pieces of paper in the candle and watching them burn. If his mother is of the ordinary unreflective stamp, she will either, on the plea of keeping the child “out of mischief,” or from fear that he will burn himself, command him to desist; and in case of non-compliance will snatch the paper from him. On the other hand, should he be so fortunate as to have a mother of sufficient rationality, who knows that this interest with which the child is watching the paper burn results from a healthy inquisitiveness, without which he would never have emerged out of infantine stupidity, and who is also wise enough to consider the moral results of interference, she will reason thus: “If I put a stop to this, I shall prevent the acquirement of a certain amount of knowledge. It is true that I may save the child from a burn; but what then? He is sure to burn himself some time; and it is quite essential to his safety in life that he should learn by experience the properties of flame. Moreover, if I forbid him from running this present risk, he is sure hereafter to run the same or a greater risk when no one is present to prevent him; whereas, if he should have any accident now that I am by, I can save him from

any great injury; add to which the advantage that he will have in future some dread of fire, and will be less likely to burn himself to death, or set the house in a flame when others are absent. Furthermore, were I to make him desist, I should thwart him in the pursuit of what is in itself a purely harmless, and indeed, instructive gratification; and he would be sure to regard me with more or less ill-feeling. Ignorant as he is of the pain from which I would save him, and feeling only the pain of a balked desire, he could not fail to look upon me as the cause of that pain. To save him from a hurt which he can not conceive, and which has therefore no existence for him, I inflict upon him a hurt which he feels keenly enough; and so become, from his point of view, a minister of evil. My best course then, is simply to warn him of the danger, and to be ready to prevent any serious damage.” And following out this conclusion, she says to the child: “I fear you will hurt yourself if you do that.” Suppose, now, that the child perseveres, as he will very probably do; and suppose that he ends by burning himself. What are the results? In the first place he has gained an experience which he must gain eventually, and which, for his own safety he can not gain too soon. And in the second place he has found that his mother’s disapproval or warning was meant for his welfare: he has a further positive experience of her benevolence—a further reason for placing confidence in her judgment and her kindness—a further reason for loving her.

Of course, in those occasional hazards where there is a risk of broken limbs or other serious bodily injury, forcible prevention is called for. But leaving out these extreme cases, the system pursued should be not that of guarding a child against the small dangers into which it daily runs, but that of advising and warning it against them. And by consistently pursuing this course a much stronger filial affection will be generated than commonly exists. If here, as elsewhere, the discipline of the natural reactions is allowed to come into play—if in all those out-of-door scramblings and in-door experiments, by which children are liable to hurt themselves, they are allowed to persevere, subject only to dissuasion more or less earnest according to the risk, there can not fail to arise an ever-increasing

faith in the parental friendship and guidance. (Not only, as before shown, does the adoption of this principle enable fathers and mothers to avoid the chief part of that odium which attaches to the infliction of positive punishment; but, as we here see, it enables them further to avoid the odium that attaches to constant thwartings; and even to turn each of those incidents which commonly cause squabbles, into a means of strengthening the mutual good feeling. Instead of being told in words, which deeds seem to contradict, that their parents are their best friends, children will learn this truth by a consistent daily experience; and so learning it, will acquire a degree of trust and attachment which nothing else can give.

And now having indicated the much more sympathetic relation which must result from the habitual use of this method, let us return to the question above put: How is this method to be applied to the graver offenses?

Note, in the first place, that these graver offenses are likely to be both less frequent and less grave under the *régime* we have described than under the ordinary *régime*. The perpetual ill-behavior of many children is itself the consequence of that chronic irritation in which they are kept by bad management. The state of isolation and antagonism produced by frequent punishment, necessarily deadens the sympathies; necessarily, therefore, opens the way to those transgressions which the sympathies should check. That harsh treatment which children of the same family inflict on each other is often, in great measure, a reflex of the harsh treatment they receive from adults—partly suggested by direct example, and partly generated by the ill-temper and the tendency to vicarious retaliation, which follow chastisements and scoldings. It can not be questioned that the greater activity of the affections and happier state of feeling, maintained in children by the discipline we have described, must prevent their sins against each other from being either so great or so frequent. Moreover, the still more reprehensible offenses, as lies and petty thefts, will, by the same causes, be diminished. Domestic estrangement is a fruitful source of such transgressions. It is a law of human nature, visible enough to all who observe, that those who are debarred the higher gratifications fall

back upon the lower; those who have no sympathetic pleasures seek selfish ones; and hence, conversely, the maintenance of happier relations between parents and children is calculated to diminish the number of those offenses of which selfishness is the origin.

When, however, such offenses are committed, as they will occasionally be even under the best system, the discipline of consequences may still be resorted to; and if there exist that bond of confidence and affection which we have described, this discipline will be found efficient. For what are the natural consequences, say, of a theft? They are of two kinds—direct and indirect. The direct consequence, as dictated by pure equity, is that of making restitution. An absolutely just ruler (and every parent should aim to be one) will demand that, wherever it is possible, a wrong act shall be undone by a right one; and in the case of theft this implies either the restoration of the thing stolen, or, if it is consumed, then the giving of an equivalent; which, in the case of a child, may be effected out of its pocket-money. The indirect and more serious consequence is the grave displeasure of parents—a consequence which inevitably follows among all peoples sufficiently civilized to regard theft as a crime; and the manifestation of this displeasure is, in this instance, the most severe of the natural reactions produced by the wrong action. “But,” it will be said, “the manifestation of parental displeasure, either in words or blows, is the ordinary course in these cases: the method leads here to nothing new.” Very true. Already we have admitted that, in some directions, this method is spontaneously pursued. Already we have shown that there is a more or less manifest tendency for educational systems to gravitate towards the true system. And here we may remark, as before, that the intensity of this natural reaction will, in the beneficent order of things, adjust itself to the requirements—that this parental displeasure will vent itself in violent measures during comparatively barbarous times, when the children are also comparatively barbarous; and will express itself less cruelly in those more advanced social states in which, by implication, the children are amenable to milder treatment. But what it chiefly concerns us here to observe is, that the manifestation of strong

parental displeasure, produced by one of these graver offenses, will be potent for good just in proportion to the warmth of the attachment existing between parent and child. Just in proportion as the discipline of the natural consequences has been consistently pursued, in other cases, will it be efficient in this case. Proof is within the experience of all, if they will look for it.

For does not every man know that when he has offended another person, the amount of genuine regret he feels (of course, leaving worldly considerations out of the question) varies with the degree of sympathy he has for that person? Is he not conscious that when the person offended stands to him in the position of an enemy, the having given him annoyance is apt to be a source rather of secret satisfaction than of sorrow? Does he not remember that where umbrage has been taken by some total stranger, he has felt much less concern than he would have done had such umbrage been taken by one with whom he was intimate? While, conversely, has not the anger of an admired and cherished friend been regarded by him as a serious misfortune, long and keenly regretted? Clearly, then, the effects of parental displeasure upon children must similarly depend upon the preëxisting relationship. Where there is an established alienation, the feeling of a child who has transgressed is a purely selfish fear of the evil consequences likely to fall upon it in the shape of physical penalties or deprivations; and after these evil consequences have been inflicted, there are aroused an antagonism and dislike which are morally injurious, and tend further to increase the alienation. On the contrary, where there exists a warm filial affection, produced by a consistent parental friendship—a friendship not dogmatically asserted as an excuse for punishments and denials, but daily exhibited in ways that a child can comprehend—a friendship which avoids needless thwartings, which warns against impending evil consequences, and which sympathizes with juvenile pursuits—there the state of mind caused by parental displeasure will not only be salutary as a check to future misconduct of like kind, but will also be intrinsically salutary. The moral pain consequent upon having, for the time being, lost so loved a friend, will stand in place of the physical pain usually inflicted; and

where this attachment exists, will prove equally, if not more, efficient. While instead of the fear and vindictiveness excited by the one course, there will be excited by the other more or less of sympathy with parental sorrow, a genuine regret for having caused it, and a desire, by some atonement, to reëstablish the habitual friendly relationship. Instead of bringing into play those purely egoistic feelings whose predominance is the cause of criminal acts, there will be brought into play those altruistic feelings which check criminal acts. Thus the discipline of the natural consequences is applicable to grave as well as to trivial faults; and the practice of it conduces not simply to the repression, but to the eradication of such faults.

In brief the truth is, that savageness begets savageness, and gentleness begets gentleness. Children who are unsympathetically treated become relatively unsympathetic; whereas treating them with due fellow-feeling is a means of cultivating their fellow-feeling. With family governments, as with political ones, a harsh despotism itself generates a great part of the crimes it has to repress; while conversely, a mild and liberal rule not only avoids many causes of dissension, but so ameliorates the tone of feeling as to diminish the tendency to transgression. As John Locke long since remarked: "Great severity of punishment does but very little good, nay, great harm in education; and I believe it will be found that, *ceteris paribus*, those children who have been most chastised seldom make the best men." In confirmation of which opinion we may cite the fact not long since made public by Mr. Rogers, Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison, that those juvenile criminals who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison. On the other hand, as exhibiting the beneficial effects of a kinder treatment, we will instance the fact stated to us by a French lady in whose house we recently staid in Paris. Apologizing for the disturbance daily caused by a little boy who was unmanageable both at home and at school, she expressed her fear that there was no remedy save that which had succeeded in the case of an elder brother; namely, sending him to an English school. She explained that at various schools in Paris this elder brother had proved utterly untractable; that in despair they had followed the advice to send him to England;

and that on his return home he was as good as he had before been bad. And this remarkable change she ascribed entirely to the comparative mildness of the English discipline.

After this exposition of principles, our remaining space may best be occupied by a few of the chief maxims and rules deducible from them; and with a view to brevity we will put these in a more or less hortatory form.

Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. During early years every civilized man passes through that phase of character exhibited by the barbarous race from which he is descended. As the child's features—flat nose, forward-opening nostrils, large lips, wide-apart eyes, absent frontal sinus, etc.—resemble for a time those of the savage, so, too, do his instincts. Hence the tendencies to cruelty, to thieving, to lying, so general among children—tendencies which, even without the aid of discipline, will become more or less modified just as the features do. The popular idea that children are "innocent," while it may be true in so far as it refers to evil knowledge, is totally false in so far as it refers to evil impulses; as half an hour's observation in the nursery will prove to any one. Boys when left to themselves, as at a public school, treat each other far more brutally than men do; and were they left to themselves at an earlier age their brutality would be still more conspicuous.

Not only is it unwise to set up a high standard for juvenile good conduct, but it is even unwise to use very urgent incitements to such good conduct. Already most people recognize the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a *moral precocity* which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character. Hence the not uncommon fact that those who during childhood were instanced as models of juvenile goodness, by and by undergo some disastrous and seemingly inexplicable change, and end by being not above but below par; while relatively exemplary men are often

the issue of a childhood by no means so promising.

Be content, therefore, with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality like a higher intelligence must be reached by a slow growth; and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding, and threatening, and forbidding, by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be.

This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err. Leave him wherever you can to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hot-house virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. The method of moral education pursued by many, we fear by most, parents, is little else than that of venting their anger in the way that first suggests itself. The slaps and rough shakings, and sharp words, with which a mother commonly visits her offspring's small offenses (many of them not offenses considered intrinsically) are very generally but the manifestations of her own ill-controlled feelings—result much more from the promptings of those feelings than from a wish to benefit the offenders. While they are injurious to her own character, these ebullitions tend, by alienating her children and by decreasing their respect for her, to diminish her influence over them. But by pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself: the mere blind anger first

aroused in you settles down into a less vehement feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless instrument. Remember that besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies for guiding him. The error which we have been combating is that of substituting parental displeasure and its artificial penalties, for the penalties which nature has established. But while it should not be substituted for these natural penalties, it by no means follows that it should not in some form accompany them. The secondary kind of punishment should not usurp the place of the primary kind; but, in moderation, it may rightly supplement the primary kind. Such amount of disapproval, or sorrow, or the indignation, as you feel, should be expressed in words or manner or otherwise; subject of course to the approval of your judgment. The degree and kind of feeling produced in you will necessarily depend upon your own character, and it is therefore useless to say it should be this or that. All that can be recommended is, that you should aim to modify the feeling into that which you believe ought to be entertained. Beware, however, of the two extremes; not only in respect of the intensity, but in respect of the duration of your displeasure. On the one hand anxiously avoid that weak impulsiveness, so general among mothers, which scolds and forgives almost in the same breath. On the other hand, do not unduly continue to show estrangement of feeling, lest you accustom your child to do without your friendship, and so lose your influence over him. The moral reactions called forth from you by your child's actions, you should as much as possible assimilate to those which you conceive would be called forth from a parent of perfect nature.

Be sparing of commands. Command only in those cases in which other means are inapplicable, or have failed. "In frequent orders the parents' advantage is more considered than the child's," says Richter. As in primitive societies a breach of law is punished, not so much because it is intrinsically wrong as because it is a disregard of the king's authority—

a rebellion against him; so in many families, the penalty visited on a transgressor proceeds less from reprobation of the offense than from anger at the disobedience. Listen to the ordinary speeches—"How dare you disobey me?" "I tell you I'll make you do it, sir." "I'll soon teach you who is master"—and then consider what the words, the tone, and the manner imply. A determination to subjugate is much more conspicuous in them than an anxiety for the child's welfare. For the time being the attitude of mind differs but little from that of the despot bent on punishing a recalcitrant subject. The right-feeling parent, however, like the philanthropic legislator, will not rejoice in coercion, but will rejoice in dispensing with coercion. He will do without law in all cases where other modes of regulating conduct can be successfully employed; and he will regret the having recourse to law when it is necessary. As Richter remarks: "The best rule in politics is said to be '*pas trop gouverner*.' it is also true in education." And in spontaneous conformity with this maxim, parents whose lust of dominion is restrained by a true sense of duty, will aim to make their children control themselves wherever it is possible, and will fall back upon absolutism only as a last resort.

But whenever you do command, command with decision and consistency. If the case is one which really can not be otherwise dealt with, then issue your fiat, and having issued it, never afterwards swerve from it. Consider well beforehand what you are going to do; weigh all the consequences; think whether your firmness of purpose will be sufficient; and then, if you finally make the law, enforce it uniformly at whatever cost. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow certain acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of Nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils. Of errors in education one of the worst is that of inconsistency. As

in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of penalties. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offense now with severity and now with leniency, according as the passing humor dictates, is laying up miseries both for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones; she is reducing their minds to a moral chaos, which after years of bitter experience will with difficulty bring into order. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently, than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, avoid coercive measures whenever it is possible to do so; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

Bear constantly in mind the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by and by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you can not too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. This it is which makes the system of discipline by natural consequences, so especially appropriate to the social state which we in England have now reached. Under early, tyrannical forms of society, when one of the chief evils the citizen had to fear was the anger of his superiors, it was well that during childhood parental vengeance should be a predominant means of government. But now that the citizen has little to fear from any one—now that the good or evil which he experiences throughout life is mainly that which in the nature of things results from his own conduct, it is desirable that from his first years he should begin to learn, experimentally, the good or evil consequences which naturally follow this

or that conduct. Aim, therefore, to diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self-government arising from a foresight of results. In infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year-old urchin playing with an open razor, can not be allowed to learn by the discipline of consequences; for the consequences may, in such a case, be too serious. But as intelligence increases, the number of instances calling for peremptory interference may be, and should be, diminished; with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All periods of transition are dangerous; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate; which, alike by cultivating a child's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which it is left to its self-restraint, and by so bringing it, step by step, to a state of unaided self-restraint, obliterates the ordinary sudden and hazardous change from externally-governed youth to internally-governed maturity. Let the history of your domestic rule typify, in little, the history of our political rule: at the outset, autocratic control, where control is really needful; by and by an incipient constitutionalism, in which the liberty of the subject gains some express recognition; successive extensions of this liberty of the subject; gradually ending in parental abdication.

Do not regret the exhibition of considerable self-will on the part of your children. It is the correlative of that diminished coerciveness so conspicuous in modern education. The greater tendency to assert freedom of action on the one side, corresponds to the smaller tendency to tyrannize on the other. They both indicate an approach to the system of discipline we contend for, under which children will be more and more led to rule themselves by the experience of natural consequences; and they are both the accompaniments of our more advanced social state. The independent English boy is the father of the independent English man; and you can not have the last without the first. German teachers say that they had rather manage a dozen

German boys than one English one. Shall we, therefore, wish that our boys had the manageableness of the German ones, and with it the submissiveness and political serfdom of adult Germans? Or shall we not rather tolerate in our boys those feelings which make them free men, and modify our methods accordingly?

Lastly, always remember that to educate rightly is not a simple and easy thing, but a complex and extremely difficult thing: the hardest task which devolves upon adult life. The rough and ready style of domestic government is indeed practicable by the meanest and most uncultivated intellects. Slaps and sharp words are penalties that suggest themselves alike to the least reclaimed barbarian and the most stolid peasant. Even brutes can use this method of discipline; as you may see in the growl and half-bite with which a bitch will check a too-exigent puppy. But if you would carry out with success a rational and civilized system, you must be prepared for considerable mental exertion—for some study, some ingenuity, some patience, some self-control. You will have habitually to trace the consequences of conduct—to consider what are the results which in adult life follow certain kinds of acts; and then you will have to devise methods by which parallel results shall be entailed on the parallel acts of your children. You will daily be called upon to analyze the motives of juvenile conduct: you must distinguish between acts that are really good, and those which, though externally simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you must be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child; and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. Your faith will often be taxed to maintain the requisite perseverance in a course which seems to produce little or no effect. Especially if you are dealing with children who have been wrongly treated, you must be prepared for a lengthened trial of patience before succeeding with better methods; seeing that that which is not easy even where a right state of feeling

has been established from the beginning, becomes doubly difficult when a wrong state of feeling has to be set right. Not only will you have constantly to analyze the motives of your children, but you will have to analyze your own motives—to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true parental solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, from your love of ease, from your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect, but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your own higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects—human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized, that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude.

While some will probably regard this conception of education as it should be, with doubt and discouragement, others will, we think, perceive in the exalted ideal which it involves, evidence of its truth. That it can not be realized by the impulsive, the unsympathetic, and the short-sighted, but demands the higher attributes of human nature, they will see to be evidence of its fitness for the more advanced states of humanity. Though it calls for much labor and self-sacrifice, they will see that it promises an abundant return of happiness, immediate and remote. They will see that while in its injurious effects on both parent and child a bad system is twice cursed, a good system is twice blessed—it blesses him that trains and him that's trained.

It will be seen that we have said nothing in this paper about the transcendental distinction between right and wrong, of which wise men know so little, and children nothing. All thinkers are agreed that we may find the criterion of

right in the effect of actions, if we do not find the rule there; and that is sufficient for the purpose we have had in view. Nor have we introduced the religious element. We have confined our inquirers to a nearer, and a much more neglected

field, though a very important one. Our readers may supplement our thoughts in any way they please; we are only concerned that they should be accepted as far as they go.

From the Westminster Review.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON.*

MR. TELRAWNY has done well in giving this manly and carelessly written little volume to the world: it will at least revive the personal memory of two Englishmen who, though long dead, can never be altogether of the past. Without telling much of either with which we were not previously acquainted, the information communicated is the result of intimate personal knowledge, and, gathered during the intervals of a familiar acquaintance, comes out with such freshness and vigor, that it possesses nearly all the merit of novelty; and the striking features of character are brought forward in much stronger relief, than in the tame and wearisome biography of which one at least was the victim. It is the least enviable appanage of genius that it perpetuates by its own lustre those faults and weaknesses which repose in the graves of meaner men; the biographer, even though a friend, can not ignore these; and while he avoids giving them undue prominence, can not forget that truth has its claims, as well as genius.

We recognize Shelley in these sketches as he appeared in his works—the gentle, guileless, noble soul who persisted in putting himself wrong with the world, and who rashly and fearlessly launched his indignant sarcasm at the cant and bigotry and selfishness of society, without indicating any rational plan for its regeneration. Had he possessed a friend suffi-

ciently influential and judicious to have delayed the publication of "Queen Mab" for ten years, Shelley's lot might have been far different. How could he reasonably expect forbearance from a society whose creed, by a portion of it sincerely venerated, he so recklessly outraged? The wisest man feels himself to be an infant if he attempts to understand the doctrine of Original Sin; and yet it was this problem that the youthful and inexperienced Shelley dared to grapple in his poem, in a spirit of unparalleled rashness and presumption.

Mr. Telrawny was for some time, as is well known, the companion of Byron and Shelley during their voluntary exile in Italy. Too manly and too honest to believe in the justice of the tremendous calumnies which drove Shelley from England, and deprived him of his children, he was yet, like all who ever came to personal knowledge of Shelley, astonished to find what manner of man was this of whom all who did not know him spoke so ill. We see him as Mr. Telrawny saw him, more than thirty years since, in the following scene:

"Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world? excommunicated by the fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by

* *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By E. J. Telrawny. London: Edward Moxon. 1858.

every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of a Satanic school? I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in black jacket and trowsers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had shamefully stunted him in his 'sizings.'

His wife's personal appearance, *née* Godwin, the authoress of "Frankenstein," is sketched on the same occasion:

"The most striking feature in her face was her calm, gray eyes. She was rather under the English standard of woman's height, very fair and light-haired, witty, social, and animated in the society of friends, though mournful in solitude; like Shelley, though in a minor degree, she had the power of expressing her thoughts in varied and appropriate words, derived from familiarity with the works of our vigorous old writers. Neither of them used obsolete or foreign words."

The artless and natural character of Shelley endeared him to the few who had the privilege of personal knowledge; and, as appears from these sketches, contrasted very favorably with the artificial manner and undisguised egotism of Byron—but in truth the latter was only himself when in the stillness of night he was engaged in composition, and absorbed into forgetfulness of his physical deficiencies and his chronic starvation.

Mr. Trelawny gives a more minute and circumstantial detail than has previously appeared, of the miserable circumstances attending the death of Shelley and of his companion Mr. Williams. The letter which the latter had dispatched to his wife on the previous day, informing her and Mrs. Shelley of their proposed return to the home in the Gulf of Spezzia, where both ladies were anxiously expecting their husbands, who had been unexpectedly detained in Leghorn, is surely, breathing as it does the warmest affection, destined to be so sadly quenched, the most touching document ever preserved from oblivion. The condition of the two bodies, when thrown ashore after many days, was such as to make incineration the most eligible means of disposing of the remains; and this proceeding was conducted in both cases—for they were not burned together—with great care by Mr. Trelawny, in an iron furnace constructed on purpose. Lord Byron may have given way to some apparent levity on the occasion; but it was but to conceal an emotion he deeply felt, but which he lacked the moral cour-

age to evince publicly. Shelley's toy skiff, the *Don Juan*, in which they embarked with inauspicious omens on that melancholy evening, does not appear to have been capsized during the gale, notwithstanding the ominous remark of the Genoese mate of the Bolivar about the superfluous gaff-topsail; but from her damaged condition, when afterwards weighed by the exertions of Captain Roberts, was probably run down by some Italian speronare scudding before the gale.

Shelley stands far higher in the opinions of his countrymen now than when his gentle spirit and ardent love of truth were quenched forever in the waves of the Mediterranean. It is not necessary to vindicate his character from calumnies which are long forgotten; but if there are any who, not knowing, yet care to know, how gentle, how generous, how accomplished, and how unselfish he was, it is written in this late testimony of one who knew him well, and knowing him well in life, had the hard task assigned him of communicating his premature death to the despairing widow.

Shelley formed a correct and candid estimate of his own writings when he said: "They are little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and just—they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be." He read too much, was altogether too much imbued with the ideas of others. His were the azure and vermilion clouds that float in insubstantial beauty through the atmosphere of an Alpine sunrise, rather than the enduring creation of grandeur, strength, and beauty which we recognize in a great poem.

After Shelley's death, Byron moved from Pisa to Albaro, near Genoa, where he occupied the Casa Saluzzi; but the loss of one whom he must have looked on as a friend, and respected for the nobleness of his nature, together with the failure of the *Liberal*, which could hardly succeed under the auspices of two such editors as Hunt and himself, made him dissatisfied with an inactive existence, and he looked round for some field, not of enterprise, but excitement. He was quite unfit constitutionally to encounter real fatigue or privation; he had courage, no doubt; contempt of life, and tameless pride; but possessed neither the physical nor mental robustness to see in well-plan-

ned, and long-sustained action a career of distinction or usefulness. After much wavering, he determined to revisit Greece, and bought a vessel to convey himself and his larses to the land which was to witness his own dissolution, and thus to derive from him another of its many claims to classic interest. The choice of his vessel seems to have been decided more by motives of economy than from any regard to its nautical capabilities, and when its defects were indicated by a more critical judgment than his own, he was consoled by the reflection that he had got it a bargain.

It was on the 13th of July, 1823, that he sailed in the *Hercules* from Genoa with Mr. Trelawny, Count Gamba, and an Italian crew; slowly they stood eastward up the Mediterranean, and so wretched were the sailing qualities of the vessel, that even with a fair wind the average progress was but twenty miles a day. They put into Leghorn, which they quitted for Cephalonia, on the 23d of July.

"On coming near Lanza, a small islet converted into one of its many prisons by the Neapolitan government, I said to Byron: 'There is a sight that would curdle the blood of a poet laureate.' 'If Southey were here,' he answered, 'he would sing hosannahs to the Bourbons. Here kings and governors are only the jailers and hangmen of the detestable Austrian barbarians. What dolts and drivellers the people are, to submit to such universal despotism! I should like to see from this our ark, the world submerged, and all the rascals drowning on it like rats.' I put a pencil and paper into his hand, saying: 'Perpetuate your curses on tyranny,' etc. He readily took the paper and set to work. I walked the deck, and prevented his being disturbed. . . . After a long spell he said: 'You think it is as easy to write poetry as to smoke a cigar—look, it's only doggerel. Extemporizing verse is nonsense; Poetry is a distinct faculty—it won't come when called. You may as well whistle for a wind; a Pythoness was primed when put into the tripod. I must chew the cud before I write. I have thought over most of my subjects for years before writing a line.' . . . Give me time—I can't forget the theme; but for this Greek business I should have been at Naples writing a fifth canto of *Childe Harold*, expressly to give vent to my detestation of the Austrian tyranny in Italy."

But his own earlier lines might well have recurred both to the poet and to his biographer, for surely none could be more applicable to the scene before their eyes

then, as before ours now, when we look on Naples:

"It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And fixed on heavenly thrones should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell—
So fair the scene, so formed for joy,
So cursed the tyrants that destroy."

"The poet had an antipathy to every thing scientific; maps and charts offended him. . . . Buildings the most ancient or modern he was as indifferent to as he was to painting, sculpture, or music. *But all natural objects, or changes in the elements, he was generally the first to point out, and the last to lose sight of.*"
—P. 167. [The italics are our own.]

Mr. Trelawny echoes an old remark of Baron Macaulay's, (Warren Hastings,) which every one's experience will confirm, as to the effect of a sea voyage in testing temper and character, and says: "I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron: he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to, he always answered: 'Do as you like.'" There was much enjoyment of life on board this dull sailer, the *Hercules*; and the voyage, if protracted, was under clear, warm skies, and in smooth water. One scene narrated has a grimly comic element: *apropos* to some remark, Byron exclaimed: "Women, you should say: if we had a woman-kind on board, she would set us all at loggerheads, and make a mutiny; would she not, captain?" "I wish my old woman were here," replied the skipper; "she would make you as comfortable in my cabin at sea as your own wife would in her parlor on shore." Byron started, and looked savage. The skipper went on unconscious, etc., etc.

Byron had written an autobiography, it seems, conceived in manly, straightforward fashion—in a vigorous, fearless style, and was apparently truthful as regarded himself. It was subsequently intrusted to Mr. Moore, as literary executor, and by him suppressed, following the advice of others, it would seem. "I told Murray Lady Byron was to read the manuscript if she wished it, and requested she would add, omit, or make any comments she pleased, now, or when it was going through the press." (P. 197.) They reached Zante and Cephalonia at last; and after an absence of eleven

years, Lord Byron again saw the Morea, which he loved so well—

"The sun, the sky, but *not* the slave the same."

The reckless greediness of the Suliot refugees at Cephalonia disgusted him; and the intelligence he received about the prospects of liberty in Greece, or the probability of assistance from the Western Powers, so long withheld, being far from encouraging, he determined to remain some time at Cephalonia, but preferred living on board to accepting the warmly proffered hospitality of Colonel Charles Napier, or of the other residents in the island.

"One day, after a bathe, he held out his right leg to me, saying: 'I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war.' 'It won't improve your swimming,' I answered; 'I will exchange legs, if you will give me a portion of your brains.' 'You would repent your bargain,' he said, etc., etc."—P. 20.

The Greeks, it appears, very rationally desired a strong centralized authority to suppress the hordes of robbers—much more numerous than usual, since the outbreak of the war with Turkey—and talked, at least a portion of them did, of offering the crown to Byron; he might have bought it, perhaps, afterwards at Salona, and the Greeks would have had a king for three months, if he had not abdicated before, worthy of their classical renown certainly, but not quite the man to disentangle, or divide the political and social complications in which they were entangled. The beauty of Ithaca, visited at this time, seems to have justified the persevering partiality of Ulysses for his island kingdom; but there is an inexcusable piece of rudeness to the abbot of a Greek convent on that island, recorded against Byron. The poor man had received him with all the honor in his power or knowledge, but proceeded, unluckily, to inflict an harangue of such length and solemnity, that Lord Byron, who had missed the indispensable siesta, broke into ungovernable wrath, and abused his entertainer with much more emphasis than euphony, from which his character, and wish to please, should certainly have protected the abbot. No wonder that the astounded abbot could find no better excuse for the conduct of the English peer and poet than madness—"Ecolo o matto poveretto."

Mr. Trelawny left Lord Byron at Cephalonia, for he was long in moving when once settled, and never saw him again in life. Anxious to know something of the state of matters in the Morea, the former passed over, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Browne. They found only confusion, intrigue, and embezzlement; and after transacting a little business, his companion, Mr. Browne, went to London, accompanying certain Greek deputies, who were commissioned to raise a loan there, which, wonderful to relate, they succeeded in doing; though the worthy stock-brokers could hardly have been moved to liberality, or rather credulity, by their classical sympathies; while Mr. Trelawny, quitting the Morea, made for Athens, and joined a celebrated robber chief, who had assumed political functions in the disturbed and anarchic state of the country, and bore the classical name of Odysseus. In January, 1824, Mr. Trelawny heard that Byron had gone to Missolonghi, and then, that he was dead; worn out with fatigue, anxiety, and disgust, his frame, already shattered by repeated attacks of remittent fever, acquired during former residence in the marsh-girt cities of Ravenna and Venice, succumbed in the prime of life to the miasma which in greater or less intensity, according to the season, constitutes the atmosphere of Missolonghi. Mr. Trelawny was at Salona, but left for Missolonghi directly, which he entered on the third day from his departure, and found it "situated on the verge of the most dismal swamp I had ever seen."

"No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

The remaining chapters are exclusively autobiographical, and are not without

interest, for Mr. Trelawny's name has become historical in Gordon's "History of the Greek Revolution." His adventures are not common-place; and his intimate connection with the family and fortunes of Odysseus afforded an opportunity of seeing and knowing more of the wilder and worthier elements of Roman character than has fallen to the lot of any other educated Englishman. For some time he held watch and ward in the fortified, inaccessible cave on Mount Parnassus, where Odysseus had placed his family and property, with a garrison of a few men; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Trelawny, in command. He was at last desperately wounded in a very treacherous manner, by a Scotchman named Fenton, whom he had unduly trusted, but who had been bribed to act as a spy on Odysseus and himself. He tells his story, regardless of criticism, in a frank and candid manner; and it must be a captious critic indeed, who can object to the consciousness of that superior physical strength and vigor, which sustained with ease, exertions that exhausted the more delicate powers of the two celebrated companions, whose names lend so much interest to his book, and to whose intellectual preeminence he renders respectful and affectionate homage.

We have so recently recorded our opinions on Shelley's writings,* that we shall now offer a few remarks on some portion of Lord Byron's poetry, which, with all its popularity, has not, it appears to us, been always rightly estimated. He unaffectedly repudiated the opinion so generally entertained, that he was the hero of his own compositions—that the monotonous protagonists of his early and brilliantly successful Eastern tales, no less than the *blanc* and reflective "Childe," or the fortunate and brilliant "Don Juan," were drawn from the inspiration of a too partial egotism. We are inclined to believe in the sincerity of his protest, and to attribute to dramatic poverty the uniformity of his characters, and to his own physical imperfection the bodily strength and activity by which his heroes are so generally distinguished. In those short pieces which were the fruits of his early travels, and which at once attracted the attention of every reader by the unequalled brilliancy of the language, we perceive

the immature judgment and the vehement sensation of his character; the verse flows onward in a torrent of splendor, and a false lustre is given to the passion whose fruit is ashes; beauty of form, and the easy and over-valued achievements of physical courage, are the artless and ordinary attractions of his actors; there is no depth or refinement of character, no difficult invention; the poems are but pictures of ordinary merit, in splendid frames.

But a deeper knowledge dawned upon him—a larger experience of his own heart, though little of the actual world from which he shrunk; and if he, as most men have done, regretted the delusions of the master-passion, and wished that the deception had lasted forever, or had never existed, yet his later strains, in their deeper tone and wider sympathies, evince that better self-knowledge, without which no man has successfully mapped even the narrowest province of the human heart; for that knowledge is itself but the evidence and the record of sufferings which the conflicts of reason with passion must ever produce.

In the crude though not inharmonious products of his youth, we see how little he had felt his strength, and how he was fettered by the rules which had been the guide of his model and antithesis, Pope; no where does he dare to be original, and the spirit which dictated his first and weakest satire, was but the natural resentment of an Englishman who had no mind to be bullied: the mere mechanical versification gives small promise of the matchless powers which produced "Don Juan" and "Beppo;" and in the matter, there is nothing to warn us of that contemplative and deeply poetical thought which is so apparent in the "Prophecy of Dante," and in the two later cantos of "Childe Harold." Even those unequalled satiric powers which culminated in the "Irish Avatar," are but shadowed, not developed, and the common-place abuse and half-affected contempt of his first satire are calculated to produce a very different effect from the withering ridicule and careless contempt which overwhelmed those who provoked the displeasure of his later years.

The German critics, with a severity of taste that does them honor, place the three great poets, whose names at once occur to us—Homer, Shakspeare, and

* Vide Number for January of this year.

Goethe—so far above all rivalry, as to accord to these alone that supremacy and universality of intellect which we call poetic genius; and this may be just, but the human mind is so constituted in its appreciation of poetry, as sometimes to derive superior pleasure from strains which have emanated from minds of far inferior order. We like best that poetry which addresses most strongly and directly the prevailing sentiments of our own characters; and hence thousands in whom the finest of Homer's rhapsodies, Shakespeare's "Tempest," or Goethe's "Iphigenia," would awake no other sentiment than cool admiration, would be moved to tears or to enthusiasm by Pindar, Campbell, or Gray. It is no less certain that men of even the keenest intellect merely, are not unfrequently deficient in poetic taste and judgment. We know, for example, that Napoleon preferred Ossian, and Robert Hall Virgil to Homer; and that Lord Byron himself, utterly wanting in dramatic power, but little appreciated the true strength of Shakespeare. Poetry, indeed, especially of the first order, must be felt in the heart as well as judged by the head, and the greatest merit is least apparent to a superficial glance; long study, contemplation, and comparison are required to comprehend the consummate excellence of a masterpiece, whether it be from the hand of Shakespeare or the pencil of Raphael.

But if the very few of the first order of poets completely satisfy all the requirements of the most refined and matured intellect, the poetry of Lord Byron will always appeal strongly to those, and they are not a few, whose passions, at some period of their lives, have proved too strong for the control of reason, and where regret, if not remorse, has followed the fruitless contest—a contest which has left the mind vacant for want of strong excitement; and wearied with a scene which offers no sufficient substitute for what has been lost. Flashes of the melancholy wisdom which follows on such experience are frequent in his later works, and their deep, and perhaps not barren truth, may sink with something of a healing and enlightening influence into hearts whose scars are not yet callous.

There is, too, a strong and ardent reverence for the nobleness of intellect, ever felt most strongly by those most highly endowed; that reverence which, rightly

considered, is the only true religion, and a scorn, as strongly expressed, for the vulgar or tinsel idols of mob idolatry.

His spirit had wrestled with itself in vain; the vehement and unwise desire for something denied to mere mortality was his; the self-condemnation of performance so grievously inadequate to the lofty resolution, which more or less dwells in every heart, rebelling against the sway of low desires, was strong upon him; so that he hated life, and sought at first wildly, but afterwards more calmly, to give that feeling utterance: but the "voiceless thought" could not so be spoken, and he, the most eloquent, went to his grave without succeeding in the vain effort to unburden his full heart. Not by words, however eloquent, can man satisfy himself, or vindicate his life to others. Consistent action alone can satisfy the conscience, or justify us to our own hearts; and when action is denied or unsought, we strive for the relief, however inadequate, that words can furnish. Thus Chaucer:

"For when we may not do, then will we speak,
And in our ashen colde, is fire yreken."

Had any suitable career of action been open to him, or had he lived in feudal times, he might have surpassed Bertrand de Born in thirst for irregular warlike achievement, and in the strains that celebrated it; the monotony of a modern military career, and the subordination which can recognize no superiority but professional rank, where the opportunity of achievement is an accident, and routine the rule of life, was utterly unsuited to his character and his physical constitution. No better career offered to him than that miserable one of Missolonghi, and here he gave evidence of a moderation and self-command little to have been expected from a man whose vanity and egotism were not less conspicuous than his genius; this desire for an active career is translated into his Eastern stories, and his heroes are rather models of what he wished to be, than what he was.

His forte, however, as he knew, was vivid description, varied and illuminated by flashes of earnest thought, and the results of a melancholy, if a short experience.

In sustained dramatic or epic power

he was deficient; but this is an imperial endowment, and, in his own language,

"Not Hellas could unroll
From her Olympiads two such names."

His "Manfred," despite Mr. Moore's crude criticism, is a dramatic failure; and when he calls this creation of Lord Byron's "loftier and worse" than Milton's Satan, the critic shows how little of the dramatic or epic element he must have himself possessed. "Manfred" is not a great creation—he is but a dreamer, who, finding no pleasure in an earthly pursuit, itself a morbid and unhealthy feeling, strives to o'erpass the limits of mortality, and to coerce the spirits whom the elements obey. Such a desire, as common as it was vain, before men had emerged from the superstitious element of the middle ages, evinces no elevation or greatness of character, and if with dauntless courage he defies the spirits whom he had evoked by his spells, and provoked by his contempt of their power, he does so as one who knows they can not injure him, and who seeks death rather than shuns it.

The great blot of the piece, however, is the doubt that encompasses the fate of Astarte; the imagination can conceive no adequate cause for the terrible implacability which could reign in the bosom of a beatified spirit, and deny to a despairing brother one word of consolation in his awful abandonment. If she could condemn him, how can he be forgiven?

Such a subject, however attractive to a writer of strong imagination, and however promising in appearance, proves much more difficult to treat adequately, if, indeed, it can ever be so treated at all, than scenes and characters of a more earthly nature, where strictly human agents appeal to a kindred reason and sympathy.

The communion of the supernatural with the natural has been a favorite theme, and a certain stumbling-block, to the greatest poets. Homer succeeded best, because he invented little, taking the materials within his reach—and his gods and goddesses are but human beings, with a loftier physical and mental stature; it was easy to introduce them implementing the inferior powers of their favorite heroes, but we feel that, in all that should distinguish the supernatural Being above the human nature, the great-

est of all, the tyrant Zeus, was inferior. Like some vulgar earthly ruler, he uses his power but to gratify passions unworthy of a God—and the charm of divine beauty and celestial grace which hovers forever round the name of Aphrodite, is insufficient to overcome the disgust with which we regard her threat to Helena, when the latter indignantly refuses to return to her vanquished and fugitive paramour.

And when, in the "Tempest," Shakespeare introduces Ariel to delude and torment a set of drunken menials, or frighten a brutal and ignorant drudge, he scarcely redeems the character of that "dainty" creation by his services in reconstructing the shattered ship, or even in deceiving the wretches who were plotting the death of the Duke. An inspired genius may walk through proprieties at will, as he so constantly does, but even Shakespeare might have remembered in the "Tempest," "*Nec Deus interit*," etc.

When Goethe, following the popular superstition, introduces the Devil, thinly disguised, as the companion and mentor of Faust, he goes easily enough with the pair through the temptations and the punishment of his neophyte and of Margaret—an episode too common in daily life to require the devil as its agent—and Faust, when on the blasted heath he upbraids Mephisto with the cruel fate of her he should have protected from all harm, and curses himself as the dupe of a pitiless fiend, does but vent the reproaches many a man has heaped on himself, shuddering, if he had a conscience, at the cruel treachery which has rent a heart that beat only for him. But when the great German leaves the popular guide to invent a sphere of supernatural action, when Faust appears in scenes where the author has no guide from tradition, and subject to temptations of a less human character, we see how little mere mortal wit can observe any semblance of probability, or appearance of cohesion, in attempting that for which there is no actual precedent in human experience. There is but one Magician, and he has long laid aside all pretensions above mortality. Patient and sagacious interrogation of nature, in disclosing the hidden properties of matter, has evoked powers which the genii of the lamp might have envied, and wealth, which would have satisfied the avarice of the alchemists.

The greatest can but draw the supernatural from knowledge of the natural, and we have but human nature exaggerated in the majority of instances; Shakspeare's Ariel, and the spirits in "Manfred" are nearly the only exceptions. Homer is greatest where he describes the actions of men, and the submissive grace and tenderness of women. Shakspeare stirs the heart, and awakens our admiration most strongly when he depicts the loving constancy of the gentler sex, and the masculine heroism of Coriolanus or of Henry V. Goethe has an easy task when he echoes the sarcastic mockery, or paints the demon heart of Mephisto; but the master-hand is seen in the calm and natural beauty of the "Iphigenia," and above all in his unequalled delineation of the female nature; he who could draw such characters as Gretchen, Clara, Mignon, and Adelheid von Weislingen, has surpassed all others, Shakspeare himself, in this the most interesting province of observation and invention.

And Lord Byron, though he has clothed his demons with majesty and power, though he has avoided the vulgar error of too easily vanquishing evil by good, Satan by Abdiel, yet hardly introduces these for purposes worthy their supernatural powers, unless it be to justify the magnificent "Hymn of the Spirits" in worship round the throne of Ahimanes.

In the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," the objective element is strongly ascendant, written as they were at a period of life when the world was still fresh, and the essential identity of human nature, under all its phases, hardly appreciated. The boundless command of his own language, and the liveliest susceptibility to the beauty or grandeur of nature, produced a poem which riveted immediately the attention of contemporaries, partly, indeed, due to a comparative novelty of style, and the want of sustained originality, in the poetry which immediately preceded its publication; something too may have been owing to the lesser preoccupation of the public by the floods of ephemeral and amusing literature which dissipate the intellectual tastes of the readers of our day. It is in the two latter cantos, and especially the last, in which we find his powers completely matured, whether reflective or descriptive. In these cantos he has carried those important elements of poetry to their highest

excellence, though of invention, the test of the highest genius, we find no traces. There is throughout a want of cohesion, if we consider "Childe Harold" as an attempt at poetic creation, for the "Childe" is a voice, not a living pilgrim; but if we recognize Lord Byron himself under an alias, narrating what he saw, and expressing in just and vivid language what he felt, we have a poem, the various merit of which it is difficult to over-estimate.

The vigor of description therein displayed is indeed without a parallel. Who has equaled, or even approached, the power displayed in stanzas 27, 28, 29 of the fourth canto? In them we see actually brought before us by the magical force of his language, the exquisite and fugitive beauties of an Italian sunset, which would have mocked the pictorial art of Claude or Turner to transfer to canvas. Mere words are made to appeal to the mind more effectively than the consummate skill of the masters of painting could appeal to the sense of vision. Even Homer is here surpassed for a moment, for no where does he bring before us so striking and so difficult a phase of nature's ever-varying countenance; not even in the familiar passage in the eighth Rhapsody—

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστέρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνεται ἀριπρεπεῖα. κ. τ. λ.

though it well deserves the homage Byron pays it in the fourth canto of the "Prophecy of Dante"—

"The kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may
bear."

In stanza 102, canto III., we seem even to hear and see the busy summer forest life of birds and insects in the woods of Clarens, the rustle of the leaves in the early summer breath of June, and the very plash of Alpine waterfalls; the beautiful living solitude, unspoilt by the intrusion of man, comes before us as if in spirit, or in a dream we were transported to the Swiss wilderness; it is transferred to paper as delicately and with truer coloring than could have been effected by the calotype: but these scenes in their quiet loveliness yet suggest reminiscences of the world which the author and the reader have for a moment forgotten; and the vigorous

sketches of Gibbon and Voltaire, who had long lived within sight of that beautiful scenery, come like a cloud over the mind which had just been reveling in the laughing sunshine of a Swiss landscape. Applied to graver scenes, the same matchless power nearly rivals the merit of invention, and when by the lake of Thrasymene (C. IV., vv. 62, 63, 64) he recalls the strife that made Rome to reel on her seven-hilled throne, and strove with inexorable fate to reverse her stern decree, the ancient battle comes before us as by a lightning-flash darted into the abysses of the past, as the soldiers of Carthage and of Rome pass before us in their deadly struggle.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the various harmony of the stanzas from 86 to 104 of canto III.: in these every variety of emotion and of feeling is characterized; of admiration, reverence, love, awe; and in the apostrophe to "Clarena, sweet Clarena," that passion which he felt with so much of its earthly alloy is exalted to a refinement almost unearthly, and to a dignity which truly belongs to it, as in its purity the least selfish of human desires.

Was there ever a tribute to the Divinity of Love so exquisite as that contained in stanza 100 of canto III.?

"O'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
blown
His soft and summer breath, whose tender
power
Passes the strength of storms in their most
desolate hour."

Such language may fairly excite a rapturous admiration, resembling that which he professes, and only professes to have felt, when beholding the marble loveliness of the Medicean Venus.

But in a different mood, and with feelings disappointed or blunted, he afterwards recurs to this, the dream of youth, and the disenchantment of maturity; and as a warning against the indulgence of that passionate and eager credulity, what homily or maxim likely to prove so effective as the wild strains of the poet of the passion:

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased
And fevers into false creation; where,
Where are the charms the sculptor's soul has
seized?
In him alone, could nature show as fair.
Where are the charms and virtues which we
dare

"Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men—
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page, where they should
bloom again?"

C. IV., st. 122.

The quiet and gentle caveat of Schiller, in the "Lay of the Bell," may excite a sigh and a smile in those who have experienced its truth, and is perhaps more suited to the sobriety of the disenchanting, who alone are likely to appreciate it:

"Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch des Lebens Mai—
Mit dem Gurtel, mit dem Schleier,
Reißt der schöne wahn entzwei."
Das Lied von der Glocke.

The strong sensual impulses of Lord Byron's character communicated to much of his poetry its vivid charm. Tasso has somewhere said:

"Poi dietro a sensi
Vedi, che la Ragione ha corte l'ali."

And, certainly, the poets and orators who most strongly rivet attention, are those in whom intellectual and animal vigor concur. The illustration of the abstract by the concrete is an essential element both of poetry and oratory; but the choice of illustrations will depend upon something besides the intellectual nature of the man. The similes which abound in Homer are indicative of a martial or combative disposition, and a propensity to observe the grander or more striking phenomena of nature—the rush of waters, or the destructive rage of fire; while the illustrations of the drooping poppy, and the uprooted olive, show that neither grace nor tenderness were wanting to deck the creations of that imperial genius. Milton's numerous similes, too, are in harmony with his austere and somewhat harsh character, sometimes little heedful of beauty or grace. Lord Byron's very numerous comparisons, all admirable, and often under the form of a prosopopœia, are indicative of the warm imagination which clothed inanimate shapes with the breathing realities of life; for example, where the Medicean Venus is described, in stanza 48, canto 4:

"Here, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which beheld, instills
Part of its immortality."

The comparison is here delicately insinuated rather than stated, and the fragrance of flowers, addressed to another sense, suggested as an illustration of the effect produced by this matchless statue on that of sight. Again, in stanza 28 of the same canto, another simile as exquisite, as refined, and as eminently sensual, occurs :

"Gently flows

The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
The odor of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon the stream, and glassed
within it glows."

One sense is here, too, brought in to implement another, and the colors that glow in the clouds of an Italian sunset are presented in twofold reality before the reader by a ready, familiar, and charming object of comparison. In stanza 94 of the third canto another illustration occurs, marked by the same vigorous traits, and admirably in harmony with the object to be illustrated.

But in that wonderful stanza, the 87th of the third canto, which conveys to the mind by description all and more than all our own senses could do, we have a simile as exquisite as it is difficult :

"The star-lit dew

All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of their
hues."

The simile is so subtle, as for a moment to elude perception ; like the odor of violets or sweet-briar, it is too exquisite to be fixed.

But the finest comparison in "Childe Harold," perhaps the most perfect in the world of poetry, occurs in stanza 72 of the fourth canto, where the perpetual rainbow that spans the flashing waters of Terni, is compared to love watching madness :

"But on the verge,

From side to side, beneath the glittering moon,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed—and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all its beams unshorn,
Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness, with unalterable
mien."

This simile is in itself immortal ; instinct with unfading, deathless beauty.

The character sketches scattered

through "Childe Harold" are forcible and just, giving nerve and vigor to the more subjective portions of the poem. That of Napoleon particularly is probably as true and comprehensive as will ever be made, even if his life shall ever be written as it should be. That of Gibbon is excellent and characteristic ; and the tributes to Italian genius in Galileo, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, are graceful and truthful. It is not easy, however, to understand Lord Byron's sympathy with Tasso, though he is truer to history in his estimate of the Duke of Ferrara than the more politic or more charitable Goethe, who, in gratitude for his favorable experience of ducal courts, flung the mantle of his genius over one to whom history and Lord Byron may have been somewhat unjust ; for Tasso was through life too conscious of his genius, and too sensitive of wrongs or slight, lacking that mental robustness which has characterized the greatest of our species. He who is conscious of that within which can court the Rhadamanthine justice of posterity, should surely, in calm self-reliance, disdain to conciliate the pity, or solicit the tardy suffrages of cotemporaries. Byron himself, perhaps, indulged something too much in similar complaints, which could but serve to gratify the malice of enemies, or provoke the contempt of fools ; yet no one better than he has stigmatized this weak egotism of suffering :

"Each has his wrong, but feeble sufferers
groan

With brain-born dreams of evil, all their
own."

—*Childe Harold.*

And in the "Prophecy of Dante," he has with much skill and truth to the nature of him whose verse he imitates, launched severe and prophetic strains on the part of one whose history had some points of resemblance with his own. The denunciation of the ingratitude of Florence to its greatest bard, harshly driven into exile, was not the less sincere that the ungrateful capital which had witnessed his own literary triumphs, and the land that should have been proud of his birth, were perhaps indicated in their southern prototypes.

There was a great resemblance, too, in their domestic infelicities ; and if Boccaccio more than hinted that poets would do well to abstain from matrimony, past

question, the wives of some of the most eminent had reason to regret that they had not practically contributed to the maintenance of Boccaccio's opinion.

Lord Byron speaks for Dante as the latter might well have spoken in his own person, had he written in a language less flexible than his own. In spite of the obscurity, even the occasional *bizarrie* of his great poem, and the minute historical knowledge requisite for its right appreciation, Dante has exerted even an exoteric influence, which attests the grandeur of his intellect. We know that Goethe speaks of him with reverence, calling him a "Nature;" and the high prophetic poetic spirit which pervades the "Divine Comedy," more even than this magnificent eulogium, might justify his addition as a fourth to the grand trio, which has alone obtained the difficult suffrage of German criticism.

As there have been actors who have only wanted a stage, so there must have been many, before the invention and diffusion of printing, who wanted a theme or an opportunity to claim such share of immortality as may fall to the lot of humanity, and like the mass of common men, must be content to be as though they had never been; a tribute to such unknown potentialities, comes with peculiar grace from one who had early achieved a brilliant reputation—

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best;
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not
lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they
compressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaureled upon earth."

—*Prophecy of Dante*, C. 4.

There is a thoughtful melancholy wisdom pervading the four cantos of the "Prophecy," which, like passages of a similar character in "Childe Harold," are in favorable contrast with the careless levity which pervades the "Vision of Judgment," and the polemical portions of "Don Juan."

The idea of Prometheus attracted Byron, as it had done Æschylus, Goethe, and Shelley—and if the wrongs, the woes, the wrath and defiance of the Titan were to be set forth in verse, none better than he could have arrayed these emotions in words, more fitted to brave the sensual

omnipotence of Olympus; but the fable is too transparent to be of deep or permanent poetic interest; for Truth is as much the essence of the highest Poetry, as of Science itself.

Primitive human nature invented a god in its own likeness, knowing no better or higher model—a jealous and a brutal god, who used his omnipotence as the worst Cæsar afterwards used his scepter, and by immolating on its altar a victim nobler than the god, justified itself in irreverence. But we, wiser than our fathers, may recognize a Prometheus who triumphs not vainly in defying a tyrannical omnipotence, or in proclaiming the sufferings which baffled desire of power or of knowledge, must inflict—a Prometheus not equalling himself with God, and raging in his baffled impotentiality, but a mightier Titan, who, if he has not succeeded in the autogenic creation of man, has yet brought down fire from heaven unrebuked, and who has wrung from matter its eternal secrets; and has made the modern man more potent than the gods of the ancient Olympus; who has taught him to defy the tempest, to curb and direct the lightning, to eradicate the most fatal and desolating disease, to call from their dark homes the genii of the lamp of knowledge, as patient and docile slaves of that Reason which has taught him that through obedience, and not defiance, lies the road to power.

The elder Prometheus was a true, but unintended symbol of antique human reason striving to obtain knowledge in its own way, by questioning itself with barren activity, while all around lay, awaiting the efforts of the modern Titan, those great but unsuspected secrets which have been the magnificent reward of a wiser desire for Truth.

The exquisite music of the "Hebrew Melodies," and the half-reverential, half-sensual tone which pervades them, are as favorable and beautiful an example of Lord Byron's powers as the finest passages in "Childe Harold;" even as in them, the objective and subjective elements of poetry blend in perfect harmony, and leave an impress on the mind and on the feelings which abstract, or merely cold representations of tenderness or reverence but feebly imitate.

If it is the whole scope and aim of the drama, as surely it must be, to hold the "mirror up to Nature," then it is useless

to criticise Lord Byron's dramatic works, as such; of female tenderness, self-denial, and heroism, there are many examples in his dramas; they are the heroines of his earlier poetical tales, with a little more of the detail and amplification required by a different form of writing; the female element in our living world is like air and water in the natural world, indispensable and all-pervading, but best calm and tranquil, ministering to the daily requirements of our lives, not often rising into passion and vehemence; by so much the more as it possesses these latter characteristics, by so much the less is it feminine, or entitled to the privileges of the sex; so that hero-

ism and resolution, that defiance of pain, danger, and hardest of all, disgrace, which we know women can exhibit better than ourselves, because impelled thereto by a more disinterested affection, or a purer love, do not constitute the natural or principal features of the sex, and as broader and more striking traits, less difficult to delineate, than the gentle, graceful, and useful qualities which they possess for our advantage.

To the male actors the same remarks apply; there is much of what is poetical in the sentiments they utter, little of what is natural or tangible in their characters; they are voices more than entities.

DRY STICKS FAGOTED.

SOME four years ago, when we reviewed "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree," by Walter Savage Landor, we termed the work "latest, but not concluding." We knew then, as we know now, that the tough old poet will die in harness; that so long as his eloquent tongue can speak it will denounce tyrants of every creed and country, and as long as his hand can grasp a pen, it will grasp it as the heroic soldier grasps a sword, keeping the honor of his name and country stainless. This fanciful title, *Dry Sticks Fagoted*, serves to waken our delight that there have been more sticks left for binding, or, to speak more commercially, that there have been more Landor ideas for the printer to set in visible forms. In his two latest works Mr. Landor has represented himself under the figure of a tree, as Swift did, but, unlike Swift, it is gratifying to see that he does not die first at the top. The intellect is still critical, the imagination still vivid, as the Idyl of "Europa and her Mother" plainly shows, and the political bins scarcely suppressed by the weight of years. If we omit the Idyl we have just mentioned, and "Achilles and Hellena on Ida," there is nothing in this volume of a high cast. Mr. Landor admits that none of the poems would have been collected

by him but for the fact that some of them got into other hands, and may have appeared in other guise. The old radical turns conservative in this instance, and bars the chance of any innovation. He takes "precaution against subtraction, or, what is worse, addition." The volume is mainly noticeable for its epigrammatic force, such as

HOOKS AND EYES.

Fair spinsters! be ye timely wise,
Where men bring hooks do you bring eyes!

Or:

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue and Vice look much the same;
If Truth is naked, so is Shame.

Some of the political hits have much of the old political fierceness, and so far as we see, all the keen edge of former satire. In this case *Time* seems fairly matched, and he does not carry on his lean shoulder a sharper scythe than Walter Savage Landor. The difference lies in this, that *Time* mows down alike the oppressed and the oppressor, whereas Walter Savage Landor keeps his weapon bright and keen to do battle on the side of weakness only. May this aged poet, brave of heart and tough of brain, live yet longer to bind other "dry sticks." Such fagots, even for the sake of old memories, are cheering to the domestic hearth.—*Critic*.

* *Dry Sticks Fagoted*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edinburgh: Nichol. London: Nisbet and Co.

From the London Quarterly.

LADY TRAVELERS IN NORWAY.*

LADY travelers are enterprising and expert—sometimes ambitious too. Unlike her sister of the East, “so tender and delicate” that she will “not adventure to set the sole of foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness,” our Western woman is trained to tread in man’s footsteps the world over. Making up by spirit and elasticity what she lacks in hardihood and strength, she braves peril and endures fatigue. She has even ventured among the floating ice-islands of the Arctic Ocean, and found foothold on the hard, slippery, glistening side of Mont Blanc. It is man’s business to pioneer, and his glory; *c’est le premier pas qui coûte*; but, the first step taken, with aspiring aim and ready imitative faculty, woman enters the open door, and pursues the newly-tracked path. So has she been man’s follower and rival in the various branches of literature, science, and art; with what occasional success is attested by such names, among many others, as those of Elizabeth Smith, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mary Somerville and Rosa Bonheur. Even where she has failed, her very efforts seem to hint that there may be a good time coming—a time that neither skill nor strife of hers can hasten—when enfranchised woman, with larger powers and larger scope for their development, shall be the more equal associate of him whom she has been schooled to regard as her ruler and guide ever since in Eden she pressed before him into sin. Be that as it may, while on this earth, and in the body, she must fill a secondary place, and do a different kind of work. It is her interest and happiness to be content with this position. Woman loses something in dignity and grace when she breaks down

the guards thrown around her delicacy by the general opinion of an age of ripe civilization. We may be called old-fashioned, yet we will venture to say, that it would not give us unmixed pleasure to meet one of our fair countrywomen sitting *à la Zouave* on a mountain pony, with her “tresses unconfined, wooed by each” Norwegian “wind.”

Doubtless there are occasions when, for a great object, a sacrifice should be made. Conventional proprieties must not be a bar to a work of mercy which woman only can do. Florence Nightingale did well when, undeterred by thoughtless laugh, or witty word, or the whispered doubt of her sympathizing yet timid fellow-countrywomen, she crossed the threshold of a lady-like retirement, and bore the gaze of the world. And so with that other who, (if the story tells truly,) in a ruder and less scrupulous age, conquered her shrinking woman’s modesty by her strong woman’s compassion, and bowed to a cruel and shameless behest.

“Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
She took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.”

And the principle which we apply to great occasions, may serve us also in the lesser concerns of daily occurrence. When a woman’s motive in breaking through ordinary restraint is the good of others, we either approve or excuse; but where it is clear that there is no self-sacrifice in the case, where we believe her to be prompted by a love of pleasure, or a desire for notoriety, we neither praise nor pardon: we condemn. Thus, on taking up the books at the head of this article, we confess to more immediate sympathy with the Frenchwoman who traveled under her husband’s escort, than with the Englishwoman who, voting men useless on a journey, set forth unattended by father, husband, brother, or servant. And our feeling gathers strength as we proceed. The “Unprotected”—she, we mean, who writes the book, for the other lady ap-

* *Unprotected Females in Norway; or, The pleasantest Way of travelling there, passing through Denmark and Sweden. With Scandinavian Sketches from Nature.* London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857.

Voyage d’une Femme au Spitzberg. Par MADAME LÉONIE D’AUNET. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. Deuxième Edition. 1855.

pears only in a passive character—seems never to lose sight of herself; her personal adventures form her chief topic of discourse; and how she strikes the country is a question with her of deeper interest than “how it strikes a stranger.” The protected lady, on the contrary, saved from the consciousness of doing an extraordinary thing, has an eye for all that is beautiful and grand in nature, for all that is new and interesting in the habits of those with whom she mingles. Madame D'Aunet merely crossed Norway, *en route* to Spitzbergen; but her cursory notes of travel are full of life and picturesque detail. Before, however, trusting ourselves to her guidance, or that of the other ladies, we will give a passing glance at the general aspect of the country through which they travelled.

The Norway of our childhood, as represented on ordinary maps, is remarkable chiefly for a long continuous range of hills, dividing it from Sweden, and extending from the Naes in the south to the North Cape. But a truer notion would be given by omitting this backbone, and substituting for it something resembling the shagreen covering of certain kinds of fish. The mountains of Norway are neither one connected chain running through an otherwise flat country, nor are they distinct elevations. The whole country is mountainous, and the south especially is distinguished by a series of *plateaux*, or table-lands, called there “fjelds,” more or less connected together, though frequently separated by narrow and deep valleys. The general elevation of these fjelds is fully three thousand feet above the sea; but, rising higher than they, are mountain summits, *aiguilles*, of which the highest yet measured is said to attain an elevation of eight thousand five hundred feet. Some of the fjelds have well-known names, and are often traversed, as the Sogne-fjeld, the Dovre-fjeld, the Fille-fjeld, and the Hardanger-fjeld; but others have been as yet only imperfectly explored, and among them are glaciers whose peculiarities have still to be described.

It is not for the sake of its fjelds, storm-swept and wild, trackless or at least difficult of passage, that tourists are usually drawn to Norway. It has a strong attraction in its rivers and waterfalls. The abundance of its running water may be accounted for by the flat surface of the

highlands which receive and retain, in lakes or tarns, the more than ordinary supply of rain that falls in the country; and by the quantity of snow, accumulated during the greater part of the year, that the sun of summer melts. Countless streams thus formed work their way seaward; but they can not find a smooth passage in this land of rocks. Sometimes, as with the Rjukan-foss, a heavy volume of water forces itself through a narrow chasm, falling several hundred feet into a rocky basin, with a loud, hissing sound; sometimes there is a series of falls, one broad surface of rock after another being covered with a white, changeful drapery, and the sound heard being a murmur rather than a roar; often a single thread, bright as silver, falls down a steep cliff, connecting the valley below with the fjeld two thousand feet above it, and surprising the observer by its continuity, till, on reaching the spot, he finds how much his eye has been deceived as to its volume and weight.

Another peculiar feature of Norwegian scenery is to be found in its fjords, inlets from the jagged coast to the very heart of the country, that carry there the blue sea, with its tides, and surf, and salt. The Sogne-fjord is a hundred and ten miles in length. Many of these fjords are pent in on either side by perpendicular cliffs, no footway being left at their base. Such is the case with the Næroe-fjord, one of the many ramifications of the Sogne-fjord, of which Professor Forbes speaks as “most desolate, and even terrific.” He says: “My companion had fallen into a deep sleep; the air was still, damp, and calm; the oars plashed, with a slow measure, into the deep, black, fathomless abyss of water below, which was bounded on either side by absolute walls of rock, without, in general, the smallest slope of *débria* at the foot, or space enough any where for a goat to stand; and whose tops, high as they indeed are, seemed higher by being lost in clouds which formed, as it were, a level roof over us, corresponding to the watery floor beneath.”

Then there are the forests of Norway; not those only to which her children have been largely indebted for the materials of commerce, but those standing on wilder tracts of country, untroubled as yet by the hand of the feller, where the giants of former generations have fallen and gone to decay, and where many a noble shaft

more than a hundred feet in height still rears its stately form above a thick undergrowth of lesser trees. None of us doubts of the abundance of pine to be seen in Norway, especially those kinds commonly known as Scotch and spruce firs, that furnish the red and white deals and timber of our builders: but it is pleasant to know that the woods of Norway are not altogether monotonous; but that, fringing many a ravine and water-course, may be seen the varied foliage of the birch, alder, and ash. On the shore of the Skaggerack, even oaks are not uncommon; and farther north, the graceful branches of the wych-elm, and the full, rich, rounded form of the sycamore, add to the beauty of the landscape. The aspen is common, enlivening the woods with its smooth white bark and delicate leaves, which, in rocky declivities, change early to a bright yellow. The limit of the pine growth is about 2900 feet; but the birch climbs higher up, clothing the gray cliffs with verdure to the height of 3300 feet. Still higher, a stunted willow and the juniper are found; and when these plants cease to grow, a creeping dwarf birch, about six inches high, with reindeer moss, succeeds, and, clinging to the cold mountain side, more than pays back in cheerful beauty what it gathers of scanty nourishment. Nor must we think of Norway as nearly destitute of flowers. Not only are roses, lilacs, and other flowering shrubs grown in gardens in the neighborhood of Christiania, but, passing through the tangled thickets of the south, one lights on sunny glades made beautiful by patches of delicate blue pansies, or yellow violets. Beds of lily of the valley nestling in some shady copse are not infrequent, and the forget-me-not is still more common; while the edges of corn-fields are often decked with a profusion of wild flowers—conspicuous among them the showy foxglove and monkshood.

The dls or valleys of Norway form a striking contrast to its highlands. They are cultivated and fruitful. In a country where the general surface consists of elevated and barren table land, (the proportion of arable land to the whole extent of Norway is not, according to Professor Munch, more than one to ten,) it will be readily believed that industrious and intelligent land-owners turn to account every available spot of earth. In some places banks have been formed, consisting of a

deposit of gravel and earth, brought down by water currents; and it is curious to observe how, as soon as the *dbris* has become firm, such banks have been chosen as the sites of little farms. Crops of barley and oats, potatoes and hops, are grown; and among the fruit-trees we find the apple and the cherry. The farms, each belonging to a separate proprietor, are generally so small, that the question occurs how the farmer contrives to get a living. His chief wealth consists in his cattle. Of these he keeps a stock quite disproportioned to the size of his homestead. They are very small, delicate-looking, and dun-colored. When mid-summer comes, they are driven from the valleys to the fjelds, where they remain till winter, thriving on the abundant and sweet herbage to be found on these heights during the brief weeks of warm weather. Meantime, every rood at home is closely shorn, and hay is made on each open patch, or sunny nook, or earth-covered ledge of rock.

The people of Norway, a country twice as large as England and Wales, are so sparsely scattered over its surface, that, in all, their number is only half that of London; yet even that population is redundant, and annually seeks relief by emigration. Few settlers from other countries are allured to its shores. Even its sunniest valleys offer little temptation to the generality of emigrants—men whose characteristic is to prefer the bare chance of wealth to the certainty of competence.

Norway was an almost untraveled country previous to the present century; and it is only within the last few years that it has been visited by the ordinary tourist. Being the highway to nothing but the North Pole, it was long before many cared to cross its stony, ice-cold heights. Men of science to study its geology, and examine its glaciers; artists to sketch its wonderful scenery, and to catch the glow of its matchless summer evenings; anglers to seek its trout as large as salmon, and its salmon larger than belief; these were its occasional visitors; but now long-vacation barristers, Oxford and Cambridge students, and even unprotected females, consider it open ground. Generally speaking, their travels are confined to South Norway, few venturing upon that long and narrow slip of country that lies above the Throndjems-fjord, and mostly within the Arctic Circle.

South-Norway contains the three cities of the kingdom, situated relatively to each other like the feet and the pivot of a partially opened pair of compasses. Bergen and Christiania are nearly in the same latitude, on opposite sides of the country. Throndjhem (pronounced Tronyem) and Christiania differ little as to longitude; but the former is more than three degrees farther north than the other cities. The roads which lie between—for they can scarcely be said to connect these three cities—are so difficult of passage, that a few years ago it was a rare thing to meet with an inhabitant of Bergen who had even visited the modern capital; and an Englishman who had crossed the intervening fjelds and fjords was thought to have performed a marvelous feat. Although a railway now conveys the traveler from Christiania to the Mjosen-vand, and a steamer plies on that lake, yet, to proceed further, he must commit himself to the native carriole, occasionally forsaking that for the saddle, and often putting himself, his carriage, and his horse, on board small flat-bottomed skiffs. The road-makers of Norway have no idea of getting round a difficulty; they always face it. When a mountain is in the way, they go straight on up the hill, however high, and down the other side, however sharp the descent. The present post-roads were originally foot-paths, and then, in their transition state, bridle-roads. They are kept in order by the compulsory labors of the small land-owners, who, sometimes, have the care of only a few yards of road, every portion specially allotted and ticketed; and, if we take into account this arrangement, with the opposing agency of severe winter frosts, and violent spring torrents, we may rather wonder that the roads are so good, than prolong the complaint of their being the worst in Europe. The busy hand of modern improvement is now at work on the high roads of Norway; but still the chief requirements of the traveler are said to be a good horse, and good nerves. The cream-colored, thick-maned ponies of Norway, little, sturdy, and sure-footed, may well be trusted. They climb the mountain side without shirking their duty; and when the driver gives them their head at the summit, away they go, at a pace rapid enough to startle the veriest Jehu, yet with perfect self-confidence and success.

It must be remembered that the Norway carriole is adapted for one traveler only, and that it gives no protection in case of rain. There is a kind of gig that will seat two persons, but this is not to be procured except at the larger towns. It is customary for travelers to purchase their own conveyance, and to sell it again when its work is done. Those who decline this arrangement, and prefer trusting to chance of travel, must expect to be treated sometimes to light carts instead of carriages: these are simply square deal boxes, roughly put together. As they are placed on low wheels, and not furnished with springs, it may well be imagined that the jolting is all but insufferable.

About four years ago an experienced Norwegian traveler asked the question, and asked it in print: "How far is it practicable for ladies to travel in Norway?" He dwells on the difficulties of an extensive trip—say of four or five hundred miles—especially naming the open vehicle, no larger than a park-chaise, the uncertainty of the climate, the scarcity of good accommodation on unfrequented roads; and, after weighing these and the like hindrances against the spirit, energy, and courage of the English ladies, answers his own question, and decides against their attempting such a tour at present; then, with kind misgiving, he suggests that a well-chosen and brief excursion in the companionship of some gentleman to whom Norway is familiar ground, and the Danish language not altogether unknown, might be practicable. Did the "Unprotected Females" take offense at this limitation of woman's roving and managing power, and determine to prove to Mr. Forester and the world, that "when she will, she will, you may depend on't?" They have given their answer to his question, and have gone out and returned home safely, and alone; but after reading the story of their adventures, it is not impossible that some who doubted before, may vote him in the right after all.

The ladies have been waiting for us too long; let us hear their invitation to any who, on reading their book, may wish to follow their example.

"If, reader, you like an unsophisticated country, inhabited by a fine race of upright peasantry, who will receive you as a guest, not cheat you as a traveler, prepare to follow us bodily, sharing our hardships and our pleasures, first laying in an immense stock of health, spi-

its, and good temper. . . . Very few have any idea what a country Norway is to attack, and the consequences of going off the high road at all. Christiania is 990 miles from London, and that is only the beginning of the real journey; new modes of conveyance, a new language, and scanty living are all to come. And when a traveler has been sleeping on hay, ironing his own clothes, and had nothing but porridge three times a day for a week, if his spirits, health, and temper hold out, he has a real good supply of them, and is a *bona-fide* traveler. . . . We two ladies, having gone before, show how practicable the journey must be, though we have found out, and will maintain, that ladies *alone* get on in travelling much better than with gentlemen: they set about things in a quieter manner, and always have their own way; while men are sure to get into passions, and make rows, if things are not right immediately. Should ladies have no escort with them, then every one is so civil, and trying of what use they can be; while when there is a gentleman of the party, no one thinks of interfering, but all take it for granted they are well provided for.

"The only use of a gentleman in traveling is to look after the luggage, and we take care to have no luggage. 'The Unprotected,' should never go beyond one portable carpet-bag. This, if properly managed, will contain a complete change of every thing; and what is the use of more in a country where dress and finery would be in the worst taste? Two water-proof bags, with straps, and no key, (a thing always missing,) straw hats which will not blow up, thin musquito veils, solid plaid skirts with light polkas, woolen stockings, and hob-nail shoes, are the proper Norwegian accoutrements, with a light hooded water-proof cloak to go over all, much the same as would be taken for a Highland tour; with the addition of two other things—a driving-whip and fishing-rod: the former is generally represented by a switch at the Norwegian posting-houses; and it is the greatest resource in the world to have the latter to throw into the nearest stream, without the fear of a loud 'Holloa!' if kept waiting for, or in want of, a meal."—Page 2.

Thus equipped, the ladies started, and, after visiting Aix-la-Chapelle, Hanover, Hamburg, and Copenhagen, we find them nearing Christiania, and feeling their first difficulties.

"We now entered the Cattegat, which made the vessel dance rather too briskly. Not wishing to go down to a dull cabin, yet not being able to stand, we lay down on deck, the only English person on board being a gentlemanly man fortunately, (a well-bred Englishman is a nice thing,) who gave us all his wraps, and kept a look-out for any thing interesting, that we might pop up our heads to see it."—Page 16.

This naïve confession somewhat surprises us. The eschewed gentleman is early welcomed. We wonder whether he spoke afterwards of the nice, well-bred ladies that he met on board the Hallande. Miss Edgeworth, in one of her inimitable Early Lessons, tells a story of a little boy who saw in a milliner's shop a lady acquaintance of his mamma's, and who, encouraged by her smiles and praises, recited poetry, and told many a nursery story of which he was the hero; whereupon she called him "the finest boy she had ever seen in her life," and "a very clever little fellow indeed." The next day Frank happened to go with his mother into the cottage of a neighboring washerwoman, and there he met with the maid-servant of the same lady, who was talking loudly, and holding up to view a muslin gown on which were the marks of dirty shoes, and the trace also of a large hole that had been mended. She said that her mistress had told her it was "all done by a little mischievous, conceited brat of a boy, that she met with in the milliner's shop where she was yesterday." Ah! if ladies only knew what is said of them by some of the civillest of their acquaintance! They might then learn that a considerate refusal is sometimes as well liked as the most cordial acceptance. Many a nice, well-bred Englishman is glad to show his gallantry, and to keep his wraps.

Modern Christiania, if we except its Storting or Parliament House, its vice-regal residence for the crown prince of Sweden, and its new brick buildings, superseding the time-honored and artist-loved wooden houses of the old town, has few distinctive features. But, piled high in its quays, ready for embarkation, are the products of the magnificent forests of the interior. Our travelers went to see the Falls of the Glommen, and to admire the way in which trees felled far up the country, and marked with the names of their owners, are brought, by the force of running water, to their destined place. Mr. Forester gives the following description of a similar scene at the Falls of the Nid:

"The enormous logs, first whirled, fearfully booming, against the rocks that narrowed the channel, were then hurled over, and plunged in the boiling foam below. At the foot of each fall, a perfect barrier of pines was formed, to which many were added while we stood witnessing the struggle. Some, eddying in the whirlpools, seemed destined never to get free;

one almost wondered how any escaped: numbers were broken up, and some never recovered. The whole shore below the falls was strewn with the giant bulk *disjectaque membra* of these spoils of the forest, thus arrested in their progress to the sea.

"Felled and sledged to the nearest stream during the winter, no sooner is its frozen channel set free by the returning spring, and swelled by the influx from the dissolving snow, than the timber, thus left to its fate, begins its long journey. Borne down by the foaming torrents which lash the base of its native hills, far in the interior; hurried over rapids; taking its onward course along the shores of winding lakes, or slowly dropping down in the quiet current of broad rivers; the accumulated mass is brought up at last by a strong boom placed across the stream where it discharges itself into navigable waters. . . . During their passage down the lakes, the pine-logs are collected into immense rafts, curiously framed and pinned together; but so unwieldy and unmanageable are the masses, that but little can be done in the way of navigation, beyond fending them off the shores and rocks, and keeping them in the current. Some of the timber is said to be two years in finding its way to the coast."

But we must follow our lady guides into the interior, and see how they get on when—the railway journey to the Mjösen-vand made, and the lake crossed by steamer—they find themselves on the high road to Throndhjem, either whisked along by a trotting pony, or stopping for rest at the country stations.

"Our public supper over, a ladder led to the very comfortable beds, from which we were roused next morning by the water for washing arriving in a slop-bowl. After sending the good-natured moon-faced maiden to refill it twenty times, breakfasting very tolerably, and shaking an unlimited number of hands, a succession of little cream-colored cobs, changed at every station, bore us through the valley, whose character became wilder and more Tyrolese each moment. The constant cascades formed the most charming road-side variety; any one of them would have made the fortune of an English watering-place; and there they were tumbling refreshingly down, quite grateful for being sketched. Halting for lunch at Laurgaard, a plateful of rice-porridge was brought, which, with cream and wild strawberries, made a delicious summer meal. . . . Enjoying the driving, and laughing at the ludicrous harness of the ponies, which consisted chiefly of an article on each side of the neck like a flat iron, which jogged up and down in the most fidgity manner, I dropped the whip, and, looking behind to tell the boy to pick it up, found the urchin had disappeared completely, having silyly run back, finding his horse in good hands. So, nervous ladies, keep an eye on your coachman.

"At Toftemoen, a landlord (great rarity) was visible; and, seeing me cast longing looks upon a flock of geese running about on the green, said gallantly, 'You may have one, if you can catch it,' which process was great fun, and good exercise for the feet, as driving had been for the arms all day. I decidedly approve of people catching their own goose before eating it. The fat farmer stood laughing at the chase, and, pronouncing the caught animal the finest of the flock, was entrapped into offering to pluck it." —Pp. 69-71.

After staying a few pleasant days at Jerkind, our travelers resolved not to go forward to Throndhjem, but to diverge from the high road, that they might try their fortune in desolate places, where English ladies, as yet, were unknown. Here they are, on their way to the Sogne-Fjeld.

"The Vaage-vand, a lovely, deep-green lake, lay at the foot of a long hill, which the pony, perhaps stimulated by the sight of so much refreshing water, insisted on rushing down. Arrived at the margin, a messenger was dispatched immediately for a boat: he was three hours away, and returned without one. A saddle-horse must be taken, and the steep, narrow ledge along the face of the rocks followed, instead of the watery way. This was not difficult in full daylight; the novelty of the position carried off the sense of its eccentricities; riding and tying was merry work, until fatigue and twilight came on at the same time; then, when the first overhung the path, it was perfectly dark; and stumbling over rocks into pools, with the fear of slipping into the lake beneath, and a prospect of seven miles more of the same kind, was such dreary work, that for once, we forcibly felt as if the Providence of the 'Unprotected' were failing, when through an opening in the wood, a boat was seen to shoot suddenly from the shore; our guide halloed, struck a bargain, carried us down the steep cliff in his arms, and put us on board in the twinkling of an eye, waving farewell with a look of satisfaction, which showed he had been more nervous than he acknowledged. Traveler, never start on a by-road late in the afternoon in Norway; the peasants have no precise idea of distances, and are so hardy as to think very little whether the road be rough or smooth beneath their feet." —Page 91.

This is bad enough: but worse is to come. They are crossing the Sogne-Fjeld.

"The mist had now turned to rain, and a howling wind rushed through the chasm, making it impossible to hold up an umbrella. Three hours' patient march were gradually nearing the sentinel, but also benumbing us through and through, when the sight of the skeleton of a horse picked remarkably clean by the wolves

was rather benumbing to our spirits. We were quite surprised at our guides now proposing to halt and have dinner, without the slightest shelter from the pouring rain; and of all the dreary things I can possibly imagine, it was our alighting in a bog, without a spot to sit down on; undoing our packages with frozen fingers, drenched to the skin, and in company with a skeleton. . . . For hours, first in, then out of water, sharp frozen snow drifting in our faces, our curdled blood merely kept uncongealed by hard exercise, vista after vista of peak, peak, peak, before, behind, around—no seeming end; we felt at last as if placed outside the world, the rolling clouds closing in upon us; and when naught but a field of snow lay visible beneath, all track effaced, our hearts turned pale within us. The horses trembled violently; the only sound was a low distant howl; to remain still was death. Seizing each the arm of a guide, we pushed forward in the direction that our path should lie. . . . Ten hours in reality, but a lifetime in emotion, had passed from the last little mound of turf we had left till we alighted before a similar one, and were received by a woman. The crackle of the fire was almost too friendly in the sudden transition, and like a friend's kindness brought tears to our eyes, in which the pent-up feelings found vent. Porridge was soon steaming on the fire, plenty of cream, and a *bonne-bouche* of coffee. Unfortunately it was impossible to pass the night in the cabin, a long table being the only available bed; so, mounting again before darkness came on, we wound down the valley to Optuen. It was hard work putting on half-dried clothes, and facing the rain again. Having now no impulse to keep us up, these last two hours of jogging down the stony hill with stiffened limbs were very painful. Next came one of the real hardships of Norwegian travel: arriving, after twelve such hours, at a halting-place, not only divested of every comfort, but containing such an accumulation of filth that there was not one spot left to throw one's weary body down to rest. Such a house was the farm at Optuen; a gaunt peasant in rags, the most slovenly of women, with elf-locked children rolling in sheep-skins on the floor, were its tenants; and on remonstrating with the guides for not selecting a better halting-place, they exclaimed that this was the very best of the district, and as such had been chosen for the crown prince to pass the night at, in his passage over the Fjeld."—Pp. 115-121.

The ladies took a peep at life among the *søtters*, or mountain farms. This life, as we learn from many travelers, has a forbidding, as well as an attractive and picturesque aspect. It must be a pretty sight each evening when the flocks, scattered during the day, return, announcing their coming by the tinkling bells fastened to their necks. Sheep, goats, and cows, are all met with kind words and

caresses by the girls who have the charge of them; a spoonful of salt is given, as a treat, to each, and then the business of milking commences, after which the mixed herd dispose themselves in groups on the ground around the *søter*. But within the house itself there is seldom any comfort. The chief apartment often has a moist, muddy floor; and when a tolerably dry corner is found, and a soft, fragrant bed of fresh juniper boughs is prepared, the hospitable people insist on adding sheep-skins and woolen rugs, which those who have once slept under seldom wish to try again. Then, supposing rest secured, there comes the question of food. Dairy produce in abundance—milk, cream, butter, cheese—is at the traveler's service; also plenty of *flad-brødd*, a thin cake of rye-meal; but no kind of animal food, often not an egg, nor the all but universal dried salmon. Oatmeal porridge, or stir-about, is the unfailing resource of the Norwegian traveler: but alas! he may grow tired with "the prodigal excess of too familiar happiness." It must be a very different thing to see it brought for the twenty-first time in one week, and to eat it, as George Stephenson loved to eat it, once a year—a dainty dish, prepared by his own hand, in the elegant home of his old age. But let us accompany the ladies on their visits to one or two happy circles in the more civilized parts of Norway:

"The interior of the house" (they are visiting a pastor) "had an air of unpretending comfort, and the pictures on the walls, of subjects from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, had a refined effect; though almost any room that was furnished would have appeared luxuriously Eastern in our eyes. On the table was an illustrated edition of Longfellow's *Poems*. A piano graced the room, which, on its first arrival, had been the wonder of the peasant neighborhood. . . . Farm-buildings stretched out at the back of the house, and there was a dependent *søter* high up in the mountains. In another building the whole process of clothes-making was going on, the nearest town being 180 miles off, too far for shopping. The wool of the priest's own sheep was spun by a buxom maiden, dressed herself in good broad-cloth of her own make; on the loom was a comfortable linsey-woolsey, striped with red, preparing against winter wear; while a tasteful chocolate and white gown, of a much finer make, was just finished for the priestess's best dress, who was at the moment clad in a lilac homespun of the strongest linen—a capital material, which was at one time the fashion at Paris, under the

name of *coutil*. In the next room two tailors were busy working at the priest's and household's coats, of substantial cloth, also spun by the maiden. The voyage of discovery was completed by making the entire tour of the premises in a pretty little plaything of their son Christopher's, a miniature sledge, pushed by himself, to make him hardy and strong in the arms. A choice Norwegian supper had been prepared by his mother's fair fingers—preserved fruits and fresh rusks. Intellectual conversation, with a feeling of confidence, as if we were old friends, yet knowing we should never meet again, made it difficult to part, and short of that strange, sweet sensation of being so received without a question asked.”—Pp. 134-6.

The other interior is that of a gentleman's family living near Bergen.

“Seeking for a spot to rest on, we peeped in at the open gates of a garden surrounding a pretty house, whose rustic chairs were invitingly placed on a grassy hillock. A lady in a straw hat was watering her flowers, and looking up, instantly advanced, extending her hand with the most winning smile, saying: ‘*Velkommen til Bergen*.’ After such a reception it was easy enough to explain what we wished; and, seated in an arbor, I drew the distant town amid roses and shrubs, my willing fingers marking the intricacies almost of their own accord; such a facilitator is kindness to every action in life! The lady said she would not look over me, but go in and prepare a cup of tea. All the rich merchants have their country houses near the town, standing in gardens just like English ones, only the turf is not so fine: there is no turf kept like that of England on the whole Continent. When the sun had sunk into the distant fjord, the lady reappeared, dressed elegantly, yet plainly, in the modern style, without exaggeration; a pretty fawn-colored silk dress, and a cap with pink ribbons, for she was a young matron. She said all was ready. Chatting round the tea-table, we found that our fair hostess was the wife of the principal merchant and banker of Bergen, loved the English, and spoke their language well, besides German and French, which her three children were beginning to pronounce also. The pretty daughter, Sidonia, just fifteen, had made her *début* at the ball given by the prince a few days before; her two sons, Oscar and Halburt, were younger, and, though full of spirits, behaved like gentlemen's sons, and were quite under her control. We noticed the deep respect of all children in presence of their parents throughout Norway. . . . The house was of wood, painted white, and surrounded by a verandah twined with creeping plants, partly inclosed by glass. Inside, the rooms were moderately spacious, with polished floors, not carpeted in summer or winter; only rugs were laid for the feet of the sofas and tables. The furniture in the drawing-rooms was of dark, carved wood, very pretty against the white walls, with plain gold

moldings and inserted mirrors. Real ivy trained between the folding-doors, by its refreshing green made a beautiful relief to the eyes: some statues, pictures, and a profusion of lady's embroidery, were the ornaments. The tea-service was silver, and of modern style; the china of fine Staffordshire. Some time after tea, which was of the best kind, the daughter handed round a tray of different preserved fruits, with a great many spoons in a tumbler of water; each guest was to take a spoon and a mouthful of the nearest preserve, then a fresh spoon for the next kind, putting the used spoon in water, and so on till all the fruits were tasted, and a handful of sugar-plums finished the course. . . . The lady was intensely curious about the various parts of Norway and the ways of the people, knowing far less of them than of the rest of the world. . . . Our kind hostess used every persuasion to induce us to stay to see her husband, not yet returned from his counting-house, who would delight in speaking English, offering us beds to stop all night, and only permitting us to go on the promise of another visit. Nothing but a very pressing engagement took us away that evening, we felt so happy and at home amidst all the quiet hospitality with its easy simplicity; and on seeing the lady's husband afterwards, we found him quite equal to his wife. I never met with so much real good breeding as in Norway.”—Pp. 159-164.

While in Telemarken, the ladies visited the church of Hitterdal, the delight of the inhabitants of that district, and the largest of the remaining curious old wooden churches of Norway.

“In the style somewhat of its sister of Borgund, but still more thickly covered with scales, it rises, bee-hive upon bee-hive, till a primmer, quaint, little edifice can not be imagined. It took me seven hours, in a hot sun, to sketch it slightly; and, like every thing else in Telemarken, is like nothing else in the world. The interior was left unaltered till it began to crumble down, and now has been restored very prettily with different colored woods, in character with the edifice.”—Page 241.

The lady's estimate of the value of the restoring hand differs from that of certain gentleman-tourists who visited Hitterdal during the same season. They complain of the blocking up of the beautiful external gallery, of the removal of what was antique, and the entire failure of every attempt to imitate the original plan. The church of Borgund, in the wild valley of the Leir, surpasses that of Hitterdal in interest; but the only one of these ancient churches that has any claim to beauty, as well as to quaintness, is the little church

of Urnes. Much of its rich woodwork has been replaced by plain timbers; but on roof, door, and panel are still to be seen the remains of Runic carving; that tracery of entwined dragons, foliage, and figures, characteristic of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which, in crosses and tombstones, is still to be found in Scotland and Ireland, as well as Scandinavia. The capitals of its pillars, and the general character of its moldings, correspond, too, with the details of our own Norman architecture, allowance being made for the difference of the materials employed. Of our contemporary wooden churches, the little one of East-Greenstead, in Essex, is the only remaining specimen, decay or fire having destroyed the rest. The church at Urnes stands on a headland, three or four hundred feet above the blue waters of the Sogne-fjord, beyond which stretches a fertile valley, dotted with pleasant homesteads.

Before parting with our unprotected friends, we would pray the younger lady, whose clever pencil has illustrated her volume so nicely, and whose fluent pen has so pleasant a dash and sparkle of its own, to leave slang to school-boys, and to spare a little time for the study of syntax. A "jolly dinner," a "smashing pace," and a "splendid fellow," are phrases that do not become a lady's lips any more than "scarlet indispensables" grace her person; and, through neglect of the commonest rules of grammar, such a passage as the following, respecting the habits of bears, is not very easily understood:

"Before leaving their snow-holes, where they bury themselves for the winter, going in fat and coming out thin, and on first waking from their long sleep, they are so weak as to be no sport at all, letting themselves be drowsily killed; but after having been out a little, stretched, breakfasted, and on the look-out for lunch, are most savage and dangerous."—Page 219.

Such literary slop-work would scarcely be pardonable in a lion-hunter, and is quite unworthy of a lady's neater hand.

We now turn to the pleasant pages of Madame D'Aunet. She writes like a woman of intelligence and cultivation, and with a charming vivacity; so that those who wish to gain a picturesque acquaintance with Norway can not do better than follow her guidance; while any who may desire more accurate and scientific informa-

tion should read Professor Forbes's work on Norway and its Glaciers. It is full of interest, and exhibits the characteristic caution of the philosopher and the Scotchman.

To make a selection is difficult where much is inviting. We feel as we have felt sometimes when walking in a garden where many flowers of varied forms and tints appeal to our sense of the beautiful: we wish to gather two or three, types of the rest, to give to a friend; but when our choice is made and the flowers are in our hand, we look again to the bed where they grew, and fear that, after all, we have left the best unplucked.

Passing through Denmark, Madame D'Aunet pays this warm tribute to the memory of Christian IV.:

"He was one of those kings whom history shows to have been truly great, yet whose fame has scarcely spread beyond the narrow limits of their own kingdom. It was his lot to reign during the busy and brilliant seventeenth century, when men were too much occupied to regard what was going on amid the mists of the North. Had they looked, they would have seen a noble and thoughtful hero, a courageous, enlightened prince, sparing of his subjects' blood, and, what is still more rare, careful in the use of the public revenues. During his long reign Christian maintained his ground against the Imperialists, and against Sweden; at one time he threatened Vienna; at another, he took Calmar, though it was defended by Gustavus Adolphus. Gifted with indefatigable mental activity, he was ceaselessly occupied in a variety of projects. He founded three cities—Christiansand, Christianople, and Christianstad; one colony—Tranquebar, on the coast of Coromandel: he rebuilt the capital of Norway, giving to it its modern name of Christiania. At Copenhagen he appointed professorships for the instruction of the people, and founded a navigation-school, rendered necessary by the jagged and dangerous coast of Jutland; he set up the first cannon foundry in Denmark, and he improved the condition of silk and cloth manufactures throughout his kingdom. He expelled the Jesuits from Denmark, and afforded protection to men of science. Unfortunately for Christian IV., at the time when he was thus showing how a king ought to reign, the eyes of Europe were fixed upon Richelieu, and after his death they were dazzled by the brilliancy of Louis XIV.; for all this occurred between the years 1613 and 1648."—Page 41.

It might have been added that, as a youth, Christian IV. was an ardent lover and diligent student of the sacred Scriptures; and that, in mature years, he lent his aid towards the diffusion of the Divine word throughout his dominions.

Of the appearance of the people Madame D'Aunet says:

"The Norwegians are particularly healthy and robust, the faces of the peasantry are square and fresh-colored; their noses full and somewhat turned up; their eyes of a pale blue; their hair fine, flaxen, and curling. The little children's heads are covered with that soft, almost white, hair, that recalls to mind those little wax figures of the infant Jesus, accompanied by a lamb in cotton-wool, that one sees so often, under a glass case, in the parlors of our French inns. The women are relatively larger than the men, and have so brilliant a complexion, that they often appear to be pretty, without having handsome features. . . . The ladies of Christiania struck me, at first sight, as pretty, and what is better, agreeable-looking, notwithstanding two defects which connoisseurs in beauty would not pass by lightly—poor teeth, and very large ears; but they have a dazzling complexion, fine hair, and elegant figures—elegant for the North."—Pp. 70, 64.

Madame D'Aunet, while staying at Thronhjelm, was persuaded to pay a visit to one of the famous sights of Norway, the Leerfoss, on the river Nid. She says:

"I set out early in the morning, in spite of a small, fine, cold rain, of evil augury. Around Thronhjelm the roads are made after the Russian fashion, of fir-tree trunks, laid side by side, forming an uneven, rugged carriage-way. As the trees are not even squared, one has to put up with the roughest jolting; and in places where they have become rotten, the road resembles a quagmire, and what was before fatiguing, now becomes positively dangerous. When we reach Leerfoss, the sight of the fall repays us for our preliminary joltings. Figure to yourself a whole river falling in a single sheet, eighty feet in depth; and then breaking over black, basaltic rocks, among which its waters boil and foam in mighty wrath. The passionless rocks lift up their rounded, shining backs, and look like large fishes sleeping on the sand. Under this peaceful seeming they offer so strong a resistance to the falling river that it must needs divide its waters into many little streams that pursue their tossed and troubled way for some hundreds of paces: then all becomes calm, the river finds a new bed, and resumes its tranquil flow.

"At the edge of the river, and just below the falls, a copper foundry has been established. The great wheels of the machinery are turned by the rushing water, man having employed its force, and made its fury serviceable. I visited the foundry. I saw all those frightful moving machines, creatures of man's making, as powerful and formidable as the most terrible living monsters. I can not describe the various kinds of saws, wheels, cogs, and hammers, that were there. What terrified me most was a dreadful

machine whose head, furnished with a strong, sharp blade, cut in pieces, by an even, quiet movement, bars of copper as large as trunks of trees. Moving about among all these things was a crowd of black, half-dressed men, who, lighted by the red flames of the furnaces, looked like the demons of this pandemonium. The ceaseless stroke of hammers, the grinding of saws, the moaning of wheels, the crackling of braziers, the bubbling of melted metal, united to form an indescribable crashing sound; yet above all rose the deafening noise of the falling water!"—Pp. 98-100.

Between Thronhjelm and Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, stretches a narrow, mountainous country, seven hundred miles in length, so intersected by fjords and short rivers, that some of the hills are insulated from the mainland, and are almost inaccessible. Indeed, the chasms are so many, the sloping valleys so few, and the encroaching waters so obstructive, that people gladly avail themselves of the good government steamers, and travel by sea. The coast is full of picturesque interest, especially after reaching Torghattan. In its jutting headlands, deep inlets, and irregular breakwater of islands, it much resembles the scenery of Inverness and Argyleshire. But Norway can boast of more verdure; her woods touch the water's edge; the faithful birch especially fringing mountain foot and feathering its height. For Highland heather, Norway has its mosses—green, brown, and red. During the brief summer, grass grows luxuriantly, and is of the freshest, brightest green, and ample, quick-springing crops repay the cultivating hand. But the peasantry make little provision for the long and rigorous winter; and so the unhappy horses and cattle are fed then "partly on dried birch leaves, but chiefly on seaweed and the boiled heads of fish!"

There are but three provinces in Northern Norway, and only a scanty population. All its congregated life is to be found on the sea-coast, or on the sides of its fjords. To the little villages that with their red-tiled roofs and cheery smoke enliven the bases of the gray cliffs, the passing of the steamer that tells of welcome summer, and friendly greetings, and pleasant strangers, is a most delightful event. Out come old and young, dressed in their best, and many a long-projected visit is made to the neighboring station, ten or twelve leagues away.

The sailors of Norway are skillful and

trustworthy, as men should be who undertake to guide their fellows through such a labyrinth of obvious and hidden dangers. Madame D'Aunet's voyage was made safely. She thus sketches her temporary home in the little inn at Hammerfest:

"The apartment of honor, reserved for me, had two divisions, each of eight feet square; the ceiling was so low that I could touch it with my hand. It was clear that the architect had only made provision for Laplanders. The furniture was limited to the smallest possible quantity—a table, two wooden arm-chairs, and a bed in which plain boards formed a strange contrast with the softest eider-down. The traveler is at liberty to drive nails into the wall; and it is his only way of making up for the absence of wardrobes. The windows and door were very small—the windows about three feet high, and the door about five; so that I could not look out without taking off my bonnet, nor leave the room without stooping. Then the inhabitants are so fond of light that they will not hang up curtains to shut it out. Thus, during the summer, one must either submit to a perpetual glare, or produce a factitious shade by the help of your own shawls and cloaks, hung up before the windows. Although I had recourse to this expedient, yet I could not reconcile myself to these unending days. They made me restless and uneasy. The common order of things seemed to be upset. I rose at midday; I dined at eleven o'clock at night; I went out to walk at two in the morning. I never knew when to get up, or when to go to bed, and sleep became almost impossible. (The inhabitants of these high latitudes often work by night to avoid the sultry heat of noon. They say that there will be time enough to sleep next winter.) If there were neither calendar nor watch at Hammerfest, it would be easy to lose a sense of time, and one might soon be a fortnight before or after the rest of the world, without having perceived the gradual change. The diet here did not border on luxury. Where you are badly lodged, you are likely to be worse fed; and the monotony of our bill of fare was not its worst fault. Veal and salmon formed the staple supply. Soups alternated between barley *à la* sliced lemon, and rye *à la* dried cherries. On gala days we had potatoes, roasted rein-deer, and milk."

We shall not follow Madame D'Aunet to Spitzbergen, as the work of a more recent traveler, Lord Dufferin, has been lately noticed by us; but we must make room for one more extract, regarding the farm life of Norway.

"The woman spin linen and hemp, weave them into cloth, and manufacture the strong and coarse *wadmel* worn by the men. The men are, by turns, laborers, smiths, masons and

carpenters; and, at need, shoemakers and tailors. Besides good clothes and a fair supply of furniture, the young women often have a few valuables, as lace, neckerchiefs, and trinkets, brought for them from the nearest town, by their fathers; and then in every house we see, reverentially laid on a scrap of carpet, that large volume—the poor man's library—the book that surpasses all others, and makes up for their absence—the book of books—the Bible; and every little child, when asked by its mother, is able to read a verse. Sweet and peaceful life! calm, pure, and equable, like the blue sky of the North! how might wearied hearts envy so stormless a repose! As Luther says, '*Invidio quia quiescunt.*'"—Page 70.

It is a pity that this pleasing picture of a family Bible in every house is not quite true to life. To a traveler from Roman Catholic France, doubtless its frequency would be a subject of remark; but till lately the supply of Bibles was grievously inadequate to the wants of the population; and though, thanks to the Christiania press, and to the British and Foreign Bible Society, there is now a change for the better, yet those who love the Bible, and who love mankind, have still a great work to do in Norway. Dr. Paterson, who visited that country in 1882, under the direction of the British and Foreign Bible Society, met with a warm welcome, and an open field for exertion. He was the means of stimulating the energies of the Norwegian Bible Society, and of setting on foot several new agencies in connection with the Society for which he traveled. At Thronthjem, Bergen, Stavanger, and Christiansand, he was aided by warm-hearted and intelligent Christian friends; and at every place the demand for Bibles was larger than could be met by help from Christiania and from London. Busy, commercial Bergen, especially, he found to possess facilities for a very wide distribution of the sacred Scriptures, as it commands the whole coast from Stavanger to the North Cape, and is visited thrice a year by the boats that are engaged in the cod fisheries of the Loffoden Isles.

In the year 1854, a similar visit was made by Mr. Knolleke, the assistant foreign secretary of the Bible Society, and with still more favorable results; so that while, during the twenty-five years preceding Mr. Knolleke's visit, the Bible Society supplied Norway with 100,000 copies of the Scriptures, in one year since that time 25,000 have been distributed.

There is no dearth of readers in Norway; for education is widely spread. Every sea-side town has its resident schoolmaster, and each mountain farm is visited by some itinerant teacher; so that a young person unable to read and write at least, is rarely met with. Then the long labors of that zealous revivalist, Hange, sometimes called the John Wesley of Norway, have not been without result in an awakening to religious inquiry and hope; although that result is not so positive and marked as it might have been, had circumstances favored the suitable embodiment and expression of a reviving spirituality.

In a country of few villages, but of many scattered homesteads; where the

churches stand in lonely symbolism, apart from the people's working-day life—often not to be reached for several weeks together, on account of distance and weather—often shut up for successive Sundays; (as where one pastor serves four churches, divided by distances of thirty or forty miles from each other;) and where throughout large districts no dissenting chapel offers a resource to worshipers who would fain go to church, but can not, nor serves as a focus for the collection and radiation of Gospel light in any of the Church's dark days; how doubly urgent is the need of a Bible for every man, and how ceaseless should be the efforts of a Protestant clergy to secure this boon to a prepared and reading people!

From the British Quarterly.

OMPHALOS: AN ATTEMPT TO UNTIE THE GEOLOGICAL KNOT.*

MORE than once we have had occasion to write of Mr. Gosse as an eminent naturalist. Here we must view him in a somewhat different capacity. He now comes forward as a fanciful theorist, bearing in his hand a book which, had it been published anonymously, we should almost have been inclined to regard as an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*. Not having any right, however, to assume that a gentleman like Mr. Gosse would commit a post octavo joke, or indulge in a solemn piece of wagery involving 376 pages of letter-press, we are compelled to conclude that he is in good earnest in his attempt to solve the problem of the pre-Adamite world. What that problem is we need scarcely state. Scripture tells us, apparently, that the earth was created with all its physical furniture in the short space of six days. The geologist tells us, on the testimony of the great stone-book, that this planet must have served an apprenticeship of millions of years before it was fully pre-

pared for the reception of man. How are we to deal with these two assertions? Mr. Gosse is of opinion that the reputed antiquity of the globe is a mere figment, and that therefore the Mosaic week was the literal limit of the Creator's exertions. But admitting, as he does, all the evidences of physical age which the rocks present, he phantomizes them, if we may so speak, by a process of reasoning which would have gladdened the heart of a Berkeley. The theory is not wholly new. It has been promulgated in other productions as well. Mr. Gosse, however, has endeavored to invest it with an air of dignity by drawing up an array of facts which would appear very formidable if they only possessed the merit of reaching and overlapping the question in dispute.

The idea is this. In creating an animal it was necessary to commence at some given point. Take a modern cow and trace her history. A couple of years she was a heifer—prior to that she figured as a helpless calf. Before her birth she was a mere fetus; that fetus, reckoning retrogressively, had formerly been an embryo, an embryonic cell, a germinal dot;

* *Omphalos: an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. With 56 Illustrations on Wood. London: Van Voorst, 1857. Pp. 376.

and then, first of all, an ovum. But that ovum, origin as it may seem of her individuality, belonged to, and was once part of a precedent cow. Tracking the latter through similar phases of existence, the process must be continued until we reach the founder of the vaccine line—the Eve of Cows—and find a resting place in the fact of creation. But what is creation? A beginning? Yes—in chronology, but not in physiology; for Mr. Gosse defines it as the “sudden bursting into a circle.” Perhaps we shall facilitate the reader's conceptions if we suppose that a watch could be made at a stroke by a human artisan. In that case the hands must point to some particular hour and moment of the day—say twenty minutes past twelve. A spectator seeing the fingers in motion, and hearing the apparatus tick-tack, after the fashion of a regularly constructed time-piece, would conclude that those fingers had run through many previous hours at least. It would be a great mistake, however. The watch had no existence at nineteen minutes past twelve.

This consequence, therefore, follows—that every created thing, when first produced, must have been produced with certain physical attributes of antiquity, from which an observer, ignorant of the circumstances, would naturally assume that it had existed for a considerable period before. Thus, Adam must have exhibited precisely the same evidences of age in his person as if he had been alive for the exact number of years he appeared to represent. He must had a navel—hence the title of the book—though no umbilical cord was really required in the case of one who never issued from woman's womb. So an exogenous tree, if created this moment, must needs present a series of rings expressive of many years of previous vitality. So, again, as Chateaubriand asserts—and we commend the illustration to Mr. Gosse's attention—even the first oaks at the moment of their creation would be adorned with old ravens, nests, and young, unfledged doves. And if this were the case, why should not the earth be subject to the same necessity? Why should not all its various strata—all its fossil relics, all its petrified proofs of antiquity—be the mere accompaniments of the creative act—things inserted where they now appear, simply because, without them, the planet could not be just what it now happens to be?

Such seem to be Mr. Gosse's views. Perhaps the first question a reader will ask will be this—why might not the globe have been called into being without these lying geological appurtenances? We can imagine it to exist without the red sandstone fishes as well as with them. We can not see the smallest reason why the iguanodon and the megalosaurus should have laid their bones where they are now found, if their appearance is purely delusive. Indeed, before we can entertain Mr. Gosse's proposition for a moment, we must put down all human reason—his own as well—and adopt a supposition which is just as monstrous as if some learned antiquary were to argue that Pompeii and Herculaneum were perfect hoaxes—mere mineral freaks—since, instead of having flourished for years, these towns were produced at a stroke, and constituted necessary ingredients in the soil! Mr. Gosse does indeed go so far as to make the astounding assertion, that if the Almighty had seen fit to postpone the creation of the world until the present century, he would have brought it forth with all its towns, railways, shipping, and inhabitants, just as it stands! Shall we err in saying that such desperate suppositions are worthier of the Academy of Lagado than of the British scientific press?

It will be seen, in fact, that Mr. Gosse assumes the chief points on which he wishes to rest his argument. It is enough, for example, to ask him how he knows that Adam had a navel, and you put his whole volume *hors de combat* at a blow. His reply must really resolve itself into this: “I, Philip Henry Gosse, am of opinion that such was the case.” The author of *Tenby* must excuse us if we decline to take a mere surmise as the basis of a book. Plainly there was no call for such a physiological feature in the first man of our race. Why, therefore, should he possess what was perfectly useless? It does not help the matter to assert that creation is “bursting into a circle.” This is another assumption, in so far as it requires that life must be commenced with the precise paraphernalia of being which would be appropriate to a creature traveling to the same stage of existence by the ordinary modes of progression. What this irruption into a circle can mean with regard to a planet, we can hardly comprehend; but granting that the view

possessed any scientific solidity, it must, of course, involve a continued advance of the globe through certain states, with periodical returns to the same points. The ship-carpenter mentioned in one of Captain Marryat's novels, was not, therefore, such a bad philosopher when he laid down the theory that, after a given cycle every thing would be restored to its present condition, and that he would be seen sawing the same plank and driving the same nails, just as Mr. Gosse will probably be writing the same work, and we expressing our surprise that it should have been gravely produced. Circles, like whirlpools, are most inconvenient things to enter, and we really should like to know how Mr. Gosse would do justice to his own invention. Will he gallantly assert that this planet, after running through certain stages of growth and decay, must return in its own person, or in the person of its young earths, to its molten or granitic condition, and then pass through all the fossil phases exhibited in its sedimentary rocks? The very phantomizing of such tremendous geological periods implies that they must be made good either on the existing globe or on some of its posterity.

It is impossible, however, to deal argumentatively with a theory which starts with a miracle, and draws upon that miracle for an answer to all your objections. The only course in such a case is to put the theorist in direct hostility to himself. The sole ground, then, upon which Mr. Gosse's views can be admitted is the assumption that the Almighty *could*, if he thought proper, and in the exercise of His Omnipotence, make the world in an instant, with all its fallacious fossil equipment, as it now appears. Let the idea be granted for the time. We say nothing as to the contradictions which such a concession involves; nor do we ask whether we may have any warrant for supposing that the Almighty *would* do this simply because he could do it. But what will be the reader's surprise to learn that after resorting to a miracle, Mr. Gosse proceeds to lay that miracle under certain physical restrictions, that after appealing to omnipotent resources, he proceeds to cripple those resources; and that whilst availing himself of boundless creative power as the first condition of his theory, and for the purpose of mastering all difficulties, the second condition is, that the Almighty was placed under a

stern necessity, which would not permit him to make the world in any other way than the one Mr. Gosse has suggested:

"We have passed in review before us the whole organic world; and the result is uniform, that no example can be selected from the vast vegetable kingdom, nor from the vast animal kingdom, which did not, at the instant of its creation, present indubitable evidence of a previous history. This is not put forth as a hypothesis, but as a necessity. I do not say it was probably so, but that it was certainly so; not that it may have been thus, but that it could not be otherwise."

Surely the same supernatural power which could in an instant arrange a mass of rocks in regular layers, and endow them with a myriad evidences of age, could have made the first man without a navel, or the oolite formation without a bed of Kimmeridge clay? Imagine that whilst standing before a fine mansion, Mr. Gosse were to say: "Sir, you doubtless suppose that this house took many weeks to erect? Nothing of the kind; it was reared in an instant. It is the work of one of the genii. The layers of stone and mortar appear to have been laid in the regular way, but, in truth, the uppermost stratum was contemporaneous with the lowest. The roof was in its place as soon as the floor, and the chimneys are of the same date to a second as the cellars. It was ready for occupation at once, fires burning, tables and chairs all arranged, the cloth spread for dinner, and the dinner-bell in the act of ringing, as if the tenant had already arrived." "Truly, then," we exclaim, "the Genius was a being of miraculous powers?" "Why, not exactly," replies Mr. Gosse; "he could make the house in a moment, but he could not make it in a month." "Could not, Mr. Gosse?" we rejoin; "you mean, would not?" "No," says that gentleman, "I mean just what I say. He was under some nameless compulsion. It was impossible for him to spread course after course, like a human mason, or to wait till his walls were raised before he put on his rafters. This was his only way of doing business. It is not a mere fashion the Genii have, but an absolute necessity with them."

We have too frequently had occasion to admire the pious and reverent spirit in which Mr. Gosse's productions are written to suppose, for an instant, that he advo-

cates any disrespectful qualifications of the Divine power. We assume him to speak of its exercise under what the author will deem purely philosophical exigencies. Let us simply add, that the work contains a large amount of interesting matter.

Few fancies, indeed, have been better adorned in this respect; but to make it truly valuable, we are afraid that Mr. Gosse must omit his theory in a future edition, and leave out his Hamlet without compunction.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.*

BY HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

THE subject upon which I have undertaken to address you is the influence of women on the progress of knowledge, undoubtedly one of the most interesting questions that could be submitted to any audience. Indeed, it is not only very interesting, it is also extremely important. When we see how knowledge has civilized mankind; when we see how every great step in the march and advance of nations has been invariably preceded by a corresponding step in their knowledge; when we moreover see, what is assuredly true, that women are constantly growing more influential, it becomes a matter of great moment that we should endeavor to ascertain the relation between their influence and our knowledge. On every side, in all social phenomena, in the education of children, in the tone and spirit of literature, in the forms and usages of life; nay, even in the proceedings of legislatures, in the history of statute-books, and in the decisions of magistrates, we find manifold proofs that women are gradually making their way, and slowly but surely winning for themselves a position superior to any they have hitherto attained. This is one of many peculiarities which distinguish modern civilization, and which show how essentially the most advanced countries are different from those that formerly flourished. Among the most celebrated nations of antiquity, women held a very subordinate place. The most splendid and durable monument of the Roman empire, and the noblest gift Rome has bequeathed to posterity, is her jurispru-

dence—a vast and harmonious system, worked out with consummate skill, and from which we derive our purest and largest notions of civil law. Yet this, which, not to mention the immense sway it still exercises in France and Germany, has taught to our most enlightened lawyers, their best lessons; and which enabled Bracton among the earlier jurists, Somers, Hardwicke, Mansfield, and Stowell among the later, to soften by its refinement the rude maxims of our Saxon ancestors, and adjust the coarser principles of the old Common Law to the actual exigencies of life; this imperishable specimen of human sagacity is, strange to say, so grossly unjust towards women, that a great writer upon that code has well observed, that in it women are regarded not as persons, but as things; so completely were they stripped of all their rights, and held in subjection by their proud and imperious masters. As to the other great nation of antiquity, we have only to open the literature of the ancient Greeks to see with what airs of superiority, with what serene and lofty contempt, and sometimes with what mocking and biting scorn, women were treated by that lively and ingenious people. Instead of valuing them as companions, they looked on them as toys. How little part women really took in the development of Greek civilization may be illustrated by the singular fact, that their influence, scanty as it was, did not reach its height in the most civilized times, or in the most civilized regions. In modern Europe, the influence of women and the spread of civilization have been nearly commensurate, both advancing with almost equal speed. But if you

* A Discourse delivered at the Royal Institution, on Friday, the 19th of March, 1858.

compare the picture of Greek life in Homer with that to be found in Plato and his cotemporaries, you will be struck by a totally opposite circumstance. Between Plato and Homer there intervened, according to the common reckoning, a period of at least four centuries, during which the Greeks made many notable improvements in the arts of life, and in various branches of speculative and practical knowledge. So far, however, from women participating in this movement, we find that, in the state of society exhibited by Plato and his cotemporaries, they had evidently lost ground; their influence being less than it was in the earlier and more barbarous period depicted by Homer. This fact illustrates the question in regard to time; another fact illustrates it in regard to place. In Sparta, women possessed more influence than they did in Athens; although the Spartans were rude and ignorant, the Athenians polite and accomplished. The causes of these inconsistencies would form a curious object for investigation; but it is enough to call your attention to them as one of many proofs that the boasted civilizations of antiquity were eminently one-sided, and that they fell because society did not advance in all its parts, but sacrificed some of its constituents in order to secure the progress of others.

In modern European society we have happily no instance of this sort; and if we now inquire what the influence of women has been upon that society, every one will allow that on the whole it has been extremely beneficial. Their influence has prevented life from being too exclusively practical and selfish, and has saved it from degenerating into a dull and monotonous routine, by infusing into it an ideal and romantic element. It has softened the violence of men; it has improved their manners; it has lessened their cruelty. Thus far, the gain is complete and undeniable. But if we ask what their influence has been, not on the general interests of society, but on one of those interests, namely, the progress of knowledge, the answer is not so obvious. For, to state the matter candidly, it must be confessed that none of the greatest works which instruct and delight mankind, have been composed by women. In poetry, in painting, in sculpture, in music, the most exquisite productions are the work of men. No woman, however fa-

vorable her circumstances may have been, has made a discovery sufficiently important to mark an epoch in the annals of the human mind. These are facts which can not be contested, and from them a very stringent and peremptory inference has been drawn. From them it has been inferred, and it is openly stated by eminent writers, that women have no concern with the highest forms of knowledge; that such matters are altogether out of their reach; that they should confine themselves to practical, moral, and domestic life, which it is their province to exalt and to beautify; but that they can exercise no influence, direct or indirect, over the progress of knowledge, and that if they seek to exercise such influence, they will not only fail in their object, but will restrict the field of their really useful and legitimate activity.

Now, I may as well state at once, and at the outset, that I have come here tonight with the intention of combating this proposition, which I hold to be unphilosophical and dangerous; false in theory and pernicious in practice. I believe, and I hope before we separate to convince you, that so far from women exercising little or no influence over the progress of knowledge, they are capable of exercising and have actually exercised an enormous influence; that this influence, is, in fact, so great that it is hardly possible to assign limits to it; and that great as it is, it may with advantage be still further increased. I hope, moreover, to convince you that this influence has been exhibited not merely from time to time in rare, sudden, and transitory ebullitions, but that it acts by virtue of certain laws inherent to human nature; and that although it works as an under-current below the surface, and is therefore invisible to hasty observers, it has already produced the most important results, and has affected the shape, the character, and the amount of our knowledge.

To clear up this matter, we must first of all understand what knowledge is. Some men who pride themselves on their common-sense — and whenever a man boasts much about that, you may be pretty sure that he has very little sense, either common or uncommon — such men there are who will tell you that all knowledge consists of facts, that every thing else is mere talk and theory, and that nothing has any value except facts. Those

who speak so much of the value of facts may understand the meaning of fact, but they evidently do not understand the meaning of value. For, the value of a thing is not a property residing in that thing, nor is it a component; but it is simply its relation to some other thing. We say, for instance, that a five-shilling piece has a certain value; but the value does not reside in the coin. If it does, where is it? Our senses can not grasp value. We can not see value, nor hear it, nor feel it, nor taste it, nor smell it. The value consists solely in the relation which the five-shilling piece bears to something else. Just so in regard to facts. Facts, as facts, have no sort of value, but are simply a mass of idle lumber. The value of a fact is not an element or constituent of that fact, but is its relation to the total stock of our knowledge, either present or prospective. Facts, therefore, have merely a potential, and, as it were, subsequent value, and the only advantage of possessing them is the possibility of drawing conclusions from them; in other words, of rising to the idea, the principle, the law which governs them. Our knowledge is composed not of facts, but of the relations which facts and ideas bear to themselves and to each other; and real knowledge consists not in an acquaintance with facts, which only makes a pedant, but in the use of facts, which makes a philosopher.

Looking at knowledge in this way, we shall find that it has three divisions: Method, Science, and Art. Of method I will speak presently; but I will first state the limits of the other two divisions. The immediate object of all art is either pleasure or utility: the immediate object of all science is solely truth. As art and science have different objects, so also have they different faculties. The faculty of art is to change events; the faculty of science is to foresee them. The phenomena with which we deal are controlled by art; they are predicted by science. The more complete a science is, the greater its power of prediction; the more complete an art is, the greater its power of control. Astronomy, for instance, is called the queen of the sciences, because it is the most advanced of all; and the astronomer, while he abandons all hope of controlling or altering the phenomena, frequently knows what the phenomena will be years before they actually appear; the extent

of his foreknowledge proving the accuracy of his science. So, too, in the science of mechanics, we predict that, certain circumstances being present, certain results must follow; and having done this, our science ceases. Our art then begins, and from that moment the object of utility and the faculty of control come into play; so that in the art of mechanics, we alter what in the science of mechanics we were content to foresee.

One of the most conspicuous tendencies of advancing civilization is to give a scientific basis to that faculty of control which is represented by art, and thus afford fresh prominence to the faculty of prediction. In the earliest stage of society there are many arts, but no sciences. A little later, science begins to appear, and every subsequent step is marked by an increased desire to bring art under the dominion of science. To those who have studied the history of the human mind, this tendency is so familiar that I need hardly stop to prove it. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is in the case of agriculture, which, for thousands of years, was a mere empirical art, resting on the traditional maxims of experience, but which, during the present century, chemists began to draw under their jurisdiction, so that the practical art of manuring the ground is now explained by laws of physical science. Probably the next step will be to bring another part of the art of agriculture under the dominion of meteorology, which will be done as soon as the conditions which govern the changes of the weather have been so generalized as to enable us to foretell what the weather will be.

General reasoning, therefore, as well as the history of what has been actually done, justify us in saying that the highest, the ripest, and the most important form of knowledge, is the scientific form of predicting consequences; it is therefore to this form that I shall restrict the remainder of what I have to say to you respecting the influence of women. And the point which I shall attempt to prove is, that there is a natural, a leading, and probably an indestructible element, in the minds of women, which enables them, not indeed to make scientific discoveries, but to exercise the most momentous and salutary influence over the method by which discoveries are made. And as all questions concerning the philosophy of method

lie at the very root of our knowledge, I will, in the first place, state, as succinctly as I am able, the only two methods by which we can arrive at truth.

The scientific inquirer, properly so called, that is, he whose object is merely truth, has only two ways of attaining his result. He may proceed from the external world to the internal; or he may begin with the internal and proceed to the external. In the former case he studies the facts presented to his senses, in order to arrive at a true idea of them; in the latter case he studies the ideas already in his mind, in order to explain the facts of which his senses are cognizant. If he begin with the facts his method is inductive; if he begin with the ideas it is deductive. The inductive philosopher collects phenomena either by observation or by experiment, and from them rises to the general principle or law which explains and covers them. The deductive philosopher draws the principle from ideas already existing in his mind, and explains the phenomena by descending on them, instead of rising from them. Several eminent thinkers have asserted that every idea is the result of induction, and that the axioms of geometry, for instance, are the product of early and unconscious induction. In the same way Mr. Mill, in his great work on Logic, affirms that all reasoning is in reality from particular to particular, and that the major premiss of every syllogism is merely a record and register of knowledge previously obtained. Whether this be true, or whether, as another school of thinkers asserts, we have ideas antecedent to experience, is a question which has been hotly disputed, but which I do not believe the actual resources of our knowledge can answer, and certainly I have no intention at present of making the attempt. It is enough to say that we call geometry a deductive science, because, even if its axioms are arrived at inductively, the inductive process is extremely small, and we are unconscious of it; while the deductive reasonings form the great mass and difficulty of the science.

To bring this distinction home to you, I will illustrate it by a specimen of deductive and inductive investigation of the same subject. Suppose a writer on what is termed social science, wishes to estimate the influence of different habits of thought on the average duration of life, and taking as an instance the opposite pursuits of

poets and mathematicians, asks which of them live longest. How is he to solve this? If he proceeds inductively he will first collect the facts, that is, he will ransack the biographies of poets and mathematicians in different ages, different climates, and different states of society, so as to eliminate perturbations arising from circumstances not connected with his subject. He will then throw the results into the statistical form of tables of mortality, and on comparing them will find, that notwithstanding the immense variety of circumstances which he has investigated, there is a general average which constitutes an empirical law, and proves that mathematicians, as a body, are longer lived than poets. This is the inductive method. On the other hand, the deductive inquirer will arrive at precisely the same conclusion by a totally different method. He will argue thus: poetry appeals to the imagination, mathematics to the understanding. To work the imagination is more exciting than to work the understanding, and what is habitually exciting is usually unhealthy. But what is usually unhealthy will tend to shorten life; therefore poetry tends more than mathematics to shorten life; therefore on the whole, poets will die sooner than mathematicians.

You now see the difference between induction and deduction; and you see, too, that both methods are valuable, and that any conclusion must be greatly strengthened if we can reach it by two such different paths. To connect this with the question before us, I will endeavor to establish two propositions. First, That women naturally prefer the deductive method to the inductive. Secondly, That women by encouraging in men deductive habits of thought, have rendered an immense though unconscious service to the progress of knowledge, by preventing scientific investigators from being as exclusively inductive as they would otherwise be.

In regard to women being by nature more deductive, and men more inductive, you will remember that induction assigns the first place to particular facts; deduction to general propositions or ideas. Now, there are several reasons why women prefer the deductive, and, if I may so say, ideal method. They are more emotional, more enthusiastic, and more imaginative than men; they therefore live more in an

ideal world; while men, with their colder, harder, and austerer organizations, are more practical and more under the dominion of facts, to which they consequently ascribe a higher importance. Another circumstance which makes women more deductive, is that they possess more of what is called intuition. They can not see so far as men can, but what they do see they see quicker. Hence, they are constantly tempted to grasp at once at an idea, and seek to solve a problem suddenly, in contradistinction to the slower and more laborious ascent of the inductive investigator.

That women are more deductive than men, because they think quicker than men, is a proposition which some persons will not relish, and yet it may be proved in a variety of ways. Indeed, nothing could prevent its being universally admitted except the fact, that the remarkable rapidity with which women think is obscured by that miserable, that contemptible, that preposterous system, called their education, in which valuable things are carefully kept from them, and trifling things carefully taught to them, until their fine and nimble minds are too often irretrievably injured. It is on this account, that in the lower classes the superior quickness of women is even more noticeable than in the upper; and an eminent physician, Dr. Currie, mentions in one of his letters, that when a laborer and his wife came together to consult him, it was always from the woman that he gained the clearest and most precise information, the intellect of the man moving too slowly for his purpose. To this I may add another observation which many travelers have made, and which any one can verify; namely, that when you are in a foreign country, and speaking a foreign language, women will understand you quicker than the men will; and that for the same reason, if you lose your way in a town abroad, it is always best to apply to a woman, because a man will show less readiness of apprehension.

These, and other circumstances which might be adduced—such, for instance, as the insight into character possessed by women, and the fine tact for which they are remarkable—prove that they are more deductive than men, for two principal reasons. First, Because they are quicker than men. Secondly, Because, being more emotional and enthusiastic, they live in a

more ideal world, and therefore prefer a method of inquiry which proceeds from ideas to facts; leaving to men the opposite method of proceeding from facts to ideas.

My second proposition is, that women have rendered great though unconscious service to science, by encouraging and keeping alive this habit of deductive thought; and that if it were not for them, scientific men would be much too inductive, and the progress of our knowledge would be hindered. There are many here who will not willingly admit this proposition, because, in England, since the first half of the seventeenth century, the inductive method, as the means of arriving at physical truths, has been the object, not of rational admiration, but of a blind and servile worship; and it is constantly said, that since the time of Bacon all great physical discoveries have been made by that process. If this be true, then of course the deductive habits of women must, in reference to the progress of knowledge, have done more harm than good. But it is not true. It is not true that the greatest modern discoveries have all been made by induction; and the circumstance of its being believed to be true, is one of many proofs how much more successful Englishmen have been in making discoveries than in investigating the principles according to which discoveries are made.

The first instance I will give you of the triumph of the deductive method, is in the most important discovery yet made respecting the inorganic world; I mean the discovery of the law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton. Several of Newton's other discoveries were, no doubt, inductive, in so far as they merely assumed such provisional and tentative hypotheses as are always necessary to make experiments fruitful. But it is certain that his greatest discovery of all was deductive, in the proper sense of the word; that is to say, the process of reasoning from ideas was out of all proportion large, compared to the process of reasoning from facts. Five or six years after the accession of Charles II., Newton was sitting in a garden, when (you all know this part of the story) an apple fell from a tree. Whether he had been already musing respecting gravitation, or whether the fall of the apple directed his thoughts into that channel is uncertain, and is immaterial to my present

purpose, which is merely to indicate the course his mind actually took. His object was to discover some law, that is, rise to some higher truth respecting gravity than was previously known. Observe how he went to work. He sat still where he was, and he thought. He did not get up to make experiments concerning gravitation, nor did he go home to consult observations which others had made, or to collate tables of observations; he did not even continue to watch the external world, but he sat, like a man entranced and enraptured, feeding on his own mind, and evolving idea after idea. He thought that if the apple had been on a higher tree, if it had been on the highest known tree, it would have equally fallen. Thus far, there was no reason to think that the power which made the apple fall was susceptible of diminution; and if it were not susceptible of diminution, why should it be susceptible of limit? If it were unlimited and undiminished, it would extend above the earth; it would reach the moon and keep her in her orbit. If the power which made the apple fall was actually able to control the moon, why should it stop there? Why should not the planets also be controlled, and why should not they be forced to run their course by the necessity of gravitating towards the sun, just as the moon gravitated towards the earth? His mind thus advancing from idea to idea, he was carried by imagination into the realms of space, and still sitting, neither experimenting nor observing, but heedless of the operations of nature, he completed the most sublime and majestic speculation that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Owing to an inaccurate measurement of the diameter of the earth, the details which verified this stupendous conception were not completed till twenty years later, when Newton, still pursuing the same process, made a deductive application of the laws of Kepler: so that both in the beginning and in the end, the greatest discovery of the greatest natural philosopher the world has yet seen, was the fruit of the deductive method. See how small a part the senses played in that discovery! It was the triumph of the idea! It was the audacity of genius! It was the outbreak of a mind so daring, and yet so subtle, that we have only Shakspeare's with which to compare it. To pretend, therefore, as many have done, that the

fall of the apple was the cause of the discovery, and then to adduce that as a confirmation of the idle and superficial saying "that great events spring from little causes," only shows how unable such writers are to appreciate what our masters have done for us. No great event ever sprung, or ever will spring, from a little cause; and this, the greatest of all discoveries, had a cause fully equal to the effect produced. The cause of the discovery of the law of gravitation was not the fall of the apple, nor was it any thing that occurred in the external world. The cause of the discovery of Newton was the mind of Newton himself.

The next instance I will mention of the successful employment of the *a priori*, or deductive method, concerns the mineral kingdom. If you take a crystallized substance as it is usually found in nature, nothing can at first sight appear more irregular and capricious. Even in its simplest form, the shape is so various as to be perplexing; but natural crystals are generally met with, not in primary forms, but in secondary ones, in which they have a singularly confused and uncouth aspect. These strange-looking bodies had long excited the attention of philosophers, who, after the approved inductive fashion, subjected them to all sorts of experiments; divided them, broke them up, measured them, weighed them, analyzed them, thrust them into crucibles, brought chemical agents to bear upon them, and did every thing they could think of to worm out the secret of these crystals, and get at their mystery. Still, the mystery was not revealed to them. At length, late in the eighteenth century, a Frenchman named Haüy, one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age, made the discovery, and ascertained that these native crystals, irregular as they appear, are in truth perfectly regular, and that their secondary forms deviate from their primary forms by a regular process of diminution; that is, by what he termed laws of decrement—the principles of decrease being as unerring as those of increase. Now, I beg that you will particularly notice how this striking discovery was made. Haüy was essentially a poet; and his great delight was to wander in the *Jardin du Roi*, observing nature, not as a physical philosopher, but as a poet. Though his understanding was strong, his imagination was stronger; and it was for the purpose of

filling his mind with ideas of beauty that he directed his attention at first to the vegetable kingdom, with its graceful forms and various hues. His poetic temperament luxuriating in such images of beauty, his mind became saturated with ideas of symmetry, and Cuvier assures us that it was in consequence of those ideas that he began to believe that the apparently irregular forms of native crystals were in reality regular; in other words, that in them, too, there was a beauty—a hidden beauty—though the senses were unable to discern it. As soon as this idea was firmly implanted in his mind, at least half the discovery was made; for he had got the key to it, and was on the right road, which others had missed because, while they approached minerals experimentally on the side of the senses, he approached them speculatively on the side of the idea. This is not a mere fanciful assertion of mine, since Haüy himself tells us, in his great work on Mineralogy, that he took, as his starting point, ideas of the symmetry of form; and that from those ideas he worked down deductively to his subject. It was in this way, and of course after a long series of subsequent labors, that he read the riddle which had baffled his able but unimaginative predecessors. And there are two circumstances worthy of note, as confirming what I have said respecting the real history of this discovery. The first is, that although Haüy is universally admitted to be the founder of the science, his means of observation were so rude that subsequent crystallographers declare that hardly any of his measurements of angles are correct; as indeed is not surprising, inasmuch as the goniometer which he employed was a very imperfect instrument; and that of Wollaston, which acts by reflection, was not then invented. The other circumstance is, that the little mathematics he once knew he had forgotten amid his poetic and imaginative pursuits; so that, in working out the details of his own science, he was obliged, like a schoolboy, to learn the elements of geometry before he could prove to the world what he had already proved to himself, and could bring the laws of the science of form to bear upon the structure of the mineral kingdom.

To these cases of the application of what may be termed the ideal method to the inorganic world, I will add another from the organic department of nature.

Those among you who are interested in botany, are aware that the highest morphological generalization we possess respecting plants, is the great law of metamorphosis, according to which the stamens, pistils, corollas, bracts, petals, and so forth, of every plant, are simply modified leaves. It is now known that these various parts, different in shape, different in color, and different in function, are successive stages of the leaf—epochs, as it were, of its history. The question naturally arises, who made this discovery? Was it some inductive investigator, who had spent years in experiments and minute observations of plants, and who, with indefatigable industry, had collected them, classified them, given them hard names, dried them, laid them up in his herbarium that he might at leisure study their structure and rise to their laws? Not so. The discovery was made by Goethe, the greatest poet Germany has produced, and one of the greatest the world has ever seen. And he made it, not in spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet. It was his brilliant imagination, his passion for beauty, and his exquisite conception of form, which supplied him with ideas, from which, reasoning deductively, he arrived at conclusions by descent, not by ascent. He stood on an eminence, and looking down from the heights generalized the law. Then he descended into the plains, and verified the idea. When the discovery was announced by Goethe, the botanists not only rejected it, but were filled with wrath at the notion of a poet invading their territory. What! a man who made verses and wrote plays, a mere man of imagination, a poor creature who knew nothing of facts, who had not even used the microscope, who had made no great experiments on the growth of plants, was he to enter the sacred precincts of physical science, and give himself out as a philosopher? It was too absurd. But Goethe, who had thrown his idea upon the world, could afford to wait and bide his time. You know the result. The men of facts at length succumbed before the man of ideas; the philosophers, even on their own ground, were beaten by the poet; and this great discovery is now received and eagerly welcomed by those very persons who, if they had lived fifty years ago, would have treated it with scorn, and who even now still go on in their old routine, telling us, in defiance of the his-

tory of our knowledge, that all physical discoveries are made by the Baconian method, and that any other method is unworthy the attention of sound and sensible thinkers.

One more instance, and I have done with this part of the subject. The same great poet made another important physical discovery in precisely the same way. Goethe, strolling in a cemetery near Venice, stumbled on a skull which was lying before him. Suddenly the idea flashed across his mind that the skull was composed of vertebrae; in other words, that the bony covering of the head was simply an expansion of the bony covering of the spine. This luminous idea was afterwards adopted by Oken and a few other great naturalists in Germany and France, but it was not received in England till ten years ago, when Mr. Owen took it up, and in his very remarkable work on the *Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton*, showed its meaning and purpose as contributing towards a general scheme of philosophic anatomy. That the discovery was made by Goethe late in the eighteenth century is certain, and it is equally certain that for fifty years afterwards the English anatomists, with all their tools and all their dissections, ignored or despised that very discovery which they are now compelled to accept.

You will particularly observe the circumstances under which this discovery was made. It was not made by some great surgeon, dissector, or physician, but it was made by a great poet, and amidst scenes most likely to excite a poetic temperament. It was made in Venice, that land so calculated to fire the imagination of a poet; the land of marvels, the land of poetry and romance, the land of painting and of song. It was made, too, when Goethe, surrounded by the ashes of the dead, would be naturally impressed with those feelings of solemn awe, in whose presence the human understanding, rebuked and abashed, becomes weak and helpless, and leaves the imagination unfettered to wander in that ideal world which is its own peculiar abode, and from which it derives its highest aspirations.

It has often seemed to me that there is a striking similarity between this event and one of the most beautiful episodes in the greatest production of the greatest man the world has ever possessed; I mean Shakespeare's Hamlet. You remember that

wonderful scene in the churchyard, when Hamlet walks in among the graves, where the brutal and ignorant clowns are singing and jeering and jesting over the remains of the dead. You remember how the fine imagination of the great Danish thinker is stirred by the spectacle, albeit he knows not yet that the grave which is being dug at his feet is destined to contain all that he holds dear upon earth. But though he wists not of this, he is moved like the great German poet, and he, like Goethe, takes up a skull, and his speculative faculties begin to work. Images of decay crowd on his mind as he thinks how the mighty are fallen and have passed away. In a moment, his imagination carries him back two thousand years, and he almost believes that the skull he holds in his hand is indeed the skull of Alexander, and in his mind's eye he contrasts the putrid bone with what it once contained, the brain of the scourge and conqueror of mankind. Then it is that suddenly he, like Goethe, passes into an ideal physical world, and seizing the great doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, that doctrine which in his age it was difficult to grasp, he begins to show how, by a long series of successive changes, the head of Alexander might have been made to subserve the most ignoble purposes; the substance being always metamorphosed, never destroyed. "Why," asks Hamlet, "why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?" when, just as he is about to pursue this train of ideas, he is stopped by one of those men of facts, one of those practical and prosaic natures, who are always ready to impede the flight of genius. By his side stands the faithful, the affectionate, but the narrow-minded Horatio, who, looking upon all this as the dream of a distempered fancy, objects that: "twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Oh! what a picture! what a contrast between Hamlet and Horatio! between the idea and the sense; between the imagination and the understanding. "Twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Even thus was Goethe troubled by his cotemporaries, and thus too often speculation is stopped, genius is chilled, and the play and swell of the human mind repressed, because ideas are made subordinate to facts, because the external is preferred to the internal, and because the Horatios of action discourage the Hamlets of thought.

Much more could I have said to you on this subject, and gladly would I have enlarged on so fruitful a theme as the philosophy of scientific method; a philosophy too much neglected in this country, but of the deepest interest to those who care to rise above the little instincts of the hour, and who love to inquire into the origin of our knowledge, and into the nature of the conditions under which that knowledge exists. But I fear that I have almost exhausted your patience in leading you into paths of thought, which, not being familiar, must be somewhat difficult, and I can hardly hope that I have succeeded in making every point perfectly clear. Still, I do trust that there is no obscurity as to the general results. I trust that I have not altogether raised my voice in vain before this great assembly, and that I have done at least something towards vindicating the use in physical science of that deductive method which, during the last two centuries, Englishmen have unwisely despised. Not that I deny for a moment the immense value of the opposite or inductive method. Indeed, it is impossible for any one standing in this theater to do so. It is impossible to forget that within the precincts of this building, great secrets have been extorted from nature by induction alone. Under the shadow and protection of this noble Institution, men of real eminence, men of power and thought have, by a skillful employment of that method, made considerable additions to our knowledge, have earned for themselves the respect of their cotemporaries, and well deserve the homage of posterity. To them all honor is due; and I, for one, would say, let that honor be paid freely, ungrudgingly, and with an open and bounteous heart. But I venture to submit that all discoveries have not been made by this, their favorite process. I submit that there is a spiritual, a poetic, and for aught we know a spontaneous and uncaused element in the human mind, which ever and anon, suddenly and without warning, gives us a glimpse and a forecast of the future, and urges us to seize truth as it were by anticipation. In attacking the fortress, we may sometimes storm the citadel without stopping to sap the outworks. That great discoveries have been made in this way, the history of our knowledge decisively proves. And if, passing from what has been already accomplished, we look at what remains to

be done, we shall find that the necessity of some such plan is likely to become more and more pressing. The field of thought is rapidly widening, and as the horizon recedes on every side, it will soon be impossible for the mere logical operations of the understanding to cover the whole of that enormous and outlying domain. Already the division of labor has been pushed so far that we are in imminent danger of losing in comprehensiveness more than we gain in accuracy. In our pursuit after special truths, we run no small risk of dwarfing our own minds. By concentrating our attention we are apt to narrow our conceptions, and to miss those commanding views which would be attained by a wider though perhaps less minute survey. It is but too clear that something of this sort has already happened, and that serious mischief has been wrought. For, look at the language and sentiments of those who profess to guide, and who in some measure do guide, public opinion in the scientific world. According to their verdict, if a man does something specific and immediate; if, for instance, he discovers a new acid or a new salt; great admiration is excited, and his praise is loudly celebrated. But when a man like Goethe puts forth some vast and pregnant idea which is destined to revolutionize a whole department of inquiry, and by inaugurating a new train of thought to form an epoch in the history of the human mind; if it happens, as is always the case, that certain facts contradict that view, then the so-called scientific men rise up in arms against the author of so daring an innovation; a storm is raised about his head, he is denounced as a dreamer, an idle visionary, an interloper in matters which he has not studied with proper sobriety.

Thus it is that great minds are depressed in order that little minds may be raised. This false standard of excellence has corrupted even our language and vitiated the ordinary forms of speech. Among us a theorist is actually a term of reproach, instead of being, as it ought to be, a term of honor; for to theorize is the highest function of genius, and the greatest philosophers must always be the greatest theorists. What makes all this the more serious is, that the further our knowledge advances, the greater will be the need of rising to transcendental views of the physical world. To the magnificent

doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, we are now adding the no less magnificent one of the indestructibility of force; and we are beginning to perceive that, according to the ordinary scientific treatment, our investigations must be confined to questions of metamorphosis and of distribution; that the study of causes and of entities is forbidden to us; and that we are limited to phenomena through which and above which we can never hope to pass. But unless I greatly err, there is something in us which craves for more than this. Surely we shall not always be satisfied, even in physical science, with the cheerless prospect of never reaching beyond the laws of coexistence and of sequence? Surely this is not the be-all and end-all of our knowledge. And yet, according to the strict canons of inductive logic, we can do no more. According to that method, this is the verge and confine of all. Happily, however, induction is only one of our resources. Induction is indeed a mighty weapon laid up in the armory of the human mind, and by its aid great deeds have been accomplished and noble conquests have been won. But in that armory there is another weapon, I will not say of a stronger make, but certainly of a keener edge; and if that weapon had been oftener used during the present and preceding century, our knowledge would be far more advanced than it actually is. If the imagination had been more cultivated, if there had been a closer union between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of science, natural philosophy would have made greater progress, because natural philosophers would have taken a higher and more successful aim, and would have enlisted on their side a wider range of human sympathies.

From this point of view you will see the incalculable service women have rendered to the progress of knowledge. Great and exclusive as is our passion for induction, it would, but for them, have been greater and more exclusive still. Empirical as we are, slaves as we are to the tyranny of facts, our slavery would, but for them, have been more complete and more ignominious. Their turn of thought, their habits of mind, their conversation, their influence, insensibly extending over the whole surface of society, and frequently penetrating its intimate structure, have, more than all other things put together, tended to raise us into an

ideal world, lift us from the dust in which we are too prone to grovel, and develop in us those germs of imagination which even the most sluggish and apathetic understandings in some degree possess. The striking fact that most men of genius have had remarkable mothers, and that they have gained from their mothers far more than from their fathers; this singular and unquestionable fact can, I think, be best explained by the principles which I have laid down. Some, indeed, will tell you that this depends upon laws of the hereditary transmission of character from parent to child. But if this be the case, how comes it that while every one admits that remarkable men have usually remarkable mothers, it is not generally admitted that remarkable men have usually remarkable fathers? If the intellect is bequeathed on one side, why is it not bequeathed on the other? For my part, I greatly doubt whether the human mind is handed down in this way, like an heir-loom, from one generation to another. I rather believe that, in regard to the relation between men of genius and their mothers, the really important events occur after birth, when the habits of thought peculiar to one sex act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other sex. Unconsciously, and from a very early period, there is established an intimate and endearing connection between the deductive mind of the mother and the inductive mind of her son. The understanding of the boy, softened and yet elevated by the imagination of his mother, is saved from that degeneracy towards which the mere understanding always inclines; it is saved from being too cold, too matter-of-fact, too prosaic, and the different properties and functions of the mind are more harmoniously developed than would otherwise be practicable. Thus it is that by the mere play of the affections the finished man is ripened and completed. Thus it is that the most touching and the most sacred form of human love, the purest, the highest, and the holiest compact of which our nature is capable, becomes an engine for the advancement of knowledge and the discovery of truth. In after-life other relations often arise by which the same process is continued. And notwithstanding a few exceptions, we do undoubtedly find that the most truly eminent men have had not only their affections, but also their intellect greatly influenced by women.

I will go even farther; and I will venture to say that those who have not undergone that influence betray a something incomplete and mutilated. We detect even in their genius a certain frigidity of tone; and we look in vain for that burning fire, that gushing and spontaneous nature with which our ideas of genius are indissolubly associated. Therefore it is that those who are most anxious that the boundaries of knowledge should be enlarged, ought to be most eager that the influence of women should be increased, in order that every resource of the human mind may be at once and quickly brought into play. For you may rely upon it that the time is approaching when all those resources will be needed, and will be taxed even to the utmost. We shall soon have on our hands work far more arduous than any we have yet accomplished; and we shall be encountered by difficulties the removal of which will require every sort of help, and every variety of power. As yet we are in the infancy of our knowledge. What we have done is but a speck compared to what remains to be done. For what is there that we really know? We are too apt to speak as if we had penetrated into the sanctuary of truth and raised the veil of the goddess, when in fact we are still standing, cowerd-like, trembling before the vestibule, and not daring from very fear to cross the threshold of the temple. The highest of our so-called laws of nature are as yet purely empirical. You are startled by that assertion, but it is literally true. Not one single physical discovery that has ever been made has been connected with the laws of the mind that made it; and until that connection is ascertained our knowledge has no sure basis. On the one side we have mind; on the other side we have matter. These two principles are so interwoven, they so act upon and perturb each other, that we shall never really know the laws of one unless we also know the laws of both. Every thing is essential; every thing hangs together, and forms part of one single scheme, one grand and complex plan, one gorgeous drama, of which the universe is the theater. They who discourse to you of the laws of nature as if those laws were binding on nature, or as if they formed a part of nature, deceive both you and themselves. The laws of nature have their sole seat, origin, and function in the human mind. They are

simply the conditions under which the regularity of nature is recognized. They explain the external world, but they reside in the internal. As yet we know scarcely any thing of the laws of mind, and therefore we know scarcely any thing of the laws of nature. Let us not be led away by vain and high-sounding words. We talk of the law of gravitation, and yet we know not what gravitation is; we talk of the conservation of force and distribution of forces, and we know not what forces are; we talk with complacent ignorance of the atomic arrangements of matter, and we neither know what atoms are nor what matter is; we do not even know if matter, in the ordinary sense of the word, can be said to exist; we have as yet only broken the first ground, we have but touched the crust and surface of things. Before us and around us, there is an immense and untrodden field, whose limits the eye vainly strives to define; so completely are they lost in the dim and shadowy outline of the future. In that field, which we and our posterity have yet to traverse, I firmly believe that the imagination will effect quite as much as the understanding. Our poetry will have to reinforce our logic, and we must feel as much as we must argue. Let us, then, hope that the imaginative and emotional minds of one sex will continue to accelerate the great progress, by acting upon and improving the colder and harder minds of the other sex. By this coalition, by this union of different faculties, different tastes, and different methods, we shall go on our way with the greater ease. A vast and splendid career lies before us, which it will take many ages to complete. We see looming in the distance a rich and goodly harvest, into which perchance some of us may yet live to thrust our sickle, but of which, reap what we may, the greatest crop of all must be reserved for our posterity. So far, however, from desponding, we ought to be sanguine. We have every reason to believe that when the human mind once steadily combines the whole of its powers, it will be more than a match for the difficulties presented by the external world. As we surpass our fathers, so will our children surpass us. We, waging against the forces of nature what has too often been a precarious, unsteady, and unskilled warfare, have never yet put forth the whole of our strength, and have never united all our

faculties against our common foe. We, therefore, have been often worsted, and have sustained many and grievous reverses. But even so, such is the elasticity of the human mind, such is the energy of that immortal and god-like principle which lives within us, that we are baffled without being discouraged, our very defeats quicken our resources, and we may hope

that our descendants, benefiting by our failure, will profit by our example, and that for them is reserved that last and decisive stage of the great conflict between Man and Nature, in which, advancing from success to success, fresh trophies will be constantly won, every struggle will issue in a conquest and every battle end in a victory.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RUSHING HEADLONG INTO MARRIAGE.

I. A DAZZLING gleam of white favors flashed into the admiring eyes of numerous spectators, as a string of carriages and horses turned prancing away from the church of a noted suburb of the metropolis. The gay and handsome Augusta Marsh had just become Mrs. Courteney, and the bridal party were now returning home to partake of the wedding breakfast.

Dr. Marsh, a physician, was popular in his small locality, and his five daughters were attractive girls, fully expecting to make good marriages, although it was understood that they would have no fortune, for the Doctor lived up to his income, if not beyond it. The first to carry out the expectation was Augusta, who married Captain Courteney.

The Captain was only a captain by courtesy. He had sold out of the army and lived upon his property, five hundred a year. Quite sufficient to marry upon, thought Augusta; but the Captain, what with his club, and his tailor, and his opera, and his other bachelor expenses, had found it little enough for himself. He met Augusta Marsh, fell in love with her, and determined to renounce folly and settle down into a married man. Dr. Marsh had no objection, Augusta had less; so a home was set up at Brompton, and this was the wedding-day.

It need not be described: they are all alike: if the reader has passed his, he

knows what it is; if not, he can live in expectation. Captain and Mrs. Courteney departed at two o'clock on their wedding tour, the guests followed, and the family were left alone, to themselves and to Aunt Clem. Aunt Clem, a sister of Dr. Marsh's, rejoiced in the baptismal name of Clementina, which had been long since shortened by her nieces into Clem. She was a woman of some judgment, shrewd and penetrating, especially with regard to her nieces' faults, and whenever Aunt Clem wrote word from the country that she was coming on a visit, they called it a black-letter day.

"I am so upset!" uttered Mrs. Marsh, sitting down with a half-groan.

"That's through eating custard in a morning," said Aunt Clem.

"Eating nonsense," returned Mrs. Marsh. "Did you see that young man who sat next to—which of the girls was it?—to you, Annis, I think: did you notice him, Clementina?"

"Yes. A nice-looking man."

"Nice-looking! Why, he has not got a handsome feature in his face!"

"A nice countenance, for all that," persisted Aunt Clem. "One you may confide in at the first glance. What of him?"

"I am horribly afraid he is going to propose for one of the girls. He dropped some words to me; and now, instead of leaving the house, he is down stairs, closeted with the Doctor. Which of you girls is it that has been setting him on to

do this?" cried Mrs. Marsh, abruptly turning to her daughters. "Annis, what are you looking so red for?"

Annis Marsh did look red, and very conscious. An attachment, hidden hitherto from all but themselves, existed between her and Geoffrey Lance, and they had come to the resolution to make it known. Mrs. Marsh's surmise that he was now speaking to the Doctor was correct; and the Doctor came up with the news.

"What answer did you give him?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"Told him that if he and Annis had made up their minds to try it, I should not say nay," replied the Doctor. "And asked him to come in to spend the evening."

Mrs. Marsh looked daggers; three of the young ladies looked the same. "Let them marry, Dr. Marsh! let them marry upon nothing!"

"Oh! come, it's not so bad as that," said the Doctor. "He has three hundred a year. What did you and I begin life upon, old lady, eh? Annis, ask your mamma if it was not considerably less than that."

"Nonsense!" crossly responded Mrs. Marsh, as the Doctor went out laughing. "The cases are not at all alike, Annis; you must see that they are not. Your papa's was a rising profession; and Lance will stick at his three hundred a year all his life."

"What is this Mr. Lance?" inquired Aunt Clem. "A gentleman?"

"Oh! of course a gentleman. He was bringing up for the Bar, but his father died, and there was a hitch about money. I believe he did eat his terms and get called, but he had nothing left to live upon while practice came, and was glad to accept the secretaryship of a public institution. He gets £300 a year, and he'll never get more, for it is a fixed salary, not a rising one. Don't be led into absurdity, Annis."

"Mamma," said Annis, going up to her and speaking in a low tone, full of emotion, "I will never marry contrary to your approbation, neither would Geoffrey take me on such terms. But I hope you will not hold out against us. I have heard you say how much you liked him."

"So I do, Annis," answered Mrs. Marsh, somewhat appeased by the words and tone, "but you never heard me say

that I liked his income, or thought him a desirable match for one of my daughters. Three hundred a year! It's quite ridiculous, child."

"We have considered it in all points, dearest mamma, and talked it over a great deal," resumed Annis, timidly, "and we feel sure that we shall do very well upon it, and live comfortably. You know I have had some experience in keeping house on small means, at Aunt Ruttle's."

"For goodness' sake, Annis, don't bring up Aunt Ruttle," interrupted Sophy Marsh. "The poor curate's stipend is but a hundred a year, with the parsonage to live in and a flock of children to fill it. You are head cook and bottle-washer when you are staying there, I expect. They must live upon bread and cheese half their time, and pinch and contrive from year's end to year's end."

"But do you not see that my insight into how they manage their pinching and contriving will be of great service to me?" returned Annis, in a patient tone. "Mamma, I know I could manage well on three hundred a year, and have every thing comfortable. You should detect no pinching in my house, come as often as you would."

"If Lance had a prospect of an increase—of rising to five or six hundred in the course of a few years—I would let you promise to marry him then, with all my heart, Annis."

"But the very fact of his not having it, of his income being a fixed one, has induced us to wish to risk it, mamma. If we wait, it will be no better; and—O mamma! pray don't say that we must separate!"

"Annis, child," interrupted Aunt Clem, "if you spend three hundred the first year, you'll want four the second, and five the third."

"But we do not intend to spend three the first year," said Annis, quickly. "Our old nurse had a favorite saying, which she always impressed upon us when we saw the sugar cup full and asked for more sugar. I repeated it one day to Geoffrey, and made him laugh. 'Spare at the sack's mouth.' It is what we mean to do with our income."

"No unmarried girl can form an idea how expenses increase after the first few months," continued Aunt Clem.

"I suppose they do," assented Annis.

"The wear and tear of furniture, which must be replaced, and the breakages, and the buying new clothes, when those laid in at the wedding are worn out. All that comes."

"Ah!" said Aunt Clem, "there's something worse comes. Babies."

"Oh!—babies," said Annis, in a dubious tone, "I have heard they bring love with them."

"It is to be hoped they do, poor things," sharply rejoined Aunt Clem, "or I don't know what would become of them. But they don't bring money."

"Well," said Annis, with a glowing cheek, "we have determined to try it, with all its hazards, if only papa and mamma will approve."

"And suppose your papa and mamma do not approve?"

"Then we must wait patiently for better days," sighed Annis.

"And live upon hope," said Aunt Clem, "which is about as satisfactory as living upon air. Well, Annis, I side with you. You shall have my helping word for it."

"You are not serious, Clementina!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh.

"Indeed I am. I should not counsel every girl to marry upon three hundred a year, but Annis and Mr. Lance seem to have well considered what they are about, and are prepared to make the best of its difficulties."

II.

IN a neighborhood where house-rent was cheaper than at Brompton, but within a walk of it, did Mr. and Mr. Lance settle down. For the full consent of Mrs. Marsh was won over, the wedding took place, and they were fairly launched in life, for better or for worse, upon their three hundred a year. Their rent was thirty-five pounds, and for its size the house was really a handsome-looking house, which a gentleman need not be ashamed to acknowledge as his residence. Income and other taxes amounted to about fifteen, and the fifty pounds was a large item out of their income: there was also the fire and life insurance. Annis seemed fully determined to carry out her scheme of economy: though, in doing this, she gave great umbrage, in one or two points, to some of her family. Upon the return of Mrs. Marsh and her daughters from their two months' annual sojourn at the sea-side, the young ladies

hastened to call upon Annis, who had then been married about five months. It should be observed that Annis, being of a quiet, patient, useful disposition, had always been considerably dictated to and snubbed by her sisters; and now that she was married they forgot to discontinue the habit.

"Such bad management, Annis!" began Sophy at once. "Three o'clock in the day, and your cook answered the door to us. Where was Rebecca?"

"Rebecca is gone," replied Mrs. Lance. "I have only Mary."

"Only Mary!" uttered Miss Sophy aghast. "Emily, did you hear that? Whatever can you mean, Annis?"

"Well—it happened in this way," said Annis. "Rebecca did not suit; she was careless, insolent to Mary, and caused much trouble. So I gave her warning. It then occurred to me that as my wedding visits had been all paid to me, and we were not likely to see much ceremonious company, I might as well, for a time, keep only Mary. So I spoke to Geoffry, and he told me to try it if I liked, and Mary said she would rather be alone than have the annoyance of a servant like Rebecca. You can not think how well it answers. Mary is a most superior servant, knows her work, and does it thoroughly; and she is always tidy. You know her to be the cook, but you could not have told it from her appearance. She is not fine, it is true, but more respectable-looking than many of the house and parlor maids."

"But such a degrading thing to keep only one servant!" remonstrated Miss Marsh. "Like the common people!"

"Ours is only a common income," answered Annis. "I told papa what I had done, one day that he drove here to see me, and he praised me for it."

"Oh! papa has such old-fashioned notions; something like your own, Annis. Wait till you hear what mamma says to it. One servant! it must tell against you with all your friends."

"No," replied Mrs. Lance, warmly; "or, if it could, they would be friends not worth retaining. If they came here and found my house full of confusion, of discomfort, my servant dirty, myself unrepresentable, they might have cause; but, excepting that they do not see two servants, every thing is as orderly and nice as when Rebecca was here. I and my

husband are not the less gentlepeople, and I am sure that they rather respect us the more for sacrificing custom to right. If we happen to have any one to dine with us, or two or three friends for the evening, Mary sends round for her sister, who waits nicely."

"But how on earth do you manage with one servant? Augusta, with her three, complains bitterly that the work is not half done."

"There is an impression with many experienced people that the larger your number of servants, the less is your work done," smiled Mrs. Lance. "There is really not so much to do in this house, and plenty of time to do it in. We breakfast at eight, which gives Geoffry——"

"My gracious! Eight! Do you contrive to get up?"

"Yes," said Annis, "and like it much better than our lazy hours at home. By nine, or soon after, Geoffry leaves: which gives him time to walk in comfortably to the office by a quarter to ten."

"You don't mean to say he walks?"

"Yes, and walks home, except in very bad weather. He says were it not for this walk, night and morning, he should not have sufficient exercise to keep him in health: and of course it is so much omnibus money saved. He laughs at those gentlemen who ride into town, and sit stewing in their chambers, or in an office or counting-house all day, especially those who have need to be frugal, as we have, and then ride home again: no exercise, no saving, and in time it will be no health. Well—Geoffry goes at nine, then Mary takes away the breakfast-things, washes them up, puts her kitchen straight, and goes to her up-stairs work, which in our house is not much. By eleven o'clock she has frequently changed her gown and cap, and has no more to do till time to prepare for dinner at five. One day she asked me if I could not give her some socks of master's to darn, as she did not like sitting with her hands before her."

"Your house is quite a prodigy-house," cried Sophy, in a tone bordering on sarcasm. "It seems there's never any cleaning going on."

"I did not say so," retorted Annis.

"In a small house—small compared to ours at home—with only three people in it, and the paint, and carpets, and furniture all new, there is not a great deal of

cleaning required, but what there is, is punctually done. Mary has her days for it, and on those days I help."

"With the scrubbing?" asked Miss Marsh, with an impervious face.

"No," laughed Annis. "While she does that, I go into the kitchen, wash up the breakfast-things, and, should it be required, set forward with the dinner."

"Set forward for a five o'clock dinner at nine in the morning?"

"Yes, all that can be done of it. I make the pudding or the pie, should we be going to have one that day; or, if there is any meat to be hashed, I cut it up: those sort of things. Then I dust the drawing-room—and indeed I generally do that, for its ornaments take so long, and on these busy days I dust my own bed-room; and, in short, do many little odds and ends of work, so that Mary gets over her cleaning and is dressed almost as soon as on other days."

"It is a fortunate thing Mr. Lance's choice fell upon you, Annis. We should not like to be degraded to do the business of a servant-of-all-work."

"There is no degradation in it," cried Annis, with spirit; "what degradation can there be? Were I a nobleman's daughter or a millionaire's, my condescending to know practically any thing about it would be beneath me, quite out of place: but in our class of life—yes, Emily, I speak of ours, mine and yours—it is any thing but derogatory to help in these domestic trifles. If it takes me an hour a day—and it does not take me more on an average, I don't know what it may do in time—what then? It is an hour well spent; an hour that I might fritter away, if I did not have it to do. It does not make my hands coarse, less fit for my drawing afterwards or my embroidery, and it does not soil my nice morning-dress, for I have made a large brown holland apron to go nearly all round me, and I turn up my sleeves; in short, it does not render me one whit less the lady, when I sit in my drawing-room and receive any friend who may call upon me. Do I look less like one to you?"

"Psha, Annis! You picked up these notions of kitchen management at poor Aunt Rattley's, but you ought not to be forming your ideas upon them."

"And very glad I am that I did pick them up. But if I had not, if I had had

as little experience in domestic usefulness as you, I believe they would have come to me with the necessity."

"Oh! no doubt," said Sophy scornfully; "you were inclined by nature to these low-lived notions, Annis."

"There are notions abroad," gravely responded Mrs. Lance, "that for people in our pretensions class of society, (I can not help calling it so, for we ape the ideas and manners only suited to those far above us,) all participation in, all acquaintance even, with domestic duties is a thing to be ashamed of, never to be owned to, but contemptuously denied. They are wrong notions, wicked notions; false and hollow: for they lead to embarrassment, to unpaid debts, to the wronging of our neighbors; and the sooner the fashion goes out, the more sensible society will prove itself. I don't know which is the worst; a woman who entirely neglects to look after her household, where her station and circumstances demand it, or one who makes herself a domestic drudge. Both extremes are bad, and both should be avoided."

"Do you mean that as a cut at Augusta?" asked Miss Marsh—"the neglecting of her household?"

"No, Emily, I was speaking generally," replied Mrs. Lance; "though I wish Augusta did look a little more to hers. It would have been well for us, I think, had mamma brought us up in a more domestic manner. There is another fallacy of the present day: the bringing up young ladies to play and dance, but utterly incapable as to the ruling of a household."

"Speak for yourself, if you please, Annis. We would rather be excused kitchen rule."

"Why, look at Augusta," returned Mrs. Lance; "would it be well for her, or not, to check and direct her household? Their expenditure must be very large: too large, I fear, for the Captain's income."

"At any rate, you seem determined not to err on the same side. Take care you do not degenerate into the other, the domestic drudge, Annis."

"I shall never do that—at least, if I know myself," quickly replied Mrs. Lance. "I have too much regard for my husband, am too solicitous to retain his respect and affection; a domestic drudge can not remain a refined, well-informed woman, an enlightened companion. We keep up our

literary tastes, our reading; and our evenings are delightful. No, I shall escape that, I hope, Emily; though I am learning to iron."

"I wonder you don't learn to wash," indignantly retorted Miss Marsh.

"I did wash a pair of lace sleeves the other morning," laughed Mrs. Lance, "but they turned out so yellow that Mary had to submit them to some whitening process of her own, and I do not think I shall try again. She washes all my lace things and Geoffry's collars, and she is teaching me to iron them. Ironing was an accomplishment I did not see much of, at the parsonage, for I believe every thing in the whole weekly wash was mangled, except my uncle's shirts and bands. His surplice always was: aunt used to say he would know no better. I am trying to be very useful, I assure you. I go to market."

"Go to where?"

"To market. To the butcher's and the green-grocer's, and to the other tradespeople. Not every day, but on a Saturday always, and perhaps once in the week besides."

"To save the legs of the boys who come round for orders?" asked Miss Jemima Marsh, who was a very silent girl, and rarely spoke.

"No. To save Geoffry's pocket," replied Mrs. Lance. "For the first two or three months we ordered every thing that way, but I found it would not do. With meat, especially. We had unprofitable pieces, without knowing the weight, without knowing the price; for in delivering the orders to the boy, the butcher of course sends what he likes, and charges what he likes. Now, that I go myself to the butcher's, I choose my meat, and see it weighed, and know the price of every thing before I buy it. It is a very great saving."

"I don't think Annis is wrong there," decided Sophy, "for many very good families go to market themselves."

"And I wish more did," added Mrs. Lance. "I wish you could persuade Augusta into doing so. I spoke to her about it, and she asked me whether I was out of my mind."

"There is less occasion for Mrs. Courteney to trouble herself," said Miss Marsh, loftily; "she did not marry upon three hundred a year."

"Well, I am very happy," said Annis,

brightly, "although we have but three hundred a year."

"And one servant," interposed Miss Marsh.

"And one servant," laughed Annis. "But I do assure you, we manage better without Rebecca than with her: and as we shall be obliged in a few months' time to take a second servant, I thought we ought to do with one until then."

"There!" uttered Sophy. "That's just what Aunt Clem said. I know it is, and you need not prepare to deny it, Annis. You mean that the babies will be beginning!"

III.

THE babies did begin. "Tiresome little crying creatures," was Aunt Clem's comment; "they are sure to come whether they are wanted or not, and the worst of it is, there's no end to them, no knowing where they'll stop."

And the time went on, and they still came; went on till Mrs. Courteney had three and Mrs. Lance two, the former to her unspeakable dismay.

For she could not afford it. No; Captain and Mrs. Courteney had afforded themselves too many luxuries, to leave room for that of babies. They had committed a terrible mistake in marrying upon their five hundred a year, and that not an increasing income. It was not only that they had set up their household and begun housekeeping upon a scale that would absorb every shilling of it, but the ex-captain, accustomed to his clubs and their expensive society, was not a man who could practice economy out of doors, any more than his wife understood it in. The Captain could not put on a soiled pair of gloves, he could not give up his social habits, he never dreamt of such a thing as not going to the opera several times in the season, and to the theaters *ad libitum*, his wife being often with him, it never occurred to him to give up his daily bottle of expensive wine, and he rarely scrupled to take a cab, when an omnibus, or his own legs, would have served as well. They began housekeeping upon three servants; two maids, and a tiger, who ate as much as the whole house put together. The house was larger than that of Mrs. Lance, and they kept more company, but two efficient servants, with proper management, might have done the work well;

only it was necessary, for appearance's sake, so both Captain and Mrs. Courteney deemed, to take (not being able to afford a footman) a third maid or a tiger: and they took the last-named article. Next came the babies, and with the advent of the first, the tiger was discharged and a third maid taken in his place: and now that there were three children there were four maids.

Captain and Mrs. Courteney also liked to go out of town in autumn, and they were fond of gayety, went to parties and gave them. Their housekeeping was on an extensive scale compared with their income: Mrs. Courteney was no manager, she knew literally nothing of practical domestic details when she married, and she did not seek to acquire them; her servants were improvident and wasteful, she could not shut her eyes to that; but her attempts at remedying the evil only amounted to an occasional storm of scolding, and to the sending off cook after cook. They got into debt, they grew deeper into it with every month and year, and Captain Courteney, besieged out of his seven senses, was fain to patch up matters by borrowing money of a gentleman named Ishmael Levi. Of course he fleeced him wholesale.

Their real troubles of life were looming ominously near, the fruits of their short-sighted union, of their improvident course. Captain Courteney and his wife, with their five hundred a year, had launched into marriage; their friends crowing over their sure prospects: Mr. Lance and Annis, and their despised three hundred, had been browbeat in society for daring to risk it: but the despised ones were conquerors, and the lauded ones had failed. How was it? The one party had looked their future full in the face, and deliberately resolved to confine their simple desires within less than their income, arming themselves against temptation; the other had not so looked at it, but had got themselves into embarrassment, through what they would have called sheer inability to keep out of it. They had not calculated; they had begun life too expensively; had not controlled their self-indulgences; every thing was on too large a scale: and now neither knew how to go back to a smaller.

They were sitting together one dull winter's day, very dull themselves, and talking over the aspect of affairs in a dull

strain. The aspect was worse than either thought: Mrs. Courteney really did not know its extent, and the Captain was careless and blind. The Captain had received his quarterly income, and had immediately parted with most of it, for sundry demands were pressing. How they were to go on to the next quarter, and how the Christmas bills were to be paid, was hidden in the womb of the future.

"They are so much larger than usual," murmured Captain Courteney, drawing a china basket towards him, the bills' receptacle, and leisurely proceeding to unfold some of them.

"Each year brings additional expense," remarked Mrs. Courteney. "Four servants cost more than three: not to speak of the children; though they are but little expense yet."

Captain Courteney had the contents of one of the bills under his eye at the time his wife spoke. "Little expense, you say, Augusta! I suppose this is for them, and it's pretty near £20. It's headed 'Clark's Baby-linen Warehouse.'"

"I meant in the matter of food. Of course they have to be clothed; and I don't know any thing more costly than infants' dress. Cambric, and lace, and bassinets, and all the rest of it."

"So I should think," quoth the Captain; "here's thirty shillings for six shirts. Do you put babies into shirts?"

"What else should we put them into?"

"How long are they—a foot? Five shillings a shirt! Why, it's nearly as much as I give for mine."

"Delicate French cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes," explained Mrs. Courteney. "We can not dress a baby in hopsacking."

"Lace is the largest item in the bill. Here's three pounds eighteen shillings for lace, Augusta."

"Oh! they are dreadful little things to destroy their cap borders. When they get three or four months old, up go their hands and away they pull, and the lace is soon in tatters. This last darling baby has already destroyed two."

"Throw off their caps and let them pull at their own heads, if they want to pull," cried the Captain. "That's how I should cure them, Augusta."

"Would you," retorted Mrs. Courteney. "A baby without a cap is frightful. Except for its long white robes, nobody

could tell whether it was a monkey or a child."

"Some of this lace is charged half-a-crown a yard, and some three and sixpence."

"The three and sixpenny was for the christening. Of course *that* had to be good."

"I saw some lace marked up at twopence a yard, yesterday, in Oxford-street, quite as pretty as any the baby wears, for all I can see. That would be good enough to tear, Augusta."

"My dear, as you don't understand babies' things, the remark may be excused," said Mrs. Courteney. "Common rubbish of cotton lace is not fit—"

"Hallo!" shouted the Captain, with an emphasis that startled his wife, as he opened another of the bills, "here's £94 for ment this year!"

"So I saw," mournfully replied Mrs. Courteney.

"How can we have eaten meat to that amount? We can't have eaten it."

"I suppose *we* have not eaten it, you and I; but it has been consumed in the house," was the testy rejoinder of Mrs. Courteney, whose conscience secretly accused her of something being radically wrong in the housekeeping department; and which she, its head, did not know how to set to rights.

"Besides the fish and poultry bills, and lots of game we had sent to us, and I sometimes dining at the club! How is it, Augusta?"

"I wish I could tell how it is," she answered; "that is, I wish I could tell how to lessen it. The bills come in weekly, and I look them over, and there's not a single joint that seems to have been had in unnecessarily. They do eat enormously in the kitchen, but how is it to be prevented? We can not lock up the food."

"The servants must be outrageously extravagant."

"I often tell you so, but you don't listen, and I am at continual warfare with the cook. As to the butter, that goes, it must melt, for it never can be used. She makes out that you and I and the children eat four pounds of flesh every week. And they are so exacting about their own dinner. They are not satisfied with what remains of meat may be in the house, and making it do, meat that I know would be amply sufficient, but must have something

in addition—pork chops, or sausages, or something of that sort. And thus the meat bill runs up.”

Captain Courteney answered only by a gesture of annoyance. Perhaps his wife took it to reflect upon herself.

“But what am I to do, Robert? I can not go and preside at their dinner, and portion it out; and I can not say so-and-so is enough and you shall have no more, when cook declares it is not. I tell them they are not to eat meat at supper, but I may as well tell the sun not to shine, for I know they do. I would turn them off to-morrow, all the lot, if I thought I could change for the better, but I might only get worse, for they would be sure to go and give the place a bad name, out of revenge.”

“Can’t you change the cook?”

“I have changed her three times in the last year, and each one seems to have less notion of economy than the last. They are fair-spoken before my face and second all I say, but the extravagance is not diminished.”

Captain Courteney opened the bills, bill by bill, and laid them in a stack on the table. “Augusta,” said he, in a gravely serious tone, “we must retrench, or we shall soon be in a hobble.”

“I am willing,” answered the wife; “but where can we begin?”

“Let us consider,” resumed the Captain, thoughtfully; “where can it be? It can not be in the rent and taxes, of course they must go on just the same, and the insurance, and I must pay the interest of the money we owe, and we must have our meals as usual. We must dismiss one of the servants.”

“That’s equally impossible,” returned Mrs. Courteney. “Which would you dismiss? Three children, two of them in arms, as one may say, require two nurses, and can not be attended to without. Then there must be two for the house: one could not wait, and cook, and clean, and answer the door—oh! impossible.”

Captain Courteney leaned his head upon his hand: it did indeed seem as if there was not the slightest loophole in the domestic department which afforded a chance of retrenchment.

“Miss Marsh,” said the housemaid, ushering in a lady.

Mrs. Courteney looked round for her sister Emily, but it was Aunt Clem.

“Well,” said she, as the Captain, with

whom she was a favorite, ensconced her into the warmest seat, “and how are you getting on?”

“Middling,” laughed the Captain. “Looking blue over the Christmas bills.”

“Ah!” said Aunt Clem, as she took off her bonnet, “they are often written on blue paper. You should settle your bills weekly; it is the safest and most economical plan: if you let them run on, you pay for it through the nose.”

“I wish these accounts could be paid, even through the nose,” cried the Captain. “Our expenses are getting the mastery, Aunt Clem, and we can not see where to retrench. We were talking about it now.”

“Is that heap all bills? Let me look at them. You need have no secrets from an old woman like me.”

The Captain tossed them into her lap, and the first she looked at happened to be the one for the baby linen. Aunt Clem studied it through her spectacles, and then studied Augusta’s face.

“Never saw any thing so extravagant in my life. Who did you think you were buying for? One of the little princesses?”

Augusta was too nettled to reply.

“I don’t see that a baby ought to cost as much as a man,” put in the Captain; “but Augusta tells me I know nothing about it. I could get half a dozen shirts for thirty shillings.”

“Of course you could. And these ought to have cost six.”

“Now, aunt?” resentfully ejaculated Augusta. “How, pray?”

“Six shillings at the very outside. You should have bought the lawn and made them yourself.”

“Babies’ shirts at a shilling apiece!” said Augusta, scornfully. “These are richly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, Aunt Clem.”

“Trim my old bed-gown with Valenciennes!” irreverently snapped Aunt Clem. “It would be just as sensible a trick. Who sees the shirt when the baby has got it on? Nonsense, Augusta! Valenciennes lace may be very well in its proper place, but not for those who can’t pay their Christmas bills.”

Augusta was indignant. The Captain only smiled.

“What’s this last?” continued Aunt Clem. “Lace?—four pounds, less two shillings, for lace?—Here, take your bill; I have seen enough of it. No wonder

you find your accounts heavy, if they are all on this scale?"

"It is not dear," fired Augusta. "Half-a-crown a yard—the other was for the christening—is cheap for babies' lace."

"I told Augusta I saw some yesterday in a shop-window at two-pence a yard, and it looked as well," observed the Captain.

"I don't quite say that," said Aunt Clem; "two-ponny lace would neither look nor wear well. But there's another sort of lace, of medium quality, used almost exclusively for infants' caps: this man, Clark, sells quantities of it—"

"Trumpery cotton trash!" interrupted Mrs. Courteney.

"It is a very pretty lace, rich-looking and durable," went on Aunt Clem, disdaining the interruption, "and if not thread, it looks like it, but I believe it to be thread. It will last for two children, and it costs about nine-pence a yard. Annis has never bought any other."

"How can you say so, aunt? I'm sure her children's caps always look nice."

"I know they do. You don't believe in this lace, because you have not looked out for it," observed Aunt Clem. "You go to Clark's—stepping out of a cab, I dare say, at the door—and ask to look at some good nursery-lace. Of course they show you the good, the real, they don't attempt to show you any thing inferior. But Annis, when she was buying these things, went to Clark's—and I happened to be with her: she did not ask, off-hand, for rich lace, or real lace, she said, 'Have you a cheaper description of lace that will wear and answer the purpose?' and they showed her what I tell you of. She bought no other, and very well it has worn and looks; it lasted her first baby, and it is lasting this one. I was so pleased with her method of going to work—not in the way of caps alone, mind you, but of every thing—that I sent her four yards of pillow-lace from the country for a best cap for her child. At the time you were married," added Aunt Clem, looking at them both over her spectacles, "I said you would not do half as well as Lance and Annis, though you had nearly double their income. You are the wrong sort of folks."

"At any rate, I can not be expected to understand lace," said the Captain.

"But you might understand other things, and give them up," returned Aunt Clem. "You might give up your

West-end society, and your gayeties, and your extravagant mode of dressing—"

"I'm sure I don't dress extravagantly," interrupted the Captain.

"I'm sure you do," said Aunt Clem; "in that way you are worse than Augusta, and she's fine enough. It may not be extravagant in the abstract, but it is extravagant in proportion to your income. You might also give up having parties at home, and going out to them, and your wine at your club, and your theaters. Unless a man, who has only a limited income, can resign these amusements, he has no right to marry. But in saying this, I wish to cast no reflection on those who can not: all men are not calculated by nature to economize in domestic privacy: only, let such keep single."

"I suppose you think I was not," laughed Captain Courteney.

"I am positive you were not. Nor Augusta either. And you'll have a hard fight and tussle before you can submit to its hardships. They will be sore hardships to you; to Lance and his wife they are pleasures: yet he is just as much of a gentleman as you are, and was brought up as expensively. But you are of totally different dispositions."

"What a pity we were not differently paired, since they are the two clever ones, and we the incapables; I with Lance, and Annis with Robert!" exclaimed Augusta sarcastically.

"Then there would be four incapables instead of two—or what would amount to the same," unceremoniously observed Aunt Clem. "You would have spent poor Lance out of house and home; and Annis would have led a weary and wretched life of it, for the Captain's expenses out of doors would have rendered futile her economy at home. No, you have been rightly paired. You have not half the comfort with your five hundred a year, that they have upon three."

"Go on, go on, Aunt Clem," cried Augusta; "why don't you magnify them into angels? More comfort than we have! Look at our superior home, our mode of life, and compare it with theirs; their paltry two servants and their shabby living. I don't suppose they taste wine once in a month."

"And not tasting it, do not feel the want of it. But when you say shabby living, you are prejudiced, Augusta. Though their dinners are plain, though they may

consist generally but of one dish of roast meat, or steaks, or cutlets, besides the vegetables, there is always plenty, and what more can people want than their—stomachs—full. It used to be belly in my days, but I suppose the present age would be shocked out of its refinement to hear that word now.”

The Captain laughed, for Aunt Clem had talked herself into a heat. “As to wine, Lance might surely manage to allow himself half a pint every day,” said he.

“If Lance were intent on his own gratification, I dare say he would,” answered Aunt Clem.

“He and Annis might be comfortable in housekeeping matters on three hundred a year.”

“Remarkably so,” was Aunt Clem’s response. “But the worst of it is, there are other expenses, and plenty of them. Rent, taxes, insurance, clothes, wages, doctors, omnibuses, books, newspapers, and wear and tear of linen and furniture, besides church and charity, for Lance and his wife have nothing of the heathen about them. None of these items come under the head of eatables and drinkables, but all have to be provided for out of the three hundred a year. What’s your butcher’s bill annually?” abruptly asked Aunt Clem.

“Ninety-four pounds this year,” said the Captain.

Aunt Clem groaned. “That comes of having two dinners.”

“How do you mean? We only eat one dinner a day.”

“Two dinners,” repeated Aunt Clem; “one for you, and another for the servants. They ought to dine after you.”

“But the servants must dine,” said Mrs. Courteney. “It can not signify, as to cost, whether they dine early or late.”

“It signifies every thing, and by having two dinners the meat bill gets almost doubled. What are your servants having for dinner to-day?”

“To-day—oh! they have a shoulder of mutton.”

“And what shall you have?”

“We are going to have some minced veal and a fowl.”

“Minced veal! the most unprofitable dish any body can put upon their table. You may eat an unlimited quantity. Three pounds, solid weight, would be nothing to a man, and he’d be hungry after it. But that’s not my present argument.

If you had but one dinner, the shoulder of mutton would have served you all; your table first and theirs afterwards, and there’d be one expense. And the servants can not have their fling over the meat so uncontrolled; less comes into the house; less remains cold; and cold meat does not go so far as hot, and when hashed and minced it gets half wasted.”

“Our servants won’t dine on cold meat above twice a week, I know that,” said Mrs. Courteney. “But as to their dining after us, they would say they could not wait: they would leave first.”

“Then they should leave—and with great pleasure, I should say,” cried Aunt Clem. “It is of no consequence what time people dine, provided they have the regular hour; their appetite soon accustoms itself to it. You might dine at five, instead of your fashionable hour of six, and they after you, Annis’s servants do, and she gets no grumbling.”

“Well,” said the Captain, carelessly, “we have rubbed on somehow, with all our mismanagement, and we must contrive to rub on still. Perhaps we shall give up our summer excursion this year, and that will be a saving. I am going down to the club for an hour. I shall find you here on my return, Aunt Clem: you’ll stop and help us out with the minced veal.”

“What a barbarous picture you do draw of domestic economy, Aunt Clem!” exclaimed Augusta, as her husband quitted the room. “Nine-penny lace, and common home-made lawn shirts for babies, and all the house dining off one joint, and calling minced veal unprofitable! Your notions are not suitable to us; to the Captain.”

“Child,” answered Aunt Clem, “I am only thinking what is suitable to your pockets. With five hundred a year, you ought to be able to afford liberal house-keeping and expenditure; but it appears you have so many large expenses, that the house must, or ought, of necessity, to suffer. Your husband hinted at debt: and indeed I don’t see how he can have kept out of it.”

“We are very much in debt; though how much he will not tell me; he says it is enough for him to be worried over it, without my being so.”

“Then why don’t you curtail your expenditure, Augusta?”

“Curtail where? There is not one of

the servants we could possibly do without: and I'm sure I try all I can to impress saving in the kitchen."

"There has been one fault throughout, Augusta. You began on the wrong scale: it is very easy to increase a scale of expenditure, but remarkably difficult to lessen it. The common mistake in marrying is, that people begin by living up to their income."

"After all, aunt, if I could curtail in petty domestic trifles, it would be of little service. It is the large outlays that have hurt us: our going out of town, and our visiting, and my husband's private expenses. He can not give up these expenses, unless he gives up his friends. Fancy Captain Courteney being obliged to relinquish his club! It's not to be thought of. We must rub on, as he says, somehow or other."

"He does not seem to be rubbing on to his club now," said Aunt Clem, who was at the window. "He is standing to talk."

"And what queer-looking men he has got hold of!" uttered Augusta, following her. "Shabby coats and greasy hats.

He is coming back, and they with him. What can they want?"

Aunt Clem drew in her lips ominously, but she said nothing. Mrs. Courteney was only surprised, for the men had entered with her husband. She opened the room-door, and saw the Captain advancing to her with a white face.

"My dear Augusta—don't be alarmed, or—or—put out: Aunt Clem can tell you there's no occasion, for these trifles happen every day: but—I—am—arrested."

"Arrested!" shrieked Augusta, flying to cling to his arm. "Will they drag you off to prison?"

"For to-day I fear they must, but—"

"An't no fear about it, sir," interposed one of the men, "it's certain. As well out with the truth, sir, to the lady, it answers best with 'em."

"You'll stop here, and take care of her, Aunt Clem," said the crest-fallen Captain, as Augusta burst into sobs; "don't let her grieve. I dare say I shall get it all settled and be at home to-morrow."

"This comes of such folks as you rushing headlong into marriage!" tartly exclaimed Aunt Clem.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE SIEGE.

The siege had fairly begun, and in the midst of plenty (for we were rich in luxuries the first days) we suffered the inconvenience of not being able to use them. Deprat's house, near the Cawnpore battery, was swarming with men—the Europeans firing, wherever they saw

an object moving, or suspected it to be moving; and the Sikhs, who behaved so shamefully at Chinhutt, sulkily sitting down, doing nothing, or sneering at our efforts. I oftentimes felt a great inclination to pitch into the rascals, but to do so would have been bad policy. Deprat, with his usual generosity, gave away *saucons* aux truffes, hermetically sealed provisions, cigars, and wine, and brandy, to whoever wanted any. Many took away large supplies of provisions, etc., and only signed, or did not sign at all, for what they took away. The consequence was, that poor Deprat had soon nothing

* A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, from its Commencement to its Relief by Sir Colin Campbell. By L. E. Rautz Roca, one of the Surviving Defenders. Small 8vo. 380 pp. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

left for himself; and the thousand-and-one cannon-balls and musket-bullets which afterwards penetrated the house, and in the end converted it into a heap of ruins, smashed to atoms whatever was not taken away. The splendid library of Captain Hayes, consisting of priceless Oriental manuscripts, and the standard literary works of every nation of Europe, and dictionaries of every language spoken on earth, from the patois of Bretagne down to Cingalese, Malay, and ancient Egyptian, were for the nonce converted into barricades. Mahogany tables, valuable pieces of furniture, carriages and carts, were every where within our intrenchments taken possession of for the same purpose. The records of the offices, in large boxes, chests of stationery, and whatever else could be laid hold of, were made use of to serve as a cover from the enemy's fire, which now constantly increased.

Sir Henry, throughout this trying time, was seen every where. He visited every post, however exposed its position, however hot the fire directed against it; and it must be confessed that the enemy's artillerists, taught by ourselves, were excellent marksmen. With incredible rapidity, with remarkable ingenuity, and with indomitable perseverance, they had, in the very first week, made batteries in positions where one would have fancied their erection impossible—some having actually been moved to the tops of houses, and others placed most cleverly in places where our own batteries could not effectually open on them, and which were well protected from musketry-fire.

It is also probable that their artillery was commanded by European officers, wretches for whom no punishment would be ignominious or severe enough. One of these was seen several times laying a gun and giving orders, apparently like one having authority. From the description given me, it is not unlikely that it was either Captain Savory or Captain Rotton, who had both remained in the city, and during the disturbances never came near the Residency.

Their character may well make them suspected of such treachery. They had both adopted native habits, costumes, and ideas, and always kept aloof from European society. The former was a retired Company's officer, an Englishman, who for many years had received the pen-

sion of a captain. The latter was a man born in Lucknow, whose daughters were married to Mussuhmans, and whose sons served as native officers or troopers in the late king's army. He himself commanded a portion of the ex-king's artillery. Both these persons were said to have adopted the Mohammedan faith.

A Frenchman named Leblond, as great a villain as ever breathed, also an apostate, probably likewise joined the insurgents; and a young man, whose name I do not wish to mention, on account of his family, was most probably the person who had commanded the enemy's cavalry at Chinnutt. Two of his cousins were fighting valiantly against the rebels in the Residency; another was massacred at Futtyghur, after combating for us; a fourth was wounded in action against the Agra rebels; and a fifth had accepted a military appointment under government, and distinguished himself, as I afterwards learned, in several engagements against the mutineers. The apostate himself had long been disowned by his relatives. But it is also likely that some Russian officers had entered the army of the insurgents. One of them, who at first had given himself out as a Siberian refugee, and afterwards contradicted himself on cross-examination, was actually made a prisoner before the mutiny, but, strange to say, was released on the occurrence of the outbreak.

Many of these batteries were not further off than fifty to a hundred yards, and told tremendously on our buildings; indeed I have seen, for example, the enemy's cannon knock down pillar after pillar from Captain Anderson's house, till at last the verandah fell in. Mr. Capper, of the civil service, was buried beneath the ruins, but, notwithstanding the shower of balls which rained upon the spot, was fortunately extricated by one or two soldiers of the 34th, directed and aided by Messrs. Jeoffroy and Barsotelli—one a Frenchman and the other an Italian, both travelers who had been, like myself, overtaken by the times. The proximity of some of these batteries, which the enemy occasionally shifted to other places as soon as ours could be made to play on them, prevented our shells from having the effect which otherwise they would have had; though many of these missiles did great execution.

I here again avail myself of a quotation from Lady Inglis's Journal:

"The first few nights and days were very miserable. I was ill in bed, poor Mrs. Case in great grief, and we could not help feeling our position a most perilous one. You must remember that we well knew if the enemy succeeded in overpowering us and storming the place, death in its most horrible form awaited every member of the garrison. I never shall forget the first morning after the siege commenced. The enemy having stopped firing at night, recommenced at daylight, and made an effort to storm the gate. Every man was at his post. We could gain no information as to what was going on, and to our inexperienced ears the cannonading and musketry sounded terrific. We all thought the place would be taken, and tremblingly listened to every sound, when Mrs. Case proposed reading the Litany, and the soothing effect of prayer was marvelous. We felt different beings, and, though still most anxious, could feel we were in the hands of our Heavenly Father, and cast our fears on him. The enemy were completely repulsed that day and many others, when they made similar attacks; but we soon got accustomed to the firing, for it seldom ceased, day or night, and settled ourselves down in our new abode—a small room, which, throughout the siege, has been our dining and sleeping apartment, except for a short time, when we had the use of a large room in the same court."

One of the first victims to the enemy's cannon was Miss Palmer, the daughter of the colonel commanding the 48th—an accomplished young lady, who was, I heard, engaged to be married to a young officer. She was sitting in the upper story of the Residency, when a shell burst close to her, and a piece struck her. Her leg had to be amputated, and she died a few days after.

We still had a few hundred men in Muchee Bhawn; but it was evident that we could not, after the disaster of Chinhutt, hold that place also. Orders were accordingly sent by Sir Henry to blow up the place, and to come within the Residency. Captain Francis, aided by Lieutenant Huxham, his fort adjutant, managed this splendidly. They left in the dead of night, passing through the midst of the hostile pickets along the road, without a shot being fired at them, without losing a man. The enemy, never suspecting such a move on our part, (for

they had held the most extravagant ideas respecting the impregnability of that fort,) were very weakly guarding the high-roads.

The rebel garrisons of the houses near the iron bridge and at Ismaeunge were so thunder-struck at seeing our men, that they dared not attack them when they heard the heavy tramp of our gallant soldiers and the rattling of our guns. I believe, however, that the shelling from the Residency aided not a little in keeping the road clear.

The last cannon had reached with the last man, when a tremendous report shook the earth. The port-fires had burned down, and the Fort Muchee Bhawn was no more! All our ammunition, which we had not had time to remove, and about 258 barrels of gunpowder, and several millions of ball-cartridges, were destroyed, along with all the buildings and their contents. An immense black cloud enveloped even us in the Residency—darkness covering a bright starry firmament. The shock resembled an earthquake.

Our accession of strength was very necessary. We had saved all but one man, who, having been intoxicated and concealed in some corner, could not be found when the muster-roll was called. The French say, *Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes*, and the truth of the proverb was never better exemplified than in this man's case. He had been thrown into the air, had returned unhurt to mother earth, continued his drunken sleep again, had awoke next morning, found the fort to his surprise a mass of deserted ruins, and quietly walked back to the Residency, without being molested by a soul; and even bringing with him a pair of bullocks attached to a cart of ammunition. It is very probably that the debris of these extensive buildings must have seriously injured the adjacent houses, and many of the rebel army, thus giving the fortunate man the means of escaping.*

On the 2d of July an event occurred which a few days later cast a gloom over the whole garrison. The good and brave Sir Henry Lawrence, while sitting writing in his room in the second story of the Residency, was struck by a piece of a

* Our men were not a little astonished when they heard him cry, "Arrah by Jasus, open your gates!" and they let him in, convulsed with laughter.

shell which had burst between himself, Mr. Couper, his secretary, and Captain Wilson, the deputy assistant adjutant-general, whom it slightly wounded. Only a short time before, another shell had fallen into the same apartment, but had injured neither Sir Henry nor any other occupant of the room. In spite of warnings, he had made no arrangement to leave the place for a better shelter from the enemy's fire. The rebels were apparently perfectly acquainted with all the different apartments, and their occupants and uses, and directed their fire accordingly, especially into the Residency and the various powder-magazines.

Only a very few were made acquainted with the public misfortune which had befallen us. So serious a wound in an old man like Sir Henry, I was certain, would end fatally. His leg had been amputated, and he died on the evening of the 4th of July, almost to the last fully possessed of his senses in the midst of the agonies he suffered. He had nominated Major Banks as his successor. It had not been generally known that our brave old General was dead, for even after he had been buried for some days, the report was circulated that he was getting better. At last, no doubt remained on the minds of any that Sir Henry was indeed no more, and the grief with which this news was received was universal. He had closed a long and noble career, and his death was worthy of his life. He fills the soldier's grave right worthily. No military honors marked our last acts to his corpse. The times were too stern for idle demonstrations of respect. A hurried prayer, amidst the booming of the enemy's cannon and the fire of their musketry, was read over his remains, and he was lowered into a pit with several other, though lowlier, companions in arms. We owe him a heavy debt of gratitude. Peace be to his soul!

Brigadier Inglis, in his report of the 26th September, pays a tribute to the memory of that good man in the following words, which I may safely aver express the thoughts of every one of the garrison:

"The late lamented Sir H. Lawrence, knowing that his last hour was rapidly approaching, directed me to assume command of the troops, and appointed Major Banks to succeed him in the office of Chief Commissioner. He lingered in great

agony till the morning of the 4th of July, when he expired, and the government was thereby deprived, if I may venture to say so, of the services of a distinguished statesman and a most gallant soldier. Few men have ever possessed to the same extent the power which he enjoyed of winning the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact, and thus insuring the warmest and most zealous devotion for himself and for the government which he served. In him, every good and deserving soldier lost a friend and a chief capable of discriminating, and ever on the alert to reward merit, no matter how humble the sphere in which it was exhibited."

INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

Brigadier Inglis now assumed the supreme command of our little garrison, but not without some opposition made by Mr. Gubbins, the financial commissioner.

This disagreement between the two personages was, at a time when all our lives were in jeopardy, to say the least of it, very unseemly. Mr. Gubbins, I have heard, had been in the habit of writing to our government, and sending away spies with his letters, who never returned, and who most probably were seized with their dispatches by the enemy, thus revealing to them our positions and difficulties. To this the Brigadier very justly objected, and he even menaced Mr. Gubbins with arrest, if he should ever attempt to dispatch another letter without his consent; alleging that, in time of war, civil authority was at an end; and that the only service he could recognize in him was in shouldering a musket and fighting in the ranks like other civilians and officers. Both maintained they were in the right, but Mr. Gubbins struggled for precedence, and was in the minority. That this dispute existed, and was carried on for some length of time, I am convinced; but as to the details, I write under correction, and merely state the rumors then current in the Residency. Both individually and collectively, most of us deplored this sad disagreement at so critical a period.

August 6.—What bitter, bitter disappointment! We have a solution of yesterday's fire in the city, but it is one

which makes our hearts sink with despair. The enemy are the first to give it us. At some parts of our intrenchments the insurgents are so near that we can hear them talking distinctly. At the school-houses and the brigade-mess, almost every night might be heard the sounds of revelry, music, and dancing, in Johannes' house, not twelve yards away from us, and separating us only by a street from the insurgents. At one of these places, or at the Bailey-guard, I do not know which, some of the rebellious Sepoys, having no doubt witnessed our delight, and guessed the cause of our shout and "hurrahs," were not slow in undeceiving us, by taunting us with, "So you think your reinforcements have come do you? Reinforcements, forsooth! Why, we have beaten them long ago," (this we knew to be a lie,) "and we have crowned our king. The rule of the Feringhees is over, and we'll soon be in your Bailey-guard."

August 17.—Much as usual. The heart aches while watching for relief, but none comes. Will Cawnpore be repeated in Lucknow? Alas! it seems so. Our number is visibly decreasing. Besides how do I know whether I shall escape even before the final catastrophe, which, unless our forces come to our aid, must take place sooner or later? How do I know whether I shall not be knocked over before? That is soon done. A covering to wrap my corpse up in, a dooly borne by sweepers to serve me as a hearse, a shallow hole, a short prayer over it, and half a dozen other dead bodies, and the thing is done, and no one can afterwards tell where my bones are laid. These reflections come frequently enough, but I banish them as quickly as they come. What is the use of thinking?

As for death, it stares one constantly in the face. Not daily, not hourly, but minute after minute, second after second, my life, and every other's, is in jeopardy. Balls fall at our feet, and we continue the conversation without a remark; bullets graze our very hair, and we never speak of them. Narrow escapes are so very common, that even women and children cease to notice them. They are the rule, not the exception. At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another I escaped being shot dead by one of the

enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the wound through the temples instead; at another I moved off from a place where, in less than the twinkling of an eye afterwards, a musket-ball stuck in the wall. At another, again, I was covered with dust and pieces of brick by a round-shot that struck the wall not two inches away from me; at another, again, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook, one dangerously, the other slightly; at another, again—but, no; I must stop, for I could never exhaust the catalogue of hair-breadth escapes which every man in the garrison can speak of as well as myself. The wonder is, not that we lose so many men, but that so few of us are hit amidst the constant dangers we are exposed to.

August 31.—A siege is certainly the best school to learn character. People show themselves in their true light, and throw off the mask they wear in society. One's good or bad character becomes apparent at once. Many a kind action here I have seen performed by people whom I had considered harsh and proud; and men with smiling faces, polite, and noted for their obliging disposition, proved themselves selfish in the extreme. They might enjoy delicacies before your face, and, though they knew you to be hungry, would never ask you to partake of them, even if they had more than enough for themselves. People to whom, during the first month of the siege, I had given all sorts of little luxuries, afterwards refused me a handful of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, or a few leaves of tea, and yet they had stores of all. It was infamous! Self, self, self—how general that feeling was, especially among the rich. And a poor serjeant's wife, or a common soldier, would occasionally give me a something that, though in the every-day course of life one would scarcely say a "thank you" for, is now prized above gold, pearls, diamonds, and rubies, of which, *à propos*, one may have as many as one pleases for a few rupees, for a cigar, a glass of brandy, or a little tobacco.

Selfishness, which proceeds from a disinclination to deprive one's self of some benefit, I can understand; but the dog-

in-the-manger style of selfishness is what I really can not comprehend. Yet even this existed; and I knew people to hoard up luxuries, neither enjoying them themselves, nor allowing others to enjoy them, and being in a perfect agony of mind at seeing others use their kettles, or avail themselves of the services of a domestic. And pride, too, still existed, though I must say most men put it into their pockets. Cowardice was, however, a failing which I saw very conspicuous in only one man, and that man, I am ashamed to confess, was a European. Surliness, too, was not quite uncommon. A siege sours one's temper considerably. One or two officers, whom I shall not name, were like rabid dogs, snapping at whoever addressed them. But the generality could bear scrutiny well enough, and yet not suffer in estimation. There are many good men with us still.

Our authorities had invented a capital way of communicating with the Alumbagh by means of different colored flags, the key having been transmitted by a spy. This superseded the necessity of sending messengers through a hostile country, and we could converse from the terrace of the Residency somewhat in the same way as ships signal to each other, but far less perfectly. And here I would take this opportunity of recommending the advisability of our commanders being furnished with signal-books, like those published by Lloyd's. Had we had these means of communication during the first siege, what anxiety would have been spared to us!

One of the greatest insults we received at the hands of the enemy was their playing, on the opposite banks of the Goomtee, regularly every morning, and sometimes of an evening, all our popular English airs. We listened to the "Standard-Bearer's March," the "Girl I left behind me," and "See, the Conquering Hero comes," with any but pleasant feelings. The disloyal rascals had even the impudence to finish their music with the loyal hymn, "God save the Queen."

We were now pretty certain that a severe conflict was raging outside. Though

strict orders had been given not to leave our respective garrisons, I felt too excited to obey the command, and quietly stole off to the Residency terrace. I could see nothing but smoke, and hear the crack of the musketry. Street-fighting was evidently going on. The fire advanced gradually and steadily towards our intrenchments, and at last a loud shout proclaimed the arrival of the long-expected reinforcements.

The immense enthusiasm with which they were greeted defies description. As their hurrah and ours rang in my ears, I was nigh bursting with joy. The tears started involuntarily into my eyes, and I felt—no! it is impossible to describe in words that sudden sentiment of relief, that mingled feeling of hope and pleasure that came over me. The criminal condemned to death, and just when he is about to be launched into eternity, is reprieved and pardoned, or the shipwrecked sailor, whose hold on the wreck is relaxing, and is suddenly rescued, can alone form an adequate idea of our feelings. We felt not only happy, happy beyond imagination, and grateful to that God of mercy who, by our noble deliverers, Generals Havelock and Outram, and their gallant troops, had thus snatched us from imminent death; but we also felt proud of the defense we had made, and the success with which, with such fearful odds to contend against, we had preserved, not only our own lives, but the honor and lives of the women and children intrusted to our keeping.

As our deliverers poured in, they continued to greet us with loud hurrahs; and, as each garrison heard it, we sent up one fearful shout to heaven—"Hurrah;" it was not, "God help us"—it was the first rallying-cry of a despairing host. Thank God, we then gazed upon new faces of our countrymen. We ran up to them, officers and men without distinction, and shook them by the hands—how cordially who can describe? The shrill tones of the Highlanders' bagpipes now pierced our ears. Not the most beautiful music ever was more welcome, more joy-bringing. And these brave men themselves, many of them bloody and exhausted, forgot the loss of their comrades, the pain of their wounds, the fatigue of overcoming the fearful obstacles they had combated for our sakes, in the pleasure of having accomplished our relief.

The relief of Lucknow had been effected, and we were soon to be free. Sir Colin, while the fire was still very heavy on the afternoon of the 17th, was met by Sir James Outram and General Havelock. A loud, long shout greeted the Generals and their staff as they shook hands, amidst heart-felt cordiality, with Sir Colin Campbell. Proud, indeed, must Sir Colin have been at the success which had crowned all his measures, and which stamped him as one of the first generals of the age. The enemy had been foiled in every instance, and, notwithstanding his desperation, vigilance, and unquestionably excellent maneuvers, had succumbed to the commander-in-chief's superior generalship, and the indomitable valor and undaunted courage of our troops.

Sir Colin Campbell received the hearty thanks and congratulations of Sir James with evident satisfaction; and General Havelock, not less delighted and proud, harangued the troops who had so gallantly carried out all the Commander-in-chief's brilliant maneuvers, in that concise and yet soul-stirring language for which he was so well known by his soldiers. While yet speaking, his attention was drawn to the place where his only son had just fallen, wounded by a musket-ball from the enemy. Though his father's heart must have been bleeding with anguish, and beating with curiosity to know the nature of the wound, the General, with wonderful self-command, continued his discourse without interruption, and then only amidst the cheers of the men, who were unacquainted with the sad event which had just happened, left to visit his wounded son. Fortunately it was only a slight wound, and he soon recovered from the effects of it.

Sir Colin Campbell's army remained in occupation of the positions they had taken outside, and we received orders to prepare for leaving — orders which took many of us by surprise, for we hoped that the government would not allow the city of Lucknow to remain in possession of the rebels, after all the difficulties and blood expended to enter it. Our noble deliverers had made immense sacrifices to relieve us, and it had cost as many lives as had been saved. The knowledge, however, of Sir Colin's move into Oude having been undertaken with no other view than to aid

the beleaguered garrison, still farther enhanced our gratitude.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.*

About 11 P.M. Ungud, pensioner, returned, bringing us a letter containing the glad tidings that our relieved force, under General Outram, had crossed the Ganges and would arrive in a few days. His arrival, and the cheering news he brought of speedy aid, were well-timed; for neither our fast-diminishing stores, the vague and uncertain rumors of the advent of reinforcements, nor the daily sights and sounds by which we were surrounded, were calculated to inspire confidence and check desertion among the servants and camp-followers. All the garrison were greatly elated with the news, and on many of the sick and wounded, the speedy prospect of a change of air and security exercised a most beneficial effect. Heavy rain fell about 11 P.M.

September 23.—About three A.M. the rain cleared off, and at eleven A.M. the sun came out and the clouds dispersed, and gave promise of fair weather. A smart cannonade was heard in the direction of Cawnpore; several imagined they also heard musketry, and the sound was listened to with the most intense and even painful anxiety by the garrison, who felt assured it must be their friends advancing to their assistance. But it was hardly expected that our force could have advanced so far, owing to the heavy rain which had fallen, and the state in consequence that the roads and country were in; however, at five P.M. another distant cannonade was heard, which last for half an hour, and which appeared much nearer than before; this elicited many and divers opinions, and created the greatest possible excitement.

Throughout the day, large bodies of troops with guns and ammunition wagons were seen moving about in the city, in the early part of the day to the right, and later, in large bodies to the left. In the afternoon, the enemy placed a gun in position, facing down the Kass bazaar street, with what object it was impossible

* *The Defense of Lucknow. A Diary recording the Daily Events during the Siege of the European Residency, from 31st May to 25th September, 1857. By a Staff Officer. With a Plan of the Residency. 16mo, 224 pp. London: Smith, Elder & Co.*

to say. We threw many shells into the city during the day among the parties of the enemy seen moving about. At nine P.M. heavy rain began, and fell for two hours.

September 24.—Every thing most unusually quiet throughout the night, and only one or two cannon-shot were fired early in the morning. A considerable body of cavalry were seen moving to the right through the city, and about half past eight A.M. a distant cannonade was heard, which continued nearly all day.

We had no news of any kind, and the anxiety of the garrison was very great. During the morning, large bodies of the enemy were seen moving through the city to the right and left. Ensign Hewitt, of the 41st Regiment Native Infantry, was slightly contused on the head by bricks struck out of a wall by a round-shot. At eight P.M. the enemy made a false attack on the Cawnpore battery, keeping up a heavy cannonade and musketry fire, which lasted for about half an hour, after which all became moderately quiet. During the night guns were heard in the direction of the Cawnpore road, and the flash of them could be very distinctly seen; they were supposed to be about seven miles distant.

September 25.—A very unquiet night. Two alarms, one at half past one A.M., and another at four A.M. The whole garrison was under arms nearly the whole night. A very great disturbance in the city, in the direction of Mr. Gubbins' post especially. To the very great regret of the garrison, Captain Radcliffe, of the 7th Light Cavalry, was dangerously wounded while in command of the Cawnpore battery. About ten A.M. a messenger came in, bringing a letter of the 16th instant from General Outram, dated Cawnpore, announcing his being about to cross over to this side of the Ganges, and march on to Lucknow. The messenger could give no account of our force, beyond its having reached the outskirts of the city.

About 11 A.M., nearly all sound of firing had ceased, but increased agitation was visible among the people in the town, in which two large fires were seen. An hour later, the sound of musketry and the smoke of guns was distinctly perceived within the limits of the city. All the garrison was on the alert, and the excitement amongst many of the officers and soldiers was quite painful to witness. At 1:30 P.M., many of the people of the city

commenced leaving with bundles of clothes, etc., on their heads, and took the direction of cantonments across the different bridges. At 2 P.M., armed men and Sepoys commenced to follow them, accompanied by large bodies of irregular cavalry. Every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear on the evidently retreating enemy, was fired as fast as possible, for at least an hour and a half. The enemy's bridge of boats had evidently been destroyed and broken away, for many were seen swimming across the river, most of them cavalry, with their horses' bridles in their hands. Strange to relate, during all this apparent panic, the guns of the enemy in position all round us kept up a heavy cannonade, and the matchlock-men or riflemen never ceased firing from their respective loop-holes.

At 4 P.M. report was made that some officers dressed in shooting-coats and solah caps, a regiment of Europeans in blue pantaloons and shirts, and a bullock battery, were seen near Mr. Martin's house and the Motee Muhul. At 5 P.M., volleys of musketry, rapidly growing louder, were heard in the city. But soon the firing of a Minié ball over our heads gave notice of the still nearer approach of our friends; of whom as yet little or nothing had been seen, though the enemy were to be seen firing heavily on them from many of the roofs of the houses. Five minutes later, and our troops were seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets; and though men fell at almost every step, yet nothing could withstand the headlong gallantry of our reinforcements. Once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended; and then the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers; from every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer—even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten. Soon all the rear guard and heavy guns were inside our position; and then ensued a scene which baffles description. For eighty-seven days the Lucknow garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives who had

long mourned their husbands as dead, were again restored to them; others, fondly looking forward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learned that they were alone. On all sides eager inquiries for relations and friends were made. Alas! in too many instances the answer was a painful one.

The force under the command of General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B., came to our assistance at a heavy sacrifice to themselves. Of 2600 who left Cawnpore, nearly one third was either killed or wounded in

forcing their way through the city: indeed, the losses were so heavy, that they could effect nothing towards our relief; as the enemy were in overpowering force, and the position having been extended, in order to accommodate as far as possible our great increase in numbers, and the guns that were in our vicinity having been captured at considerable loss to ourselves, we remained on three-quarter rations, as closely besieged as before, until the 22d November, when the garrison were finally relieved by the army under the Commander-in-chief.

From Titan.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.*

HAVELOCK'S RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

As with so many others, the religious impressions of Havelock were traceable to the influence and the efforts of his mother when he was a little boy. It was her custom to assemble her children for reading the Scriptures and prayer in her own room. Henry was always of the party whenever he was at home, and in course of time he was expected to take the reading, which he generally did. It impressed him; and under these pleasant circumstances he knew, like Timothy, the Holy Scriptures from a child. After the death of his mother, his religious feelings fluctuated considerably, and he became dissatisfied with the generally-received opinions of the character and the work of Christ. It was necessary for him, with his uneasiness of mind, to go thoroughly into that question. He listened to the arguments which were addressed to him against the divinity and the atonement of the Saviour, and at one time thought that

they were conclusive. He might almost have been claimed as a believer in the Unitarian creed.

Subsequent investigations, however, convinced him that he had been committing some great mistakes. He had been forgetting that his business was not with that which was antecedently probable about Christ, but with that which was actually written about him in the Old and New Testaments. He had been overlooking the obligation to take the entire testimony of Scripture, and to accept every thing which, when honestly interpreted, it is found to teach. Because he could not understand how Jesus Christ could be both human and divine, he had pronounced that he could not be so—that such union was impossible and absurd. But no sooner did he recognize the authoritative nature of the divine oracles, and the corresponding duty of receiving their communications on the subject without objection, than he renounced all his disbelief and doubt, and held fast to the doctrine, that whilst his Saviour is the man Christ Jesus, he is at the same time over all God blessed for evermore.

* *A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* By the Rev. W. Brock. Fcap. 8vo, 288 pp. London: James Nisbet & Co.

THE ENCOUNTERS WITH NANA SAHIB.

The bugle-notes rung clearly out, through the mango groves on the Pandoo Nuddee, and wakened the weary soldiers long ere the morning of the 16th was gray. A welcome rumor had run through their lines on the previous night. It bore to them the good tidings that the wives and children of their foully-slaughtered comrades and friends still lived in Cawnpore. They knew the road was long, and the fields of maize were heavy and soft. They knew that the rain would fall in torrents, or the sun would beat on them with scorching heat. They knew that many times their number of well-armed men stood between them and those whom they had hoped to save. But they knew not that of those women and little children many were already massacred, whilst others at the time were expiring amidst the throes and throbbings of a lingering and yet procrastinated death. Cheerily, therefore, they rose from their pillows of earth, girt on their armor and their knapsacks, and light of heart, and strong in hope, they made their way through the darkness, thinking not then of country or of honor, so much as that they were the defenders of the widow and the orphan.

Havelock had learned that Nana Sahib had taken up a position at the village of Ahirwa, where the Grand Trunk Road unites with that which leads direct to the military encampment of Cawnpore. He found his intrenchments had cut and rendered impassable both roads, and his guns, seven in number, (two light and five siege caliber,) were disposed along his position, which consisted of a series of villages. Behind these his infantry, consisting of mutinous troops and his own armed followers, was disposed for defense. It was evident that an attack in front would expose the British to a murderous fire from his heavy guns sheltered in his intrenchment. The General resolved, therefore, to maneuver in order to turn his left. The camp and baggage were accordingly kept back, under proper escort, at the village of Maharajpoor, while he halted his troops there two or three hours in the mango groves, to cook and gain shelter from a burning sun.

The column then moved off, right in front. The Fusiliers led, followed by two guns; then came the Highlanders, in rear

of whom was the central battery of six guns under Captain Maude. The 64th and 84th had two guns more in their rear, and the Regiment of Ferozepore closed the column.

The troops defiling at a steady pace, soon changed direction, and began to circle round the enemy's left. They were shrouded for some time by clumps of mango; but as soon as the enemy comprehended the object of their march, an evident sensation was created in his lines. He pushed forward on his left a large body of horse, and opened a fire of shot and shell from the whole of his guns. But he was evidently disconcerted by the advance on his flank, and anxious for his communication with Cawnpore. Havelock's troops continued their progress until his left was wholly opened to attack, and then forming line, advanced in direct echelon of regiments and batteries from the right. A wing of the Fusiliers again covered the advance, extended as riflemen.

"The opportunity had arrived," says Havelock, "for which I had long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet, well entrenched. I directed this regiment to advance, and never did I witness conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, the village was taken, and the guns captured?"

The Highlanders had never fought in that quarter of India before, and their character was unknown to the foe. Their advance has been described by spectators as a beautiful illustration of the power of discipline. With sloped arms, and rapid tread through the broken and heavy lands, and through the well-directed fire of artillery and musketry, linked in their unfaltering lines, they followed their mounted leaders, the mark for many rifles. They did not pause to fire—did not even cheer; no sound from them was heard as that living wall came on and on, to conquer or to die. Now they are near the village; but their enemies occupy every house, and from every point a galling fire is poured on them from the heavy guns. The men lie down till the

iron storm passes over. It was but for a moment. The General gave the word, "Rise up! advance!" and wild cheers rung out from those brave lines—wilder even than their fatal fire within a hundred yards; and the pipes sounded the martial pibroch, heard so often as earth's latest music by dying men. The men sprung up the hill, covered by the smoke of their crushing volley, almost with the speed of their own bullets; over and through all obstacles the gleaming bayonets advanced; and then followed those moments of personal struggle, not often protracted, when the Mahratta learned, too late for life, the power of the Northern arm. The position was theirs. All that stood between them and the guns fled the field or was cut down. General Havelock was with his men. Excited by the scene, some letter-writers say that he exclaimed: "Well done, 78th. You shall be my own regiment. Another charge like that will win the day."

Nor was the gallant 64th behind. Charging with equal bravery another village on the left, and firing four volleys as they rapidly advanced up the rising ground, they soon made the place their own, and captured its three guns.

"The enemy's infantry," continues Havelock, "appeared to be every where in full retreat, and I had ordered the fire to cease, when a reserve 24-pounder was opened on the Cawnpore Road, which caused considerable loss to my force; and, under cover of its fire, two large bodies of cavalry at the same time riding insolently over the plain, their infantry once more rallied. The beating of their large drums, and numerous mounted officers in front, announced the definitive struggle of the 'Nana' for his usurped dominion.

"I had previously ordered my Volunteer Cavalry to adventure a charge on a more advanced part of the enemy's horse, and I have the satisfaction to report that they conducted themselves most creditably. One of their number, Mr. Carr, was killed in the charge.

"But the final crisis approached. My artillery cattle, wearied by the length of the march, could not bring up the guns to my assistance; and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, 64th, 84th, and 78th detachments, formed in line, were exposed to a heavy fire from the 24-pounder on the road. I was resolved this state of things should not last; so, calling upon my men,

who were lying down in line, to leap on their feet, I directed another steady advance. It was irresistible. The enemy sent round-shot into our ranks until we were within 300 yards, and then poured in grape with such precision and determination as I have seldom witnessed. But the 64th, led by Major Stirling and my aide-de-camp, who had placed himself in their front, were not to be denied. Their rear showed the ground strewn with wounded; but on they steadily and silently came, then with a cheer charged, and captured the unwieldy trophy of their valor.

"The enemy lost all heart, and after a hurried fire of musketry, gave way in total rout. Four of my guns came up and completed their discomfiture by a heavy cannonade; and, as it grew dark, the roofless barracks of our Artillery were dimly descried in advance, and it was evident that Cawnpore was once more in our possession."

"Such," says the author of 'The Indian Mutiny,' "was the battle of Cawnpore, in which 1000 British troops, and 800 Sikhs, laboring under every disadvantage, a powerful sun over their heads, a merciless enemy in their front, strongly intrenched, without cavalry, and with an artillery of inferior weight, defeated 5000 native troops, armed and trained by our own officers. Perhaps in no action that ever was fought was the superior power of arrangement, moral force, personal daring, and physical strength of the European over the Asiatic, more apparent. The rebels fought well; many of them did not flinch from a hand-to-hand encounter with our troops; they stood well to their guns, served them with accuracy; but yet, in spite of this, of their strong position, of their disproportionate excess in number, they were beaten."

And now the bugle sounds; this time to rest. The wounded were gathered together and cared for. The sentries commenced their nightly watch, the overwrought soldiers soundly slept for many hours, when a crash that shook the earth awoke them: Nana Sahib had blown up the Cawnpore magazine, and abandoned the place.

The following general order, issued on the morning after the battle, and one of the last General Havelock penned, must now possess a melancholy interest:

"Cawnpore, won by Lord Lake in 1803,

has been a happy and peaceful place ever since, until the wretched ambition of a man, whose uncle's life was, by a too-indulgent government, spared in 1817, filled it in 1857 with rapine and bloodshed. When, soldiers, your valor won the bridge at the Pandoo Nuddee, you were signing the death-warrant of the helpless women and children of your comrades of the 32d. They were murdered in cold blood by the miscreant, Nana Sahib, whose troops fled in dismay at the victorious shout of your line, on the evening of the memorable 16th.

"Soldiers! your General is satisfied, and more than satisfied, with you. He has never seen steadier or more elevated troops—but your labors are only beginning. Between the 7th instant and the 16th, you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched 126 miles, and fought four actions; but your comrades at Lucknow are in peril. Agra is besieged; Delhi still the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices, if you would obtain great results. Three cities have to be saved; two strong places to be disblockaded. Your General is confident that he can effect all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you only second him with your efforts; and if your discipline is equal to your valor.

"Highlanders, it was my earnest desire to afford you the opportunities of showing how your predecessors conquered at Malda; you have not degenerated. Assaye was not won by a more silent, compact, and resolute charge, than was the village near Jausemow on the 16th instant.

"64th, you have put to silence the jibes of your enemies throughout India. Your fire was reserved until you saw the color of your enemy's mustaches—this gave us the victory."

Havelock's account of these successive engagements to the circle at Bonn, has a significant mention of the courage of his eldest son, and a reference to his youngest brother, which will be deemed pleasant evidence of his habitual recollections of home:

"CAWNPORE, July, 1857.

"Last week I fought four fights. On the 12th I took Futtehpoore; on the 15th I fired the village Aong and the bridge over the Pandoo Nuddee; on the 16th I recaptured this place, defeating the usurper Nana Sahib in a pitched

battle, and taking all his guns. I lost a hundred men. I never saw so brave a youth as the boy H.; he placed himself opposite the muzzle of a gun that was scattering death into the ranks of the 64th Queen's, and led on the regiment, under a shower of grape, to its capture. This finished the fight. The grape was deadly, but he was calm as if telling George stories about India. Lawrence had died of his wounds.

Mary Thornhill (a niece of the General's) is in great peril at Lucknow. I am marching to relieve it. Trust in God and pray for us. All India is up in arms against us, and every where around me things are looking black. Thank God for his especial mercies to me. We are campaigning in July. H. H."

THE LESSON OF THE HERO'S LIFE.

Our reverence for the memory of this good man constrains us to seek for the lessons which are to be learned from his eventful life. It would be a reflection on his name, a practical dishonor to his reputation, to let those lessons go unlearned. If by presenting his example to general attention we can accomplish good, then we are sure he would have acquiesced in our doing so. If the narrative of his history or the mention of his habits, can be made subservient to the formation of sound character, and to the maintenance of upright conduct in other men, then we know he would have been content, but not else. Ostentatiousness he abhorred; vainglory was odious to him; to flattery he was insensible; of himself he never cared to speak. From that distant grave in the Alumbagh there comes his voice, reminding us of duties which we are sadly prone to neglect, and of privileges which we are far too ready to forego.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's secular activities, he ought to fear God.

Instantly it will be granted that our secular engagements are not more absorbing than his were. Through the whole period of his manhood he was out prominently before the world, having a good deal more than the ordinary share of harass, and turmoil, and responsibility. There were times, no doubt, when he was comparatively at rest. But very often he had for months scarcely any rest at all—his condition in Afghanistan and Oude, to wit.

The condition, however, was virtually immaterial. The first thing any where

was to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness. That must be attended to, of course. He was not all day long at his Bible, but he invariably pondered some portion of it every day. He was not continually in the outward act of prayer, but he took care, somehow or other, to be alone both morning and evening, that he might worship and bow down. He was not constantly at church or chapel, but he was there on the Lord's day, and not unfrequently on other days besides. If for these engagements he could not find time, he just made time. Even when so pressed as he was at Jellalabad, he got his comrades who were like-minded with himself together constantly, that they might join in worshipping and in commending themselves to God; and when on his heaviest marches it was determined to start at some earlier hour than that which he had allotted to his devotions, he arose quite in time to hold undisturbed his usual fellowship with God. He lived and he died, declaring that where there is a will there is a way.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as we are contemplating the godliness which was nurtured by communion with God, and which consisted in walking humbly with God—go and do likewise. When you object the anxieties of your warehouse, remember the anxieties of my tent. When you plead the distractions of your business, remember the distractions of my profession. When you vindicate your irreligiousness, by urging the pressure of your occupations night and day, remember the pressure of my occupations at Ghuznee and Lucknow. Through God's grace, I could live godly in Christ Jesus; so, if you will only try, so can you.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's unavoidable absences from home, he ought assiduously to cherish affectionate attachment for those who constitute his home.

It was his lot to be separated for a long time together from his wife and children. A sense of duty left him no alternative. Circumstances necessitated their absence from one another. But mutual attachment was cultivated with most congenial assiduity. The interchange of sympathy between the father in his solitariness on the Ganges or the Jumna, and the mother with her children on the Rhine, was uninterrupted. Letters by almost every

mail were both the evidence of well-sustained affection and the generous aliment by which the affection was increased. No matter how heavy the pressure of his occupations at one time, or the agreeableness of his relaxation at another, Havelock must keep up his correspondence with home. None so dear to him on earth as its precious inmates. Nothing in his esteem comparable with the honest reciprocation of their irrepressible and yearning love. He lived and he died evincing the imperativeness and the possibility of maintaining the conjugal and the parental responsibilities untarnished and intact.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his virtuous and honorable married life—go and do likewise. Repel the intrusion of the wrong by pre-occupying your sensibilities with the right. Preclude the operation of the evil by surcharging your sympathies with the good. Turn off your eyes from beholding vanity, by keeping ever before you the images of darling children fondly listening as they are told about their absent father by your leal-hearted, loving wife.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's virtues, he ought to trust for his salvation exclusively to Christ alone. That he was virtuous and reputable is beyond doubt. To a long and most eventful life the reference may be made in confirmation. He was patriotic. He was unselfish. He was forgiving. He was veracious. He was temperate. He was pious. Not many of us should be found surpassing him, were investigation to be made into our duties, whether towards God or man. By common consent he was a sound-minded, a right-hearted, and a good-living man.

But he held himself to be personally unworthy of the divine mercy. By his reading of Holy Scripture he had concluded himself under sin. In more than one point had he offended against God's commandments: thence he was guilty of all. He had not continued in all things written in the book of the law to do them: consequently he was liable to the curse. But that would not befall him, if so be he would believe in Christ as the sacrifice and propitiation for sin. He did believe in Christ. He submitted himself to the righteousness of God. His sins were forgiven him. He was accepted in the Beloved. He became complete in Christ.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his quiet confidence in the intercession of our Great High Priest—go and do likewise. Put no trust in your own doings, for what do they amount to at the best? Have done with all reliance upon your integrity, and your loyalty, and your philanthropy; for in evincing these you have acquired no merit at all; you have simply performed your duty, and nothing more. Be the good father, and the good neighbor, and the good citizen, by all means; but be the penitent sinner nevertheless. Through God's grace I renounced dependence on myself, and went and depended on the Saviour; so—if you try—so can you.

Havelock speaks, and says that, whatever a man's liabilities to persecution, he ought to abide resolutely by his convictions of what is right. No secret was it to him that if he confessed Christ before men, he must expect persecution in some or other of its different forms. Not the most congenial with his religious habits and predilections would be the associations and companionships of military life. Would he, under such circumstances as his, conceal his evangelical principles, and imitate Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly, for fear of the Jews? He revolved the question thoughtfully, and presently he was ready with his reply. He dared not act clandestinely. He was under paramount obligation to the Lord Christ. Show him that what he meant to do was wrong, and he would instantly leave it undone. Make it evident that it was at least doubtful or premature, and he would postpone it until it could be reconsidered and ascertained; but, once admit that the course which he projected was in itself prescribed by the grace and the providence of God, and an objector might forthwith hold his peace. "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord," was his answer then, "and I can not go back." The satirist might sting, and the sarcastic might exasperate contempt; misrepresentation might attribute his peculiarities to eccentricity, rather than to principle; to chagrin, rather than to deliberation; to obstinacy, rather than to conscientiousness; to a deeper form of worldly policy, rather than to spirituality of mind: timidity might forebode unpleasant consequences from the misrepresentations, and expedi-

ency might gravely recommend him to be somewhat careful about the main chance; but it was in vain. The opposition, in the different forms of it, availed nothing against the call of duty from the Lord. He was not ambitious of singularity; but he was bent upon obedience. He was perfectly aware that he might be mistaken; but he exercised himself to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his inflexible adherence to his convictions—go and do likewise. Tell the employer who bids you to falsify and defraud, that you must refuse his bidding. Tell the counselor who misquotes the apostolic text, about being all things to all men, that you must have something better than misquotation. Tell the men of this time-serving, money-grasping, self-seeking, luxurious generation, that, politic or impolitic, competency or no competency, through good report or through evil report, you, the individual man, mean fearlessly to do the right and straightforward thing. Tell yourself, when by unbelief you get entangled, and embarrassed, and disheartened, that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart; and then, hoping against hope, bravely hold on your way. Through God's grace I outbraved and outlived the opposition which threatened and impeded me; so, if you try, so can you.

Havelock speaks, and says that, whatever a man's professional calling, he ought to aim evangelically at doing good.

Most sincerely did he esteem all faithful ministers of Christ. Upon the services which they conducted was he a constant attendant, whenever he had the opportunity. For a stated and settled administration, both of the word and ordinances of the Gospel, he evinced the highest possible respect. In no degree would he heedlessly infringe upon what he always held to be an institution of the Head of the Church. At the same time, when those around him were perishing for lack of knowledge, and there were none ready to interfere to prevent the consummation of the calamity, he felt constrained to interfere himself. The duty of doing good and communicating was remembered. The responsibility of striving together for the faith of the Gospel was realized. The injunction to love

our neighbor as ourselves was apprehended. The fact that, in the apostolic times, men who were not specially ordained went every where preaching the Word, came up to his recollection; and, as the result, he felt that he must preach. He could expound to the inquiring the meaning of Christ's gracious invitations, and he could enforce upon the thoughtless the lessons of Christ's solemn admonition. He began the effort, and he continued it to the last; often, if not in every case, most diligently preparing, in order, by the manifestation of the truth, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his evangelical services at the Shivey-dagoon and Jellalabad—go, and do likewise. Never be ashamed of Christ. If you believe that your servants, your neighbors, your companions, are, whilst unconverted, dead in trespasses and sins, take care to tell them of their danger. If you are well assured that not one of them need to remain dead in trespasses and sins another hour, the Holy Spirit being most willing to make them alive unto God, render your assurance the ground of action, without delay or hesitation, and beseech them to invoke the new heart, through the intercession of the Son of God. Break with the selfishness that has been withholding you. Renounce the indolence that has been hindering you. Correct the mistake that has been misleading you. Through God's grace I was enabled to exhort, and to warn, and to encourage, even so that many were converted from the error of their ways: so, if you try, so will you be enabled also.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's ecclesiastical or theological preferences, he ought to show brotherly regard for all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

No doubt was there, within his circle, of the preferences which he cherished for one of the various bodies of which Christ's Church is now composed. His correspondence and his conversations, and his conduct generally, made his denominational preferences plain. It was not his habit to make light of any portion of his Lord's discovered will. Latitudinarianism, in every aspect of it, was held in utter disrepute.

But in equal disrepute did he hold

every aspect of sectarianism. Who might rely upon his coöperation in their aggressions upon the world's misery and wickedness? Every Christian body under heaven. Who might send for him in any seasons of their sorrow, or assure themselves, if he was within their reach, of his readiness to weep with them as they wept? Every Christian family throughout the world. Who might trust themselves implicitly to his generosity, certain that if they were misrepresented he would fraternally undertake their defense? Every Christian community, however designated, whether so illustrious as to be envied, or so insignificant as to be despised. Who might reckon that, in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, he if possible, would be present, gratefully acknowledging the right of every believer in Christ to show forth his death in that service until he comes again? Every section of the entire Christian Church. Then did he make no reservation of his evangelical friendships and fellowships at all—not even in the commemoration of the death of his Redeemer at the sacramental table? He made no reservation. Enough for him that a man was a servant of the Lord Christ.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as you are contemplating his large-hearted Christian charity, go and do likewise. Give way to the warmer impulses of your regenerated nature. Remember the Master's memorable reproof to the disciples who boasted that they had forbidden a man, because he followed not with them. Read the apostolic injunctions to receive one another, as Christ also hath received us to the glory of God: "Whereunto you have already attained, walk by the same rule, mind the same thing." Speak the truth, as you have been assisted to apprehend it, but always speak the truth in love. Through God's grace I was enabled to be valiant for the truth upon the earth, whilst I kept the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. So, if you try, will you be enabled also.

Havelock speaks, and he says that, whatever a man's maturity of Christian experience, he ought to continue diligently faithful even unto death.

Firm was his belief in the inviolable security of the saints of God. Like an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast, was the persuasion that no child of

God could ever perish. That every genuine Christian would be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, he knew; but then, he knew, besides, that every genuine Christian would keep himself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. Beyond all fair question was the guarantee of perseverance on God's part; beyond all fair question also was the duty of perseverance on his own part. Hence, his patient continuance in well-doing. Hence, his pressing towards the mark for the prize of his high calling. Hence, his diligence to be found of his Lord in peace.

What has been done may be done again. Go, saith Havelock, as we are contemplating him in the act of his departure in the Alumbagh, go and do likewise. I have found the necessity to be imperative to run with patience the race that was set before me. I have derived no satisfaction from the reminiscences of former times, except as they have been confirmed by the habits of the present time. I have been constrained to continue in the grace of God, to hold fast the profession of my faith, to cleave unto the Lord with purpose of heart; and now, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for He is with me: his rod and his staff they comfort me. Through God's grace I have been enabled to fight the good fight, to finish my course, to keep the faith; so, if you try, so will you be enabled also.

One distinguished soldier reminds us of another. See the one: he is dying; and thus he speaks: "Come and show me that a man who was at one time in a state of grace can never fall away from grace: if you can show me that, I die content; not else." See the other: he is dying, and thus he speaks: "Come and see how a Christian can die. I have so ruled my life for more than forty years, that when it came I might face death without fear. I die happy and contented. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour! We shall meet in heaven."

Who dies like that? Who are tranquil, not terrified; confident, not doubtful; expectant, not desolate; joyous, not sad? The men who rule their lives as did Havelock; the men who live the life which they live in the flesh, a life of faith upon the Son of God; the men who continue and end as they began, rejoicing in

Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh.

Being dead! Yes, a nation mourns his loss; and, judging from such indications as the lowering of their colors half-mast-high by one fleet after another as his death was heard of in the United States, other nations, we gather, sympathize with our sense of loss. The country will have him honored. India demands the celebration of his deeds. The world must know that we hold him in renown.

Be it so. But one thing is incumbent first of all. Let every reader of this sketch be personally a follower of him, as he followed Christ. Let him go and imitate his example; and whether he be the statesman, or the magistrate, or the lawyer, or the physician, or the soldier, or the merchant, or the yeoman, or the artisan, or the shopkeeper, or the assistant, or the domestic servant, bring out in the habitudes of a religious life henceforward the indelible eulogium:

"Sacred to the Memory of Henry Havelock."

That will be legible when the sculptured inscription will be illegible. That will tell when the granite and the marble are un-availing. That will be an honor done to him of which Christ will take grateful cognizance. That will be an association with his name which shall be consummated gloriously, when in his company we ascribe all might, majesty, and dominion to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.

Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honor.

A Tribute of the Tongue and Pen.

By Edwin Paxton Hood. 18mo, 68 pp. London: John Snow.

THE CHARACTER OF HAVELOCK.

In the middle ages the true hero's heart was said to be the Broad Stone of Honor—stainless and impregnable, living above fear, without spot and without reproach; on the banks of the Rhine, as we know, there frowns still the mighty, massive tower of other days—it too was called Ehrenbreitstein—The Broad Stone of Honor—because it had never yielded to attack, and storm of war and siege. Alas! it is but a fiction. The heart, spotless and without reproach, has never

existed in the annals of our race, and the strong manicholated towers of the castle of the middle ages yield at last to the tempest and the storm of war. And yet it is a possibility—a glorious possibility—that the stainless and heroic heart that can “*endure hardness as a good soldier*,” will at last be presented, when the warfare is over, “*without spot or wrinkle or any such thing*.” It is most healthful and invigorating to contemplate such possibilities—to reflect on what may be done in human nature and for it by the Divine strength and grace; and how a man may be raised above self-seeking and meanness, and cowardice and time-serving; and how a man may have a heart reflecting uprightness like a mirror, and enduring, firm, and faithful as a rock.

More than one of our periodicals has identified Wordsworth's “Happy Warrior” with Havelock:

“Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he?
That every man in arms would wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
thought;

Whose high endeavors are an inward light.
That makes the path before him always
bright;

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Whose powers shed round him in the com-
mon strife

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,
But *who*, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has
joined

Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness like a man inspired.
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object to a nation's eye,
Or, left unthought of in obscurity,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be
won.

Who, if he rise to station or command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself enjoys his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms would wish to be.”

The whole of that fine poem finds its

realization in our great general, although written to commemorate another beautiful hero, whose character combined the sweetest gentleness with truest bravery—Lord Collingwood.

Ah! how varied the feelings with which the children of men look back upon the years of life—how varied the emotions with which they say: “I have finished!” “I have finished my course,” says the gamester; I have played my last deal; I have staked my last chance; I have lost my all. “I have finished my course,” says the scholar; I have read my last volume; I have mastered my last problem; I have noted the last fact; I have terminated the last inquiry. “I have finished my course,” says the statesman; I have issued my last ukase; I have framed my last bill, my last speech, my last line of conduct. “I have finished my course,” says the warrior; I have led on the last battle, conducted the last siege, struck the last blow. “I have finished my course,” says the Christian; I have heaved the last sigh, the last prayer; I have held the last fellowship; I have spoken the last exhortation—“I have finished my course.”

When we read, in the course of history, of men whose sudden appearance startled the world by the prodigies of their bravery—who appeared to save it by their wisdom, or by the inventiveness of their genius, we can not but wonder where they have been concealed. How is it, we have said, while the world is so full of incompetents and incapables, that they have been hidden so long? Alas! the course of the noblest and the bravest has usually been concealed. Has it not usually been the way of the world, “to keep folly at the helm and wisdom under the hatches?” “High buildings have a low foundation.” Fame, narrow at its source, like a small river, broadens like an ocean at its close.

God only knows the illustrious clouds of witnesses who gather around our path and over our career, who have been and are “nameless,” as Sir Thomas Brown would say, “in worthy deeds.” Depend upon it, the most illustrious lives—lives dignified by the most eminent holiness, the most exalted self-denial, and beautified by the most celestial affections—have ever been unwritten, save “in the Lamb's book of life.” “The Canaanitish woman,” says the dear old writer, “lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one.

And who would not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?"

A bragging bully, who has impertinently elbowed his way to power, easily pushes aside that modest merit, to whose wisdom in a moment of emergency he will be compelled to appeal, and on whose strong arm he will be compelled to lean. Great moments and great emergencies reveal truly great men, as surely as ordinary times and ordinary circumstances conceal them. It is one of the most eminent characteristics of a truly illustrious man, that he does not desire greatness, either for himself or for its own sake; and he will be concealed amidst

"The old patrician trees, so great and good,"

on the farm or in the cottage, at the villages of Hampden, St. Ives, or Lostwithiel; but the occasion calls, and he obeys and comes forward. It is to such a moment that we owe the eminence of Have-lock.

You will not judge the time misplaced if I keep it, this morning, with some notices of the great soldier and his course. It has passed in comparative obscurity, and but few glimpses can be obtained; but the few illustrate the whole, and the early morning of the day illustrates its closing evening. The first incidents especially are in keeping with those legends which generally surround, with a shadowy and romantic cloudland, the cradles and the childhoods of eminent men. His name instantly suggests his ancestry—as a descendant of those strong Northmen who settled in the North of England, and

from thence—from Bishopswearmouth, in Sunderland, of a respectable father, who had not only founded his fortunes, but had also lost them again—Henry Have-lock claimed his parentage.

Is it not characteristic of the human nature of the boy, that when he was about seven years of age, from a very high bough he was attempting to take a bird's nest, the branch broke, and he fell down; the boughs broke his fall, or there probably the young hero had terminated his career; as it was, he lay on the ground insensible: when he recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, he was asked if he did not feel frightened when the branch snapped, and he felt himself falling. "No," said he, "I did not think of being frightened; I had enough to do to think of the eggs, for I thought they were sure to be smashed to pieces!" It is a small incident; but the answer is the very soul of all truly great character—the entire forgetfulness of self in the object pursued, whether that object be in childhood a bird's nest, or in old age the relief of Lucknow. And this little incident is mentioned of courage and forethought at twelve, when seeing an infuriated dog worrying a sheep, he did not merely fly before the dog with force to meet brutality with brutality, but made a rope from a haystack near at hand, threw it round the dog's neck, and then threw the dog into a neighboring pond to cool and recover, and so walked coolly himself away. Thus, you see, nature laid the foundations in a truly noble human character; and divine grace afterwards glorified it with "the seeds of the kingdom."

From the British Quarterly.

RESIDENCE ABOVE THE CLOUDS—THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.*

IN the summer of 1856 the yacht *Titan*—the property of Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P.—was tripping across the

waters on her way to the island of Teneriffe. She carried a little cargo of scientific instruments. She had also an astronomer on board. Professor Piazzi Smyth—that was his name—is well known as the official inspector of the Scottish skies. Why, therefore, should a gentleman who is in charge of the Heavens in the north-

* *Teneriffe, an Astronomer's Experiment; or Specialties of a Residence above the Clouds.* By C. PIAZZI SMYTH, F.R.S.S.I. & E., F.R.A.S., etc. Illustrated with Photo-Stereographs. London: Lovell Reeve. 1858.

ern part of Her Majesty's dominions be steering for the Canaries with a park of barometers, telescopes, photographic cameras, and other instruments suited for a philosophical campaign?

The reason was this. Advised by the Astronomer-Royal, the Lords of the Admiralty had resolved to dispatch a scientific missionary to some southern mountain for the purpose of determining how far the art of observation might be improved if conducted at a considerable height. The atmosphere is good, very good, in its relation to the human lungs; and its clouds are excellent, very excellent, as the carriers of moisture and the dispensers of fatness for the soil. But to the astronomer they are often productive of grave annoyance. How frequently, after waiting impatiently for the extinction of the day, are his hopes of starry study frustrated by the thick mists which seem to muddy the air from top to bottom! How easily are his telescopes spiked by the drops of an impertinent nimbus! When some fine celestial transaction—doubly precious from its rarity—is shut out from view by a thick screen of clouds, must he not feel like a man, who, after coming to witness a new drama, sees the curtain suddenly descend, and learns that the play must be performed with this impenetrable veil between? Nor is it vapor alone with which the astronomer has to contend. In such delicate matters as telescopic observation, any disturbances in the atmosphere, whether due to heat, motion, foreign ingredients, or otherwise, may seriously affect his conclusions. Phenomena like the mirage, Fata Morgana, inverted ships, and spectral castles, shows what pranks of vision may be occasioned by the irregular refraction of light in its passage through the air. Considering that the astronomer is placed at the bottom of a great aerial ocean, through the whole thickness of which the rays must dive before they can enter his instruments, we might almost as well despair of obtaining perfect results as a scientific merman who should come out of his coral cave in the bed of the sea, and point his tube to the surface in the hope of obtaining a steady image of the vessels riding on the billows.

Newton, in his *Optics*, asserted that telescopes could not be so constructed as to avoid the confusion of rays arising from the "tremors of the atmosphere." He

saw but one remedy; and that was to enter a "serene and quiet air such as may be found on the tops of the highest mountains above the grosser clouds." Bacon, in his *New Atlantis*, says that the noble corporation of philosophers who belonged to Solomon's House had lofty towers, some half a mile in stature, which were built upon hills so as to obtain a total elevation of three miles at the least. These were used for the "view of divers meteors, as winds, rain, snow, hail, and some of the fiery meteors also;" for, upon the tops, hermit-observers, astronomical anchorites, were stationed to report what was going on in the upper air.

But Newton's suggestion was long neglected, and Bacon's towers have never yet been discovered. It was not until the year 1856 that any formal attempt was made to employ a mountain as an observatory, and to put one third of the atmosphere out of the way of the astronomer's instruments. The Peak of Teneriffe was selected. Soaring to the height of 10,700 feet above the sea, in its more accessible parts, and situated in a nearly tropical latitude, that famous beacon was deemed an excellent eyrie for an observer. An expedition was accordingly equipped. Government gave £500. Mr. Stephenson lent his yacht. Professor Smyth offered his science and experience, and away went the astronomer of Scotland to take up his residence for a few weeks—

"In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth."

He soon arrived in the Canarian Archipelago. This little family of islands consists of seven individuals. Their physiognomy is decidedly volcanic. There is no mistaking it any more than the carbuncled visage of the drunkard. Once they were thought to be the relics of a great continent which lies drowned beneath the surges of the Atlantic. Poets or poetical historians hailed them as the "Happy Isles"—simply, we imagine, because they wanted a site for a pretty fiction, and thought it would be safest from disturbance if carried out to a considerable distance at sea. But to plain men of prose, these rocky pimples look marvelously like a number of volcanic cones which have been elevated from the bed of the ocean. You might fancy they had forced their way to the surface, panting and strug-

gling, to breathe the free air of heaven, and give vent to the fires which were consuming their interior. Tallest and largest of these Plutonic excrescences in the Archipelago, is the Island of Teneriffe. Its Peak, which voyagers assert they have seen at a distance of a hundred miles and upwards, was hidden from the eyes of the new visitors by drifting masses of cloud, but suddenly there was a rent in the veil of vapor, and through that opening they beheld the monarch mountain of the group gleaming in the glorious sunshine as if to tempt them to land and do homage at his feet. It was but for a few moments, however. The mists soon filled up the fissure, the drapery was drawn again around his form, and the vision was "taken up into heaven," as if it were too precious for a lengthened look. They landed at Santa Cruz, where the prodigious heaving of the ocean under the pressure of the trade-winds sometimes hid the tops of the highest steeples in the town, and compelled the vessels in the roadstead to perform the most preposterous gymnastics.

Other and very different expeditions have entered the same bay and been tossed on the same breakers. It was here that Nelson came in the month of July, 1797, to crown his head with "laurel or cypress." In the darkness of the night six divisions of boats set out for the mole, and on nearing it, the assailants gave a right lusty huzza which drew upon them a storm of fire from the cannon and muskets of the Spaniards. Some of the boats were swamped in the surf; some reached the landing-place and the men swept it clear of its defenders; but the crushing discharges from the fortress mowed them down in turn and made it impossible to proceed. One hapless cutter, the *Fox*, with 180 souls on board, was struck by a shot, and went down, scattering her crew upon the waters. Of these, eighty-three alone were rescued from death. The gallant Trowbridge, having lost his mark in the gloom of the night, pulled for the shore under the citadel, and effected a landing. They waited in the Great Square expecting every moment to be joined by the Admiral and his contingent; but day broke and no Admiral appeared. Then, perceiving that he had only a small force of some 340 men to oppose to many thousands of the

enemy, Trowbridge sent a message to the Governor, declaring that he would burn the town unless he were allowed to retire unmolested. To this bold proposition Don Juan Antonio Gutierrez thought it most prudent to assent, and the British withdrew to their ships with a loss of 250 men. Where was Nelson? Whilst landing on the mole, an early bullet pierced his elbow, and he was removed to the nearest ship in order that the limb might be amputated. He became a "left-handed Admiral;" deemed himself a disabled trunk, and asked for a frigate "to convey the remains of his carcass to England" that he might make room for a "sounder man to serve the State." England should have answered him as the spirited maiden replied to her lover who was so dreadfully mutilated in a battle on one of the American lakes that he offered to release her from her engagement—"Tell him if he has but body enough left to hold his soul, I will have him."

Far more brilliant, or, at least, far less disastrous in its results, was the scene which took place in the year 1857, when Robert Blake rode into the harbor of Santa Cruz. The silver fleet, freighted with the produce of the Peruvian mines, was there. For this precious flotilla the bold sea-general had long been on the watch; but, wearied with the delay, he came to seek it in the Canaries. It was bravely protected: forts with powerful ordnance, earthworks manned by swarms of marksmen, great ships of war waiting the signal to pour forth their shattering broadsides, were all prepared to rain death upon the expected Englishmen. To enter that harbor with his battered vessels seemed to be an act of heroic lunacy on the part of the British commander; for if once in, how could he withdraw from the fire of the land batteries, in the teeth of the steady "Trades," even if he should succeed in annihilating the naval force of the Spaniards? But the Nelson of the Commonwealth, springing from his sick bed, dashed into the bay, and, before night, every ship which belonged to the enemy was burnt or sunk! No sooner was the terrible work completed than a rare, but fortunate turn in the wind occurred; and his vessels were carried out to sea by this "protestant" breeze, as the contrary current had carried them in. Well might the Span-

iards console themselves, as Lord Clarendon remarks, by asserting that they had been beaten by devils, and not by men.

Very different was the reception accorded to Professor Smyth's pacific expedition. The Spanish authorities witnessed the invasion of their territory without distrust, though, when an excursion is undertaken purely in the interests of science, we are scarcely disposed to look upon the mere permission to traverse the island at will as an act of conspicuous "liberality." The first duty, however, was to fix upon a suitable station for a mountain observatory. It must not be lower than 4000 feet above the sea, for it were, the clouds of the region would drown the astronomer's vision as effectually as a London fog. Nor must it be too high, for then access would be laborious, and communication with the nether world unpleasantly interrupted. To drag their astronomical artillery up to the summit of the true Peak, more than 12,000 feet in all, appeared as formidable an undertaking as it was to transport cannon across the pass of St. Bernard; and even if that could be accomplished, the hot vapors discharged from the crater would probably vitiate the observations they intended to make. A hill called Guajara was finally selected. Its height was nearly 9000 feet. Next in stature to the Peak, it was not, like that, a chimney for volcanic smoke and steam. Accordingly, on the 14th July, a long cavalcade of men, horses, and mules, with a quantity of philosophical baggage, wound its way up the side of the mountain. Setting out at day break, the expedition reached cloud-land in due time, passing through one botanical zone after another; and, before the sun had well gone down, the Professor and his followers stood safely upon the summit of Guajara. Next morning, they opened their "aerial campaign." Tents were pitched, and fortified against the winds by inclosures of rugged masonry. "Build your walls high and strong towards the S.W.," said the first letter they received from the lower world, "or your tents will be torn to ribbons." The advice was good, for the party were often visited with tremendous blasts. These wild couriers of the sky came rushing up the mountain like horsemen to the charge; they hurled themselves against the face of the precipice below, and then poured over the brow of the cliffs, raging and roaring as they advanced.

The sand was lifted up and launched in clouds. It was not their only missile, for even little pebbles were snatched from the earth, and showered around in a miniature *mitraille*. As the enemy bowled along to the station, you might almost have expected the Professor to give the word: "Prepare to receive cavalry." And when the airy squadrons broke upon the tents, and the poles began to rock to and fro like the masts of a vessel in a gusty day, it really appeared as if they were bent upon sweeping the invaders from the hill. Still there seemed to be a touch of good-nature in the young hurricanes which dashed over the camp. One of these pirouetting visitors seized a heavy piece of canvas, ten feet square, which was spread out on the rock, "whirled it round and round in a horizontal plane, and then deposited it again as flat as before, almost in its former position." On another occasion, a box, containing a roll of blue cotton cloth forty yards long, was lying open with one extremity of the garment protruding. A mischievous little whirlwind spied its opportunity whilst the Professor was busy with his instruments, and rushing up, grasped the end of the cloth, whipped it out of its case, and carried it high into the air with its full length unfurled. "So high was it, that it looked like a mere piece of ribbon. Three times completely did it sail slowly round in a circle, accompanied by some hats, caps, and other small matters, that looked like swallows beside it, and then descending leisurely, it fell about four hundred yards to the S.W. of our position." We do not know whether most to admire the fine illustration thus afforded of the revolving principles on which hurricanes are conducted, or the pleasant windy waggy which these particular cases present. "Gentlemen," these rough children of Æolus appeared to say, "you know you have no right here. This is our mountain; it is no place for you. Why should you intrude into our domain? The world is wide enough for us all. You can't be here for any good purpose. What do you want with all those suspicious instruments? Pack them up again, and get down as soon as you can to your peaceful plains. We might easily make you uncomfortable if we liked; but we don't choose to take strong measures if you will only decamp with reasonable dispatch. We will just show you a little of our

power, and then you can judge for yourselves." So up went the cloth, down bent the tent-pole; the canvas flapped and quivered in the blast; and a blinding volley of gravel was showered over the person of the intrusive Professor.

In spite of these boisterous aborigines, however, the invaders held their ground, and made themselves as much at home as circumstances would permit. In truth, it was a lonely world. There they were, nearly 9000 feet above the haunts of men, dwelling in a volcanic wilderness, and on the very margin of a great crater, whose diameter was not less than eight miles. Within ten paces of the station a tremendous precipice commenced, with a plunge of more than 1500 feet. Hovering over the sea, half way beneath their position, the clouds brought by the trade-wind formed themselves into a plateau of gray vapor, which extended to the horizon on every hand; and so even was its surface, that the spectator fancied he might have walked across on its pavement of watery vesicles to the island of Palma, which showed its summits in the distance. This hanging-plain, however, did not approach close to the mountain side. A rim of cloud, lower in elevation, and thinner in substance, ran round the cliffs, as if attached to their flanks, like the "ice foot" of the polar shores. Generally there was an interval between the two strata of vapor, through which the ocean might be seen—sometimes whipped into foam under the breeze, whilst the winds might perhaps be hushed, and all was calm on the brow of the rock. At this height, and in such a stony region, the powers of vegetation seemed to be well nigh exhausted. Yet as if to show how happily Nature can still employ her energies in the most unfavorable circumstances, one bush springs up when all others have succumbed to the rigors of the locality. This is the *retama*, (*cyrtis nubi-genus*.) It is required to grow in a cindery soil, and on declivities where the particles are kept in constant motion, gliding along like a powdered glacier, but with a much swifter pace. It must vegetate, too, in an arid atmosphere, far above the ordinary line of mist, and on ground rarely refreshed by summer showers. Yet this brave little plant strikes its roots into the earth, and manages to gain a firm footing on the treacherous slopes. There it flourishes on the meagerest allowance of moisture, and af-

fords ample supplies of fuel to the traveler when he wants to cook his provisions, or to protect himself from the cutting cold of the night. And when night does come, how greatly is the loveliness of the scene enhanced. "There was," says Professor Smyth, "the silence and stillness of death." It was a silence which would have been striking even to Ossian's heroes of the mist and ghosts of the hills. For, on Teneriffe, there were no gurgling torrents, no madly-rushing cataracts to keep the mountain awake with their sleepless roar. Not a single stream existed to enliven this Sahara of sound. To the listener, in the dead of night, far above the levels of human life, the utter taciturnity of Nature is more solemn, and perhaps more stunning, than the crashes of her loudest thunder. "A faint tinkle, tinkle, now and then from a stray goat was the only sound to be heard during this anxious period; and though the creature was far off, one could distinguish whenever it stopped to browse on some solitary retama bush, and then when it trotted off to find another."

What, then, were the scientific questions to which the attention of the Professor was turned whilst dwelling in these towering solitudes? We can only give a few illustrations. If the reader should be a bit of a meteorologist, or will be kind enough to consider himself such for a few moments, he will doubtless take some interest in the humidity of the upper air. We don't ask him to display any passion—attachment to hygrometers, nor do we expect that he will feel particularly enthusiastic on the subject of mountain moisture in general. But when he learns that this topic has been the bone of philosophical contention—that rival theories exist on the point, and that each of these has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of its upholders, he will probably prick up his ears, and even long to have a finger in the fight.

Does dryness increase or decrease as we ascend? When we look upwards, and see whole acres of vapor floating at great heights in the air—when we observe the gray mists gathering in solemn convocation upon the summits of the hills, and shrouding them for days together, we might naturally assume that the elevated regions of the earth must be more watery than the inferior. We should say that the man who proposes to live in *nubibus*

for a time ought to take a quantity of umbrellas and mackintosh garments, unless, like a pillar saint of old, he considered it part of his penances to endure all the vicissitudes of the weather without protection. Explorers, too, in various quarters have observed much to confirm this plausible conclusion. Thus, at Table Mountain, the traveler begins with arid sand, which exhibits the characteristic vegetation of a dry region, and ends with boggy flats, where reeds and marshy plants abound, and the air is charged with a cold wet mist.

But when Saussure and Deluc came down from the Alps, hygrometer in hand, their instrumental readings appeared to be quite inconsistent with this view. Humboldt's American researches confirmed the doubts of the French philosophers. Various aeronauts have also added their observations, and these, says Professor Smyth, "have now unalterably established the fact that, from the surface of the earth up to the level of the first Newton's grosser clouds, moisture evidently increases; but above that level suddenly and greatly decreases, barring exceptional cases, to more than African dryness."

At any rate, the question might be fairly tried on the pinnacles of Teneriffe. Unfortunately, the Professor has given us no hygrometric observations taken at the level of the sea, nor any particulars of atmospheric pressure in the lowlands, from which the full value of his results might be determined. In truth, this want of comparative data generally greatly impairs the scientific sufficiency of his book, and lays his conclusions open to the assumption that they may have sometimes been founded on partial or transitory conditions. If provision was not made for the simultaneous registration of all meteorological changes beneath as well as above the clouds of the Peak, so far as this could be done, we think it was a flaw in the arrangements of an excellent and laudable expedition. But however this may be, many of the facts adduced by the Professor show that, instead of a sloppy atmosphere, as the first theory would lead us to expect on Teneriffe, the dryness of its upper stories, at this season of the year, was quite remarkable. On ascending the mountain, the lips of the party began to split, the skin cracked, the nails became exceedingly brittle, the hair grew crisper and more frizzly, and the faces of

the travelers were soon browned and blistered by the sun. The bread became so desperately hard in the course of half a day, that even nautical teeth would have gnawed through it with some difficulty, and a set of iron incisors alone could have done adequate justice to such fare. Sad havoc was made with the scientific tackle in consequence of the extreme aridity of the air. Cracks opened in the photographic apparatus, and pictures came out with ugly black lines across their surface. Fissures, into which you might insert a finger, were discovered in the lids of gay mahogany cases. The wooden scale of a thermometer bent into such a curve that the tube was snapped, and the central portion driven to a considerable distance. The microscopical glasses were found glued into a nauseous lump by the shrinking of the cork in a bottle of viscid Canada balsam. The electrometer was damaged by the contraction of its base on the glass bell, and the magnetometer suffered acutely from the warping of the wood, until relieved by chisels and penknives. Queerest of all disasters, perhaps, was that which happened to a box. On attempting to lift it carefully by both handles, the lid and sides alone responded to the call; the body, with its lockers and contents, remaining behind, as if the tenacity of the glue had been totally destroyed.

There was certainly one advantage arising from this dessication of the air. The bushes gathered by the travelers burn readily even in their green and youthful condition. The retama made brilliant fires, particularly when assisted by the *codoso*, otherwise *adenocarpus frankenoides*—what imposing titles botanists do give poor little bushes! The Professor is warm in his praises of their culinary services. The one began the blaze right joyously—the other continued the good work with its more substantial stuff. Hence the pot boiled merrily in the mountain air. But, of course, as the pressure of the atmosphere was so much less, the point of ebullition must needs be so much lower. At the very top of the central cone the boiling temperature was afterwards found to be about 191° ; consequently, if articles had to be seethed or decocted at this elevation, upwards of twenty degrees of good caloric would have been cut off from the service of the cook, and the operation must have been continued for a lengthened period if the full benefit of

the process was to be obtained. Sometimes this circumstance has been productive of much annoyance to travelers. Can you get eggs delicately done—can you procure first-rate tea, if the water goes off in steam when it reaches a temperature of little more than 191°F ? The Professor not only thinks it possible, but seems to laugh at the difficulties which other explorers appear to have encountered. Mrs. Smyth, who is capital at a cup of tea, triumphed over the atmosphere, and even produced a more excellent beverage *in ætædis* than she could have done in the valleys. This the Professor explains on the principle, that as the air is expelled from the leaves at a lower temperature, their flavor is not dissipated to the same extent by the application of heat. But if this be correct, what of the eggs and similar commodities? Mr. Darwin tells us that whilst high up amongst Andes, his party found their potatoes as hard as ever after several hours' boiling. The pot was kept on the fire all night; the operation was continued next morning; but still the vegetable remained perfectly obdurate. Two of his attendants were heard discussing the phenomenon, and the conclusion they formed was that the vessel must be bewitched. "It takes nearly as long again," says a visitor to the Hospice of St. Bernard, "to cook meat as it would if the water boiled at the ordinary point of 212° . The fire must be kept glowing, and the pot boiling five hours, to cook a piece of meat which it would have taken only three hours to get ready for the table if the water would only have waited till 212° . This costs fuel, so that a dish of bouilli makes the monks consume an inordinate quantity of wood in the kitchen."

Rain, of course, could scarcely be expected at this season of the year. Were not the clouds brought by the trade winds some thousands of feet beneath their position? It is true the great counter current which flows from the equator to the poles was streaming steadily along in the upper regions of the atmosphere, but it was too high in its course to deposit its moisture upon a region so little removed from the tropical belt. Let it travel to the latitude of the British islands, and there, having descended to a lower level and entered a colder sky, it would drench the natives, as it was frequently doing at that very period. These high

S. W. winds do occasionally let fall a few drops upon the mountain, and upon the vineyards beneath; but Providence has kindly enjoined them to reserve their contents for more northerly climes. Why? Each atom of vapor they transport has been raised in a region of sunshine, and bears with it a quantity of tropical warmth. On mixing with the cold air of less favored latitudes, this vapor condenses and gives out its latent heat. Thus the temperature of lands like Great Britain is ameliorated—in fact, supported—by regular subsidies of warmth from the South. That great current, conscientiously abstains from expending any considerable quantity of moisture until it reaches the region of comparative cold, as if it knew it was freighted with the most precious of principles, that its drops were the glad carriers of caloric, and that many a fair land might wither were this fleet of golden vesicles—argosies more richly laden than those of Mexico or Peru—staid in its course or diverted to another destination.

Another interesting question was to determine the amount of solar radiation in these elevated tracts. In other words, what was the strength of the sun's rays before they plunged into the denser part of the atmosphere, and sacrificed a large portion of their caloric in their transit through the ocean of vapor below? Here the good reader must distinguish between temperature and radiation. They are different things. The one may be represented by the climate of the room in which you sit: the other by the direct influences of the fire which enlivens the apartment. The thermometer may indicate a general warmth of sixty or seventy degrees; but let it gradually approach the hearth, and the quicksilver will mount until it has reached the top of its calorific gamut and fractured the tube in its expansive rage. Now judging from the nightcaps of snow which are worn by the tallest mountains, and remembering that if we could climb to the height of some 15,000 feet at the Equator itself we should find every pinnacle coated with ice, we might conclude that the sun's beams must be less powerful in these lofty solitudes than in the humbler plains. It would be a great mistake. It certainly sounds like a paradox to say that if the Tower of Babel had been completed, the garrets would have been white with frost, and the inhabitants of the upper stories shivering

with cold, though the direct heat of the sun would be considerably greater than that received from him at the ground-floors of the pile. Such, however, would unquestionably have been the case. The depth and density of the atmosphere explain the phenomenon. Let a schoolboy possessed of a convex lens, and eager as all schoolboys are, when so enriched, to burn holes in the hands of their companions; try the pleasing experiment when the sun is declining in the heavens, and he will find it difficult to make a proper impression upon the cuticle of his patient; but let him operate towards the middle of the day, and the writhings of his victim will soon assure him that he has completely succeeded in his little *auto-da-fé*. The solar rays have in fact to traverse a much greater extent of air when the sun is on the horizon than when he is in the zenith, and consequently are shorn of much of their calorific power before they alight on the earth. This loss has been variously estimated. Few have reckoned it at much less than a third of the heat of the beam when it first strikes upon our atmosphere: and some have supposed that at least seventy parts out of every hundred are intercepted in the vertical descent of a ray. Not that all this valuable warmth is idly squandered; on the contrary, it is absorbed by the air and vapors, and thus serves to heat the great transparent garment which nature has so magnificently woven for the protection of the globe.

But if the upper parts of the atmosphere arrest the choicest portions of the solar fire, why should they not be warmer than the lower? Such, indeed, would be the case, were the air of equal density throughout. But it is not. Its rarity increases in proportion as we ascend, and consequently its capacity for heat augmenting, there is not the same palpable manifestation of warmth in these lofty regions which we expect, and, in fact, experience at the surface of the earth. Neither can the superior strata of the atmosphere profit by the radiation which goes on from the ground, and tends to keep up the temperature of the strata contiguous to the soil. Hence though the attics of the globe receive the "pick" of the sunshine—the virgin effusions of the solar furnace; if we may so speak—the air around is unable to fund the glorious fire so as to raise its own *sensible* temperature to an equivalent height.

These things considered, we shall not be surprised to learn how Professor Smyth's thermometers conducted themselves on the mountains of Teneriffe. On the first day of trial a patent instrument was shattered by the sunshine. It was only qualified to mark a temperature of 140 degrees, but when exposed to the direct rays of the luminary, the quicksilver rose so rapidly that it soon reached this limit, and broke the tube in its efforts to expand. With instruments of higher capabilities the observations were continued, and by noon the mercury stood at 168°. Still more striking results were attained on a subsequent day. One calm morning the fluid ascended to 180° by half-past nine o'clock, and at twelve o'clock it had flowed over, and half filled a kind of safety cistern, the apparatus being only graduated to that extent. But on the 4th of August the sun seemed to come out in such force that you might have thought Phaeton was in charge of his chariot once more. The Professor calculated his heat at 212 degrees! This, as the reader will remember, is the boiling point of water at the level of the sea, and much higher than the boiling point at the summit of a tall mountain. Could the direct temperature of the sun have been imparted to the air and the rock, the climate of Guajara would have surpassed that of the Piombi at Venice, or the Black Hole at Calcutta. The bare foot could not have rested on the ground; the hands could not have touched any object without being blistered; the lungs would have drunk in the attenuated air with fearful gaspings; and the fluids of the body must have exhaled so rapidly, that the traveler would soon become little better than an animated mummy. Yet here, where the fiery shafts from the great luminary might be expected, as a Cape boer remarked of the African orb, to "stick you through" on the spot, they fall harmlessly upon the earth; and here, where we might fancy the ground would be scorched and blackened by exposure to the artillery of the sun, playing upon it without a cloud to break its force, the practical temperature ranged from 60° to 67°. Under cover, the mercury stood at the first of these figures on the day when the exposed bulbs intimated that they were at the boiling point. The direct power of the sunshine therefore, over and above the temperature of the hour, was equivalent to 150 degrees!

It is clear, therefore, that the tops of great mountains are not places where we could advise ladies to indulge in a summer sojourn. What would become of their complexions under the fierce outpourings of a tropical sun? Could baths of Kalydor keep their skins in the fair and dainty condition which it is the glory of the sex to maintain? Would it not be requisite to establish *dépôts* of parasols above the clouds, and to enlarge the dimensions of the round-hats, so as to bring them up—by a small addition, it is true—to the circumference of a coach-wheel? Even in the nether lands of the Canaries, men—and these young active Britons, too—might be seen walking about with blue spectacles on their eyes, and green umbrellas unfurled over their heads. And if bearded people could do this at the level of the sea, could we expect ladies, who have a natural antipathy to tanned visages and crops of freckles, to intrust themselves to the sun in his own hill territory, unless provided with the amplest silken shields, or protected by the immensest straw-canopies? How Mrs. Smyth braved the exposure we are not informed, and it would be impertinent in us to conjecture, even as a matter of pure scientific curiosity.

But if the sun's calorific rays were so far intensified in *excoelais*, what effect would the abstraction of 9000 or 10,000 feet of atmosphere produce upon his chemical beams? After the Professor's descent from the clouds, he took up his photographic implements to the roof of the hotel. He wanted the peak to sit for its portrait. The day was beautifully clear, and every great feature in the mountain was distinctly visible to the eye. There was the steep ridge of Tigayga, for example, with its variegated flanks, glittering in direct frontage to the morning sun. The first plate, however, which issued from the camera contained no Tigayga at all! "Not a ghost of it or of its brethren appeared on the collodion film. We tried another and another, ringing all the changes of long and short exposure, positive and negative developers—yet all to no avail, the detail of the escarpment would not come out. There was only the sky line and a flat tint within that; as if the sun were behind, and not in front of the mountain." Where was Tigayga gone? The atmosphere had intercepted so many of the chemical rays, that it was

literally extinguished on the photographic plate. Aloft at Alta Vista there had been no difficulty in obtaining pictures of the crater-wall at a distance of four miles, in which every ridge, and almost every bush, stamped itself permanently on the silver mirror of the camera; but here, as the author forcibly remarks, the photographic apparatus could only produce "a dim outline of a mountain looming through a chemical fog, where the eye, though sensible of an atmosphere, saw all the lights and shadows of the cliff."

Professor Smyth also, made a dash at another *voxata questio* in science. Do the rays of the moon yield any appreciable heat? That we can not warm our hands in her rays—that cats are rarely found basking in her presence as they do in the glories of the sun—are matters of universal observation; but if she affords so much light, why should she not also afford some caloric? We do not ask for much. A trifle will suffice. But surely it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that if she reflects so considerable an amount of solar illumination, she should also be able to transmit us some noticeable dividend of solar warmth.

Time after time philosophers have experimented on her beams. They have tried her with the most sensitive thermometers; but she would not raise the fluid through the smallest fraction of a degree. They have concentrated her rays by means of reflectors, and brought them to a focus on the bulb of the instrument; yet, though metals would have flashed into vapor under such a test had the sun been the operator, the poor moon did not appear to have fire enough to stir the mercury at all. At length Melloni questioned her with his thermo-multiplier—an apparatus of rare susceptibility—and to him she seemed to reply that she was not the perfect icicle men supposed. So faint, however, was her response, that it has generally been ignored, and the feeble results obtained were ascribed to some disturbing causes; for the process is one of such delicacy that the observer may easily credit the moon with the very caloric which emanates from his own person. In fact, many people seem disposed to adhere to the old fancy, that the lunar rays produce a positive chill. There are gardeners who feel deeply aggrieved by the proceedings of the "Red moon"—one which is on duty in the heavens in April

or May—because they believe that it kills young buds with its icy glare. They do our satellite great injustice. When the sky is clear, the earth parts readily with the heat it has acquired during the day, and the sprouting vegetables consequently suffer from cold: but when a thick curtain of cloud is drawn over the firmament, that heat is retained or reverberated, and the young plants are kept comfortable until the sun returns. As the moon, however, is necessarily invisible when the heavens are overcast, and as her appearances synchronize with the sufferings of the nurserymen, these good people angrily throw the entire blame upon her, and justify their wrath by declaring that her rays are full of frost.

Rejecting, however, the idea of any chilling qualities in our little luminary, it has been supposed that the action of the atmosphere will explain the calorific poverty of her beams. If the sun's shafts suffer such a per centage of loss in their transmission through the air, what will be the case with the borrowed radiance of the moon? Will not the upper portions of the atmosphere suck out the heat from her rays, and consume it, as Sir John Herschel supposes, in dissolving the vapors upon which they impinge?

It was obvious, therefore, that if the lunar beams could be tested before they dip into the denser part of the aerial ocean, the problem of their temperature might be investigated with more decisive results. And here was a philosophical Endymion, quartered on a mountain peak, with nearly 9000 feet of atmosphere beneath him, and the prevailing clouds of the region almost half that distance below his feet. What could be more favorable for a thermometric interview with the goddess? Teneriffe is higher than Latmos, and Mrs. Smyth was at her husband's elbow to protect him from all scandalous remark.

On the 15th August the question was formally asked. It was put by means of a delicate thermo-electric pile. Every precaution was taken to guard against the inroads of foreign caloric. No lights or fires were permitted to exist within a considerable distance of the apparatus. The observer himself was swathed in flannel to prevent the conveyance of heat from his own body. The air was perfectly tranquil, and, except that the moon was low in declination, every thing appeared propi-

tious to the success of the experiment. The requisite arrangements being made, the Professor turned the cone of the instrument to the moon, as much as to say: "Now, madam, be pleased to tell us frankly whether you have a spark of fire in your beams, or whether you are the cold chilling creature some persons choose to assert. If you are not an icicle, oblige me by moving this slender magnetic needle, and then a long litigated problem will be solved." The observer looked anxiously at the little metallic tongue which was to convey her reply. It yielded! slightly, very slightly, it is true; but still sensibly. To make sure of the fact, he repeated the readings about two hundred times that evening, varying the direction of the cone at intervals. In the course of an hour and a half (says he): "I was extremely pleased to find that the mean of the numbers indicated an undoubted heat effect of about a third of a degree."

Certainly a third of a degree, as degrees go on the thermo-multiplier, is a mere bagatelle. The simple warmth of the observer's naked hand at the distance of three feet sufficed to drive the magnetic needle through an arc of seven degrees. In order, however, to obtain a comparative estimate of the force of the lunar caloric, Professor Smyth placed a candle upon a stool fifteen feet from the pile, and found that it emitted a quantity of heat equal to three times that which had been produced by the moon. Assuming, then, that his experiments were tolerably uniform in their results, we must conclude that the earth owes little to its satellite in the article of warmth. For here, shining brilliantly as she did, without a cloud or a mist to lessen her splendor, the whole miserable pittance of caloric she afforded was not equal to that of a candle stationed at the distance of a few feet. And if so feeble in her issues of heat, is it likely, on the other hand, that she can radiate any mischievous influences from her orb? Who will now believe that she can kill sprouting cabbages, putrefy flesh, exasperate lunatic brains, or execute any other of the wicked pranks for which she has so frequently been blamed?

Of course the astronomer availed himself of his propinquity to the moon—for the removal of a mile and a half of feculent atmosphere was a virtual approximation to that luminary—to peer into her wonderful pits. Are they volcanic construc-

tions, or are they not? Many geologists doubt their fiery parentage, or at least question their family resemblance to the Etnas and Heclas of the earth. But after a few observations, and with such a fine sample of a terrestrial crater at his feet, the Professor soon satisfied himself on the point. In several of the hollow mountains of the moon it was impossible to overlook the gentle slope without, the sharp abrupt descent within, the large flat floor, and the peak springing from the center. These were precisely the features which the great basin of Teneriffe might have exhibited to a lunar astronomer, could he have probed it with a "Pattinson Equatorial," though certainly this rock is a protruded mass, whereas the cavities in many of the moon's circular structures are depressed below the level of the adjoining region. Here and there, too, the observer could detect something like a collection of stony lava streams; and when the Spaniards were allowed to examine these and other appearances in the moon, they compared them, without hesitation, to kindred peculiarities in their own private little volcano. Even the singular whiteness noticed by the Professor in the interior of the lunar craters was explained by the caldera of the Peak, where the steam and acid fumes issuing from numerous vents had blanched the rock, and given it the glistening look which it must doubtless have presented to a foreign telescope of competent caliber.

But more was expected of the Professor than this. Some peasants came to him one day with a pleasing and romantic notion in their heads. They had heard strange things of the English astronomer and his prodigious tube. They had been informed that he could actually see into the moon. And if he could do this, what objects must inevitably meet his eye? Clearly, goats. Knowing little of other animals, these simple herdsmen imagined that their own staple quadruped must be as indispensable to the Lunarians as to themselves. Would the Professor allow them to look? It would be so pleasant to see the creatures skipping about in that distant world! Doubtless it was a source of great grief to the astronomer that he could not gratify their wishes. Many a wicked wag, we are afraid, would have had his fun out of these unsophisticated islanders by getting up a lunar "goat."

for the occasion, or manufacturing a monster like that which Butler describes in his *Elephant in the Moon*.

Very interesting and important also were Professor Smyth's observations on Jupiter. That the bands which cross the disc of this planet are regions of cloud has long been assumed; but now, surveyed under high telescopic powers from the clear altitudes of Teneriffe, their true character was elicited beyond all question. The bright parts are obviously vaporous masses, for their forms are as specific as those of our globe. There they were—sailing along under the influence of currents created by the rotation of the orb on its axis, just as our own sublunary cumuli are driven by our own sublunary "trades." It was difficult to gaze at the equatorial parts of the planet without "acquiring the impression of looking at a windy sky: the whole zone of vapor seemed to be in motion; while from its ragged edge portions were torn off and were driving along, some of them rolling over and over, and others pulled out in length, and rearing up towards the forepart, like a sailing-boat scudding before a gale." The polar regions of Jupiter appeared to be quieter and less troubled; but this, as the author says, might be simply the effect of perspective. He came to the conclusion, also, that there was here, as there is on our earth, a "medial line of calm"—a half-way belt of tranquillity—in the atmosphere, which does not exactly correspond with the equator. Should this be "borne out by future observations, it may be held to arise from the same causes which make the Southern Trades overbalance the Northern upon our earth, and throw the zone of so-called equatorial calm into north latitude, namely, the unequal distribution of land and sea surface in the two hemispheres. Such a result would be proving much, seeing that some theorists have been lately contending for Jupiter and all the outer planets being mere globes of water with at most a vinder nucleus." We commend this remark to the attention of that arch-assailant of the Jovian orb, the author of the *Plurality of Worlds*. From what slight circumstances may we not extract important conclusions! Those belts entitle us to assume that yon distant globe is furnished with clouds, winds, trade currents, and

and water; unequal continents, and a rotary movement on its axis, precisely similar to the features of our own little earth.

Occupied in the investigation of these and other scientific questions, the Professor proceeded, after a sojourn of more than a month on Guajara, to enter the great crater, and climb the Peak in its center. The direct distance was only four miles, but four miles of volcanic traveling are equal to a pretty long scramble through the ruins of a prostrate city. To an ordinary observer, the descent into this huge caldron—a caldron with a rim more than twenty miles in circumference—would have presented a scene of gigantic confusion. No order was apparent in its tumbled masses of rock and jostling streams of ancient lava; but the philosophic eye soon resolved it into shape, and mapped out its true character. What was that long ridge of blocks, heaped upon each other in the wildest fashion and at the most perilous angles for the passenger? It was a great wave of lava which had once broken on the beach of a fiery lake, or dashed against the cliffs of the crater. There was a time when it issued from the entrails of the mountain, glowing with the heat of those awful furnaces which can melt the stubbornest substances like wax; now it stands before you a huge petrified billow. Advancing along the floor of the basin, the travelers found themselves amongst rugged and intricate rocks, where the very guides were bewildered, and lost their way. It was not until much hallooing, and many tedious windings in and out amongst the stony masses, that the trail was recovered. They proceeded thus through a region of profound desolation, where red rocks, and inky lava streams, and yellow pumice dust seemed to make a fit flooring for an oven into which the sun shone with mountain fervor. In the evening they reached Alta Vista, an elevation of 10,700 feet, which is the Ultima Thule of all beasts of burden. It was from heights like these that the geography of the crater could be best studied, and the vision of its geological past most readily recalled. Hear what the Professor says of his survey from the station he had just quitted at Guajara: *elaborate description of the view*

"Day after day we gazed at, sketched, and discussed these various outpourings which had flowed down from the central peak, deluging the plain of the great crater, and insensibly we

glided into a generalization, which further experience has fully confirmed. It may be stated thus:

"The earliest lava streams are of a yellow tint, the succeeding ones red—a rich Indian red—and the last one blue-black. The yellower appear to have been the most abundant, as well as most fluid, for they cover the largest spaces, have flowed over nearly level tracts, and their ridges imitate the forms of watery waves. In one of our photographs of the south-eastern corner of this broad crater, the confines of a flood of yellow lava from the peak may be seen rushing up the curving beach in surf-like waves, as with the sea on the coasts below.

"The red streams again, are evidently much smaller in extent than the yellow, and have never run or spread very far. Their terminal markings are more like the wrinkles of a glacier than the waves of water; and, besides these transverse features, there are beginnings of a longitudinal arrangement, in some cases, as mentioned above, looking like the lateral moraines of an ice stream. In others, they give one the idea of nothing so much as the ruts of chariot-wheels of Grecian demigods, driven with celestial power through the bewildered plain of loose red stones.

"The black streams are decidedly the scantiest of all: they have never moved, except when the slope was very notable; and with them the longitudinal arrangement, which had just begun to appear in the red, predominates; all the black streams, being nothing but a series of long ridges of embankment. They have not the form of any fluid stream, watery, or viscous, but rather of a quantity of finely-comminuted solids, as sand; their sides, and even their ends, being sloped so uniformly at a constant angle, that they look here and there amazingly like embankments formed by railway navvies.

"I do not propose here to enter into minutiae of the absolute manner of movement of a lava stream, and the oft-discussed influences of viscosity and crystallization in modifying its manner of flowing, but only to point out differences of shape, on the large scale, actually subsisting amongst different streams. These shapes, being undoubtedly an expression of the particular mechanical forces once exerted in each case, must be replete with instruction, if rightly interpreted. Their study constitutes, indeed, a sort of colossal or telescopic mineralogy, which assumed, in my eyes, quite an aspect of professional importance, as presenting the only means by which we can legitimately compare the surface of the moon with that of the earth.

"The relative ages of streams alluded to in the enumeration already given, we ascertained by their position. The color was an accident, or at least was superficial; but the differences of form were something of a far greater importance, and when taken in conjunction with other features—also capable of accurate measurement, as relative extent, quantity, and angular slope of the bed—indicated besides their age, the gradation of heat in the different classes of streams,

and showed, at least with this volcano, that a secular progress had accompanied its periodical movements.

Without entering into any details of the fitting from Guajara, and temporary establishment at Alta Vista, let us join the Professor and his party on their emerging from the Malpays—a region of very bad character, as the name sufficiently implies. It was then that the true cone of Teneriffe rose before them like a great tower, with its red and yellow flanks flashing in the rays of a brilliant sun. Clambering up the acclivity, the height being about 470 feet on the eastern side, they observed many holes and fissures in the rock, and in these a decided sensation of warmth was felt. Hotter and more numerous the cracks became as the party advanced, and soon a sulphurous odor was plainly perceived. Advancing eagerly, at last they stood on the brink of the crater which crowns the mountain. Is it the fearful abyss it has sometimes been represented? Let the Professor speak for himself, as he well knows how to do:

"Fagh! on inhaling the first whiff, one was inclined to beat an instant retreat for a few steps; looking for the moment with infinite disgust on the whole mountain, as nothing more than the chimney, 12,200 feet high, of one of nature's chemical manufactories. This chimney, having been built at great expense, she was resolved to turn it to account. We curiously-foolish creatures, had been innocently creeping up the sides, and were now astonished to find, on peering over the mouth of the long stalk, that noisome fumes were ascending from it.

"Again we mounted up to the brim, and soon getting toned down to breathing mephitic exhalations, found the chief feature of the crater-interior some 300 feet in diameter and 70 feet deep, to be its extreme whiteness; often white as snow, where not covered with sulphur. The breadth of rim was hardly sufficient to give standing room for two, so immediately, and in such a knife edge, did the slope of outside flank meet that of inside wall. On the portion of circumference where we collected, the ground was hot, moist, dissolving into white clay, and full of apparent rat-holes. Out of these holes, however, it was, that acidulated vapors were every moment breaking forth, and on the stones where they struck were producing a beautiful growth of needle-shaped crystals of sulphur, crossing and tangling with each other in the most brilliant confusion.

"The north-eastern, northern, and north-western, were the highest, whitest, and hottest parts of the crater walls. Towards the west and south they dipped considerably, and verged to an ordinary stone-color inside; outside they

were red and brown all the way round the circle. Hence it rose, that when in previous months we had looked from Guajara, some of the bleached interior surfaces of points on the northern brim, being seen through and over the southern depression, gave us the erroneous idea of a double crater; an exterior ring-wall of brown, and an inside one of white, material—errors of perspective, it now appeared.

"Some short portions of the interior of the wall are precipitous rocks, ten to twenty feet deep. But generally the structure has so crumbled away during long ages of volcanic idleness, that it is now, like a baron's castle of a long past feudal age, going to slow and certain ruin, falling downwards in a mass of rubbish, that tends to fill up the central hollow. All about the curving floor my wife and Don Rodriguez wandered over the deep bed of fragments, searching for the finest specimens of sulphur; and, with the photographic camera, I walked through and through the crater more than a dozen times, in as many different directions, to take the several views, completely disproving thereby all alleged dangers of the 'awful abyss' that one tourist describes looking into with fear, after he had 'crawled' up on the outside to a high pinnacle, from whence he could safely make the survey.

"Only in the neighborhood of the walls is there much annoyance from puffing steam and vapor, while neither there nor any where else is more than a thin coating of sulphur, often bedewed with sulphuric acid, to be found. If all the sulphur on the peak were to be gathered together, by scraping it off the stones, a long and tedious operation in itself, there would hardly be two barrowful obtained; and speculators therefore, in England, need not incur the expense of sending up here, to the height of 12,200 feet, for so scanty a supply."

It appears, therefore, that Teneriffe is not yet totally superannuated. We can not treat it exactly as a retired volcano. It still does a little business, though on a scale so trivial that were it not for a few puffs of steam and a slender sublimation of sulphur, we might fancy it had withdrawn into private life. It seems to discharge a small quantity of heated vapor, just by way of keeping up its rank amongst the burning mountains of the globe. But it is some time ago since it indulged in any of the professional paroxysms of a volcano. We can not say of it, as Virgil says of Etna—and, indeed, it would be a pity if we could:

*Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethra nubem
Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla.
Attollitque globos flammaram, et sidera lambit.
Interdum scopulos, avulsaeque viscera montis*

Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cam gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat
imo, (saxa) monti lapsam, undæ ad æthere

It is half a century ago, indeed, since any decisive steps were taken by the mountain, and these were not equal to its proceedings when the penultimate eruption occurred, in the year 1704-5. At the last-named period—distinguished as the "earthquake year"—a great river of lava broke from one of the parasitic craters, and dashed into the town of Garichico, whose bay it filled up completely, so that buildings were soon erected where the waves had formerly played. In January, after a succession of shocks and a terrible darkness in the heavens, torrents of fire poured from various vents, and set the country in a blaze wherever they wandered. One of these rushed towards the little town of Guimar, already shattered by the heavings of the soil, and dividing into two branches just before it reached the place, the inhabitants found themselves hemmed in by burning streams on either hand, with the sea raging before them, and earthquakes rolling beneath their feet.

Still, though the volcano has sunk into comparative quiescence for the present, it is a question with philosophers whether it is simply in a state of suspended animation, or is dying from pure decrepitude. Collating his own observations with those of former travelers, "Humboldt concluded a cooling of this crater; Bertholet, in 1830, in a similar manner, concludes a heating, and speculates in a lively French manner on what a catastrophic destruction of men will ensue when this hoary old volcano resumes its pristine energy. As far as we could make out, the ground is heated by the steam which permeates it, and which indicated in the strongest holes only 150°, whilst the boiling point of water, which we ascertained by careful experiment in a deep cleft, on the western side of the crater, is 191° 0' 8". There would seem, therefore, to be no 'high pressure' at work, nor, indeed, any sensible difference in the effects on the whole since the day of Captain Glas, nearly a century ago." In fact, from the relative scantiness of the more recent streams of lava, and their apparently inferior fluidity, Professor Smyth assumes that the Peak has been dying out for years, and is now in a state of hopeless decline. Let us hope, therefore, that Teneriffe will exhibit

no more vicious propensities, and that the Canarians will never have the misery of seeing it in active practice again. It is a serious question for the globe, however, whether volcanic power is decaying at large, and whether the great forces of elevation which have so often counteracted the disintegrating agencies of wind and water—agencies always laboring to fill up our seas, and reduce the world to a monotonous level—are growing feeble and emaciated with age.

Returning to the station at Alta Vista, the astronomer continued his observations for a few days, but the fine weather soon began to show symptoms of bankruptcy. The barometer fell fast, and the hygrometer spoke strongly of the increased humidity of the air. Mists ventured to gather round the mountain-top, and, as the Spaniards say, rain may be expected *cuando el pico tiene puesto su sombrero*—when the peak has mounted his little sombrero. Clouds, too, came up in great force from the south-west, and at a lower level, to fight those of the north-east—not hopelessly now, as they had done on one occasion some weeks before, when a grand aerial engagement ensued, which the Professor has described in a fine animated bulletin. But now the battle took place on equal terms; the trades were defeated; and as these were the champions of the Canarian summer, whilst the low south-westerns were the representatives of autumnal rain, it soon became manifest that the astronomical season was at an end. Teneriffe in clouds was as unfit for an observatory as the bottom of a coal-pit; and therefore, on the 19th September, the Professor descended from his eyrie, and became once more a dweller on the plains.

But we must not draw too freely upon the contents of this pleasing work. Though not a large, it is a magnificent volume. The stereographs are a novelty, of which both author and publisher may be proud. It was a happy thought to introduce these dual pictures into a printed book, and make them available by means of a stereoscope which may be carried in the pocket, or sent by post as easily as an ordinary valentine. To Mr. Lovell Reeve, whose scientific attainments qualify him so worthily for the publication of treatises like these, the public owes many thanks for his beautiful extension of the photographic art. Should it become common,

as it doubtless will be, travelers will probably be restrained in the use of the longbow—the suggestion is not ours, but the Professor's—and many a fine flourish with pen or pencil may be checked by the consciousness that Nature has limned her own features with the stern fidelity of truth, and may be called in to convict those who flatter, as well as those who libel. The author has also been aided by the attentions of Mr. Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory, who has superintended the chemical part of the operations; and, therefore, the work issues from the press with as many advantages as the most fastidious parent could demand for his literary child. We need scarcely say, that it introduces many topics of scientific interest—such as the zodiacal light, the lines in the solar spectrum, the extraordinary case of refraction witnessed by Humboldt on his visit to the island, the geology of the volcano, the appearance of the

heavens, and others on which the expedition was expected to afford some information. It is written with a great deal of vigor and life. The Professor does not disdain the aid of fancy. He has made use of this charming handmaid to knowledge with considerable effect. Hence, instead of a dry treatise, such as many might have anticipated from an astronomical missionary, sent out with Government funds, we have an agreeable volume, in which the solidities of science are pleasantly interspersed with the small-talk of an excursion. In place of an official dispatch, such as Routine loves to write and Red Tape to receive, we have a vivid chronicle full of graphic descriptions, which will induce many a reader to wish that he could spend a summer in philosophic gipsying at the Peak of Teneriffe.

From the *Eclectic Review*.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.*

It may safely be asserted that scarcely ever has book been more gladly welcomed by a public than the *Memoirs of Henry Havelock*, by that of Great Britain. It seems but yesterday when the astounding news of his rapid victories, which turned the tide of rebellion, and avenged the foul deeds of murderous sepoy, burst upon us. Since then the nation watched his movements. On his steps appeared to hang not only an empire, but what at that time seemed almost

more precious—the lives and the honor of hundreds of our brave countrymen and their heroic wives and daughters. That the scenes of Cawnpore might not be repeated at Lucknow was the earnest prayer of every one throughout Britain. And however inadequate the force which he commanded, Havelock became the minister of God to answer this prayer of a nation. Lucknow was relieved—in turn again beleaguered and once more relieved; and from that dreadful Residency passed the wan faces and haggard forms of those who had so long been its tenants and defenders. The great work of victory and of rescue was accomplished, and with it the mission of Havelock. Before tidings could reach him of the honors which a grateful country prepared to shower upon him, or of the love with which his people regarded him, he was beyond the reach of earthly rewards. Over all that was mortal in Havelock has the grave closed. But he

* *A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* By the Rev. William Brock. Third Edition. London: Nisbet & Co. 1859.

The Good Soldier: A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock of Lucknow, Bart., K.C.B. Compiled from Authentic Sources. By the Rev. Wm. Owen. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1858.

Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honor. A Tribute of the Tongue and Pen. By Edwin Paxton Hood. London: J. Snow. 1858.

died as he had lived—a Christian. With firm tread he passed through the dark valley to the land of joy and of praise. After forty-three years' devoted service to his country, and a series of victories unexampled in history, he died without having even seen his elevation in the *Gazette*, and leaving a personal estate sworn under £1500. His reward and his riches had throughout been other than this world's, and such were they to continue till the end.

What we have traced in few sentences has for months been known. The details of the "hundred days," and these unexampled feats of heroism and martial energy are engraven on the national mind, and have become matter of history. When the din of battle shall have ceased, a patient hand shall draw pictures of them, and explain to us at length the mode and the results of these victories. Meantime we know them—and we only wish to know more of him who achieved them. The slightest trait in his character, the smallest incident in his history, is interesting. The fact that so late in life he was called to do such great things, impresses us with the belief that all throughout he had been preparing for them. Again, the fact that immediately afterwards he was called away, has convinced us that with them his work was done, and that nothing more remained than for "the good and faithful servant to enter into the joy of his Lord." We almost expect that the life of such a man must have been checkered; we anticipate that strength and clearness of faith—genuine, practical, Christian faith—must have been its main characteristic. The "Sketch" of Mr. Brock has, therefore, come in time to make us acquainted with the *inner life* of the hero of Lucknow. It bears on its face the marks of haste—it only professes to be a *sketch*, to be followed by a fuller account from the pen of Mr. Marshman—communicates little that is absolutely new to the general public, and it too largely intermingles facts with reflections, couched in a style which betokens rather deep emotion than calm history. All these defects are probably natural under the circumstances. Still the book, such as it is, has deep value, from the glimpses which it affords into the inner history of Henry Havelock, and especially by the private letters which it communicates, from which each one may learn for himself what and who he was

that conquered and died in Oude. A sentence or two will suffice to notice the "Memoir" of Mr. Owen, and the "Tribute" of Mr. Hood. The latter is a funeral sermon, and not quite free from the blemishes of most such productions. Mr. Owen's book—much more extended in size than that of Mr. Brock's, to which our after remarks shall exclusively bear reference—relates chiefly the *outward* history of the hero of Lucknow. Although also bearing the marks of haste, and chiefly a compilation, it may safely be recommended for popular use, as giving a clear and detailed account of the achievements of Sir H. Havelock. Still, with these three productions before us, it is matter of deep regret that the life of Havelock has not yet been written. And now a brief abstract of his personal history:

HENRY HAVELOCK sprang from the middle class in society. Born at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, 5th April, 1795, he was chiefly educated at the Charterhouse School, where he had the advantage of distinguished juvenile friends, and the stimulus of noble fellow-students. Among the former, we reckon Samuel Hinds, Sir W. Norris, and Archdeacon Hare; among the latter, Bishop Thirlwall, Grote the historian, and others. But, better than all, he had the prayers and the scriptural instructions of a pious mother. Even at school he and congenial spirits found opportunity for religious meetings. After a short period, given to the study of law, when Talfourd was his colleague, he attains the object of his early desires, and is gazetted a second lieutenant in the 95th, or Rifle Brigade. But the inactivity of a garrison life ill comported with such a mind. Chance of promotion there seemed none for a poor and unpatronized subaltern; and, accordingly, having prepared himself by the study of Hindostanee, we find him on board ship for India. It was at that period that the great change occurred in his history which gives its peculiar direction to his whole after-course.

Reluctantly have we parted from the scanty information given us on this great period of Havelock's life. We can only offer our readers such fragments as Mr. Brock's volume affords, and such deductions as we have been able to draw from them. To his early religious impressions succeeded a season of darkness and of doubt. But in the dreary swamps of Unitarianism or Deism a Havelock could

not perish. His moral sense, and with it his sense of personal need, were too deep to cast away the Bible, and to renounce the God-Man. A candid, open, manly mind like his, could derive no other deductions from the Bible, than those held in common by all evangelical churches. Even before he had opened his heart and submitted his life to the demands of the Gospel, he had reached firm ground of belief. It was when on the eventful voyage to the land of his future adoption, that he felt the necessity of becoming decided in his religion. Intercourse with a brother officer, Mr. Gardner, seems to have been specially useful to him. He landed on the shores of India a new man. Even in our days, that phantom-class—the "old Indians"—has not wholly passed away, and still blazons abroad its commercial selfishness, and Christianity "respectabilized" as the panacea for the world in general, and for India in particular. Thirty-five years ago, when Havelock reached the shores of Asia, theirs was the dominant creed. Much regretted by some are the balmy days when "fanaticism" was decried, if not punished, and evangelical zeal the rare exception. From the first our young lieutenant had resolved to take a stand. His clear intellect perceived the path of duty, and he followed it through good report and through evil report. We can not better describe his character and conduct than in the words of a brother officer:

"When I first knew Havelock, in 1824, he was only eight-and-twenty; but he was conspicuous as an earnest student of his profession, a chivalrous soldier, and a man of the highest integrity. That which formed the brightest glory in his whole career was his sterling Christian consistency. He was not a man to parade his opinions or feelings, or to make any striking display, unless called for by some act or word of others, when no one could be more firm in the avowal of his sentiments, and his calm, impressive manner always told with effect."

Sharp work awaited him in India. Both in the Burmese war and in the negotiations with the court of Ava, he took a distinguished part. Here he came into contact with Dr. and Mrs. Judson, whose "praise is in all the churches." With them the young officer could sympathize the more deeply, as for some time previously his religious principles had tended towards the same ecclesiastical connection

as that of Dr. Judson. But although by choice a Baptist, Havelock ever felt himself a member of the Church Universal. His advocacy, his countenance, his influence, and his contributions, were readily given to all that was "holy, just, and good." When his means were most scanty, he religiously devoted one tenth of his income to the cause of Christ, nor was he ever ashamed or afraid to acknowledge his convictions. At Rangoon, in a chamber of the great idol-temple, on the march, in the camp and city, he promoted the spiritual welfare of his soldiers. "Havelock's Saints" became a *soubriquet* for his company, and in conduct and action they belied not the title. Brief memoranda only are given by Mr. Brock of his eventful life, during the first twenty-six years of his residence in India. What he deemed one of the most important events was his marriage with the daughter of Dr. Marshman, of Serampore. During twenty-eight years that admirable lady was the devoted companion of his life, to whom he ever turned with such deep attachment as only a noble soul is capable of. Talents of no mean kind—as we may even gather from his "Memoirs of Campaign in Ava"—remained long unacknowledged. Besides other obstacles, he had to contend against prejudices springing from his religious character. Twenty-three years of hard toil and much danger elapsed before he was promoted to a captaincy. Of the difficulties against which he must have had to contend we catch some glimpses from expressions in later letters, such as this: "Since the 22d we have been slowly steaming this sacred stream, or rather buffeting the waves of this inland sea, the banks of which you and I so well knew in the days of our humility." And deep must the humility of a poor subaltern, with an increasing family, have been for a good many of those weary years which elapsed till the requirements of health obliged him unwillingly to return to Europe. In 1849, Havelock came back to Britain. While his health here rapidly recovered, he was still engaged in those occupations which, as a Christian, were nearest to his heart. All around noticed the deep earnestness, the manly, working, warm-hearted Christianity of the "soldier of the cross." But the bitterest pang was yet to come. The education of his family imperatively required that his wife should remain with the

children in Europe—their requirements that he should return and serve in India. At a period of life when few would have chosen such sacrifices, and still without prospects, save those of a doubtful and difficult future, of which he could not see the end, Havelock tore himself from the embraces of his family, whom he left in Germany, and all alone, save as Abraham with his God, went he forth on his journey. Thence only his deeds, not his person, were to return. It will best throw light on his feelings and prospects if we transfer to our pages one of those almost daily letters which on his voyage he sent to his wife:

“LEIPZIG, Oct. 30, 1851.

“I purpose going to see the battle-field (of the Völker-Schlacht, as the Germans call it) to-morrow morning, so I will commence another letter to you in the solitude of my chamber. Oh! how ardently I desired to turn back and rejoin you at Bonn, as I lay in my bed at Frankfort. It was a totally sleepless night—a thing, as you know, most unusual with me. I sat up meditating and writing until near eleven, and when called at six had not once closed my eyes; not even dozed or slumbered for a moment. The bitterness of parting, my position after so many years, which renders it unavoidable, and, I fear, not a few doubts about the worldly future, passed in rapid succession through my brain, which, without being in the least fevered, was so wrought upon that I never slept a single second. But I did, indeed, find sweet relief in the thought of meeting you in that better kingdom, for all earthly meetings are uncertain, and only terminate in longer or shorter separations. Join with me in prayer that we, through faith in the blood of the Lamb, may be held worthy to partake in his resurrection, and be together with him and our children in his glory. I know not what lies before me, but I do feel that we are both in the path of sacred duty. Let us do his will, and leave the event to God. Perhaps he may be merciful to us, and grant that we may soon meet again, though we see not how.”

What a story of cares and trials in these lines! what deep affection! what elevated Christian feeling! Once more in Asia, and this time with his son beside him, recommences his life of toil and of faith. Years again roll round, epistolary intercourse with those he loves being his chief earthly comfort. Each birthday is carefully marked, the recurrence of interesting family events noted—all lovingly, bravely, and piously. An almost womanly tenderness of feeling possessed that manly soul, showing itself not only in the solicitude with which he watches all movements at

Bonn, and longs to press his wife again to his heart, but otherwise also, in emotions which some of us will be glad to think were shared by a Havelock:

“I am in the midst of ‘Uncle Tom,’ and, shall I confess it, twice shed tears over it last night. I read on, and looking suddenly at my watch, found it was midnight. I must be very old, for I have shed tears of joy again, this morning, over little H.’s good letter.”

At length, in 1857, there was a prospect of Mrs. Havelock joining her husband at Bombay, when the declaration of war against Persia put an end to the much-cherished plan. This time Havelock was appointed to command the second division of the invading army. Honors, new to him, poured in. “On the morning of the 27th,” he writes from on board ship, “the battery on the Apollo Bunder fired a salute, as I was supposed then to have gone on board, the first expense of the kind to which I have ever put the Indian government.” Our readers know that peace so speedily followed this short campaign that there was no call for General Havelock’s active services. But more stern duties awaited him on his return to India. The great and fearful rebellion had broken out, and Havelock was to enter on his first campaign as Commander-in-Chief, unequaled in its achievements by any thing recorded in modern history. From victory to victory, and, as at every step he acknowledged the guiding hand of his God, we will not follow him—nay, we need not, for all Britain has followed him. Those memorable “hundred days,” and that campaign, ending with the relief of Lucknow, by Sir Colin Campbell, are still events almost present to us. One more letter, the last he wrote, and we are at the end of his career:

“Nov. 19. — Sir Colin has come up with some 5000 men, and much altered the state of affairs. The papers of the 26th of September came with him, announcing my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath, for my first three battles. I have fought nine more since. . . . Dear H. (his son) has been a second time wounded in the same left arm. The second hit was a musket-ball in the shoulder. He is in good spirits and doing well. . . . Love to the children. . . . I do not, after all, see my elevation in the *Gazette*, but Sir Colin addresses me as ‘Sir Henry Havelock.’ . . . Our baggage is at Alumbagh, six miles off, and we all came into this place with a single suit, which hardly any have put off for forty days.”

His sands were now fast running out. A long day of unacknowledged labor had been followed by a glorious evening. He had done his task faithfully and well. One of his great desires, at last, had been fulfilled: "One of my prayers, oft repeated throughout my life since my school days, has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action." Even before the relief by Sir Colin Campbell came, symptoms of illness had appeared. Soon after his removal to Alumbagh, it assumed the form of dread disease, and far from his beloved ones, attended only by his son, he laid him down to die. To Sir James Outram, who visited him, he remarked: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. So be it, I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain." To his son he gave this parting testimony: "Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." So lived

and so died a Christian hero; such a branch could not have sprung from other than the True Vine. How different had it been if Henry Havelock had been Infidel or Deist—but his faith was his life, and rich, precious fruit did it bear. Before we close this volume, we look once more into his expressive features. A noble face—thoughtfulness, firmness, earnestness, manliness, depth of feeling in every feature—especially in that intense look, and in the deep furrows of his countenance. Reader, he was a good and a great man. Every life has a deep moral meaning. We say of him that he was true—true as a soldier, true as a man, true as a Christian. His Christianity made him true. Reader, it may not be thine to be a Havelock—of such men time produces few: but whatever, or wherever thou art, be thou a *Christian*, and be thou true!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE WORSHIPERS OF MERCURY;

OR, PARACELSUS AND HIS BROTHER ALCHEMISTS.

HIS THEOGONY.

It is a strange combination of Talmudic legends and old Cabalistic philosophy, whether that be of Egyptian or Chaldaic origin. Add to this a dash of Neo-Platonism, a tinge of Greek materialism, blended together in a mind purely scientific and practical, and you obtain a fair impression of the Swiss philosopher of the sixteenth century.

Creation was a chemical mystery, a separation. Space at first was chaos, or a common principle from which all perishable things came. The first separation was the universe or macrocosm, and the four elements—fire, which is the hot part of every thing; air, the moist; water, the cold; and earth, the dry. These ele-

ments enter into man, and, according as they predominate, form his temperament. Man is the little world of which the larger world is the type. To use the alchemist's ponderous words, chaos, or the great mystery, is the back of every thing, beyond which the mind of man can not penetrate. All things will perish, not again to become chaos, but what was before chaos. The great mystery is "the mother of all the elements, and the grand mother of the stars." It gave powers of reproduction to all secondary creatures. All was created without an effort, and passed at once into being like a flower opening to bloom. All things lay hid in chaos as the statue does in the marble. All passed into form and essence by a separation. Created things were not

built out of chaos, nor gathered, but formed by combination, as two tinctures mixed form a third of new virtues. Some superfluities of creation became spirits, herbs, and stones. Just as grass devoured by an ox turns into flesh; so did the great mystery become changed, and its changes also changed.

Whatever became compact became as wood; the rest remained thin, as air and water. This separation is the greatest miracle in philosophy, and is not divine but a natural magic, never to be repeated. All things enjoy free will, and, in consequence, hate or love each other, and will till the last day, the harvest of creation.

At the creation, fire became heaven and the wall of the firmament; the air became a void space; the sea, a place for nymphs and monsters; earth, a chest to hold all things that grow. Each is independent of the other, and earth is propped up by these invisible pillars.

Then came a second separation, and the stars arose from the fire, which is heaven, as flowers from a meadow, rising as a color does in a tincture. Before this all the sky was fire. Soon the air mixed with all elements. Then salt, weeds, and fish arose from the sea; all made manifest in a moment of time. Next, the mortal and the eternal separated in the earth; and all plants, and metals, and gems appeared.

Man alone is a mixture of the eternal and the mortal; and it baffles sages to see the mortal domineer over the eternal. Hence arises a perpetual struggle, for man desires a perfect and final separation. Man's inclination is always to evil. All the elements have a soul, which is their life, and is invisible like that of men. The fire that we see is not that soul or life, but merely a result; for it may be in a green stick as much as in a flame.

There are four elementary worlds, each with its plants and spirits, and one God eternal obeyed in all. Man knows most of the element of earth, because from that he came. All that we have is found in the other elements; even air has its stones and plants. What we account phenomena are natural sequences unknown to us.

There are more worlds than one; and we are not the noblest or the happiest of creatures. There are even more beings than merely the eternal and mortal; could we know them. Some mortal things are

meant to feed the eternal; some of the eternal are for power, and others for ornament. Flowers are eternal, and will appear at the judgment as well as all things created out of chaos. When the four elements perish, others will arise, or a new chaos be created as a starting point of new worlds. At present they nourish each other, and yet are self-supporting, as plants. The elementary is but an inn where the eternal resides for a time. The last day will be a conjunction, a meeting, a reunion.

Paracelsus also believed in attending spirits, prophetic genii, and ghosts which remain on the earth after a man is dead. The ghosts lead men in their sleep, and enable men to prophesy.

Life desires life, the mortal desires immortality, because it proceeded from it; hence God ordained that the invisible should become body, and then again become invisible. All things are created fumes: they end in a steam, are constantly evaporating, and when the boiling ceases the smoke ceases also. Man is a coagulated fume. What we eat melts and passes into this smoke. Life consumes all things, and digestion is but a separation. All colors and elements lie hid in every thing. The invisible becomes visible through the body, and is seen in it as fire is in wood which it sets alight. The visible is, then, nothing but a manifestation of one side of the invisible.

In summary of these mysteries, we may say that Paracelsus believed in the simultaneous emerging of the elements from chaos, at divine command. From the four elements came again all created things, each element being a self-supporting world, and yet nourishing its fellows. All will eventually return to the great mystery of chaos.

HIS MYTHOLOGY.

From the superfluities of creation there arose sea-monsters, rock, air, and earth spirits; the melosines who dwell in man's blood, and the neuferans who inhabit the pores of the earth: each has its own habitation, and may not change. There are also giants, wood-monsters, and spirits of the night. By conjunction with men, they may converse with him, and bear him children; but each spirit turns again to whence it came, fire or water, as man does to earth.

The sylphs, the salamanders, and the undines, are all of this philosopher's manufacture; for with Christianity he blended a poetical pantheism, which the occult sciences had handed down from Pagan times, and of which the superstitions of witches and goblins preserved remembrance. In every thing he saw spirits; they moved in the dew-drop and in the spray of the torrent, murmured in the fire, and spoke to him in the wind and in the echo.

The gnomes, or mountain spirits, he says, have flesh and blood as men, and are not mere essence, like the beings of the air and fire. They delight in guarding riches, either in mountains or mines, where they count it over with all the pride of successful capitalists. The devil himself, though said to abound in riches and to reward his followers, is, according to Paracelsus, the poorest of creatures, but infinitely skillful in all arts, which he can teach to his favorites; he does not require a bond sealed with your blood, as some have written.

These pigmies live long, but have not the gift of immortality. They appear in sudden flames to miners, whom they vex with blows and scorplings; warning them of danger by knocking, or disclosing a treasure. They can appear small or large, foul or fair; but have latterly become extinct or invisible, though once common among men. Some thought them good spirits sent from God; others, the souls of suicides, wandering till the judgment, having given themselves to the devil; others have thought them mere phantasies, disclosing treasure; a few, the creations of enchantment. We should be inclined to think them explosions of fire-damp, or will-o'-the-wisps floating round the damp mouths of mines, seen by errant woodmen, and hunters tracking the boar.

They could not but by God's will bring either fortune or misfortune. A few thought them the souls of men who had buried treasure, and kept guard till it was discovered, founding the opinion on the perverted text—"Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also." These, said the alchemists, were the gods of the early nations mentioned in the first commandment.

The mountain of Uvus, in Italy, was once full of these spirits; and this was the kingdom and paradise of the nymph

Venus—so the cabalists interpreted old mythology.

These pigmies loved those who loved them, and hated those who hated them. Woe to the man who signed their bonds and yielded himself to their power. Knowing men's thoughts and wishes, they were easily ruled by those who had faith; but if the wretched necromancer who backed their bills, angered or disobeyed them, they either maimed or killed him. Sometimes he was found dead, with blue face, staring eyes, and twisted neck, just as those whom the devil, who had not this power, drove to suicide and despair.

These elementary spirits were God's messengers and executioners; they warned and admonished man, watched and defended him, and could even deliver him from prison. They answer, in fact, to the guardian angels admitted by many modern Christians as real beings. They were the same as night-mares, haunting the sick man, and increasing the melancholy of the hypochondriac.

Paracelsus, though a needy man, wrote much about hid treasure. He relates the signs which indicate its locality. Strange noises were heard round the spot; and those that went by, particularly on Sabbath nights, were cast into cold sweats, and felt their hair stand on end. Meteors fell round the house, and bellows of wind shook the roof at midnight. These noises were oftentimes indications that somebody's mortgage was nearly up, and the devil was about to call in the money. Sometimes it was the soul of a wicked man forced to wander round the house of clay it had just quitted. Sometimes it was a stray devil driven from a possessed body, and now looking out for a vacancy. If the treasure was human, it could be recovered, but not so easily if it was the coin of nymphs or sylphs.

The seekers used divining-rods, which deceived them by pointing indiscriminately to lost money, or magical mirrors and crystals. These were to be dug for when the moon transits Taurus, without ceremonies or incantations, with faith, courage, and cheerfulness. The pigmies, unwilling to lose their treasure, had many ways of baffling mortals; now they would flame in visions; and now, just as the spade reached the casket, turn it into clay or wood. This, however, when

forced by fire, turned to its former essence.

The searcher, however, had always some escape for self-delusion, for he either thought what he saw was only the metal in a changed form; or if he could not re-change it, would attribute it to the failure of some one ingredient in the spell. The spirits, if suddenly surprised, had no power to change the treasure, and fled, foiled and baffled. But if they had time, they sank the gold deeper, and out of reach. The greater the noise they made, the greater the treasure. Hid treasure was often searched for, not from covetousness, but to render ancient houses and castles habitable, and to free them from the sound of clanking chains and hollow groans.

Paracelsus not only believed in those mine spirits, whom the light of Sir Humphry Davy's lamp forever scared, but in the possession of devils, apart from pure epilepsy.

He recommends that they should be driven out by prayer, and not by dangerous incantations, which did not send the devils into hell, but into some other being, whom they destroyed. The worst of it was, that the Red Sea could no longer hold any more, and if they were dispatched to brooks or rivers, they turned into Kelpies, and attracted travelers, mocking at them, as they were drowning, by waving their hands and laughing behind the torrent or below the ford; in fact, they preferred such places of entertainment to the dull confinement of a single body. They desired, also, earnestly to get into a castle, where they would soon drive out the inhabitants, as they frequently did according to Paracelsus' own knowledge.

The Doctor, therefore, advises you in such cases, (and the receipt may be useful to any readers who are troubled by a man in possession,) not to talk much with the sufferer, but to fast, repeating these words: "O thou unclean spirit! by the word, power, and virtue whereby thou wert cast out by Christ and his Apostles, go out of this man!"

About tempests, Paracelsus is very unsound. He says they all flow from four fountains, N., S., E. and W. Hurricanes, he says, are decidedly devilish, and proclaim the presence of spirits; for, as a stranger will not enter a house without speaking, so these spirits must knock at

the world's door with thunderbolts, to show they are arrived, and to put in an appearance. In such cases, bells and trumpets are of great efficacy, as spirits dislike all jarring and piercing sounds; but in thunder and hail the monk's bell ringing is of no use, as many a burnt belfry testifies. As for incense burning, and smoking balm, and scented candles, they only attract spirits as flowers do bees. Not knowing much about lightning-conductors, our Doctor recommends bushes of mug-wort and celandine being tied to the four corners of a house, which preserve it from the blue arrows of the lightning and the artillery of the bruising hail. We prefer a conductor, but the Doctor considered coral and azoth as perfect amulets, which, as he was never struck, proved quite sufficient for his purpose.

Of dreams Paracelsus knew about as much as we do. He classes them as natural and supernatural, being sometimes ambassadors from God, as the dreams of the Patriarchs and Balaam; sometimes the mere result of care and diseased blood; sometimes mere delusions of the devil and the spirit of the night, as when the pirate dreams of spoil, and the son of Bacehus of cups. Generally speaking, dreams are false; they come by contraries, and are not to be credited. By prayer and faith he thought we could obtain comforting visions, or could be even lifted to God, so as to see the glory of the elect and the punishment of the damned. Sometimes the dead appear to man, and would, if cross-examined, though no man had the courage, reveal the future. But such spirits, unless sent of God, did nothing but lie and deceive.

Magic, our philosopher considers only sinful when abused by superstition. What he calls superstition, though, is not very certain. He despises all crosses, circles, fires, fumigations, seals of Solomon, pentacles, crowns, girdles, and all the properties of the real sorcerer, and demands only faith and prayer, which are sufficient to preserve any Dr. Faustus, though his anti-chamber were full of creditor devils, crying out, "Time's up."

Nigro—Necro—Pyro—Geo—all the manies, do not, he says, prevent the devil carrying off a necromancer in a high wind. God having once blessed the world, all further consecrations are useless

and sinful. He prudently, however, excepts the sacraments of the Church.

These conjurations, invented in Babylon and Egypt, and handed down by the Jews, deserved, he thought, the severity of the magistrate. They forced spirits to appear in terrible pomp, he allows; but he declares that only faith could blind the fallen angels. The necromancer invoked spirits and afflicted them with toil and punishment, till the hour of God's vengeance came: then the wretch misspelt his amulet, or forgot his belt, or drew the circle a little awry; and the spirit leaped up, and miserably destroyed him, listening no more to his cries than the hangman to one sent to be whipped.

These spirits are God's hangmen, sent to punish all sinners against his words and the light of nature.

AMULETS.

In his remarks on imagination, this great theorizer manifests more than usual common-sense. To show its power he mentions cases of men who died of fear in battle, and of those who caught the pestilence merely from alarm. From the great effect of amulets on the mind, he recommends their use; and it is a question if modern medicine does not too much neglect the curative effects of such appeals as stimulants to the vital power. Diseases of the imagination are still occult and unwritten upon.

"Without faith," says this shrewd enthusiast, "all such (amulets) are vague and void of strength, for faith it is that exalts and confirms."

No doubt he believed in the Bible containing occult meanings, and in astronomical influences. But still, here is the germ of the system of amulets lying hid in a single sentence.

Of spells he says again, with mingled wisdom and credulity, "many thousands of them are not worth a nutshell," especially those unknown words that fill the magician's parchments. But he would not throw up the whole scheme, and pleads hard for Adonai and Tetragrammaton, names of God, with certain triangles and crosses, as of acknowledged power and virtue.

These words, written on pancakes, and swallowed, cured enchanted men and suborned all spirits, if you only could dis-

cover the right hour and place to use them. Ingenious subterfuge and avenue of escape!

These magical remedies Paracelsus only resorted to when no medicine—not even his potable gold or antimony, could any more help. If the secrets of herbs would not do, he says, he tried the secrets of minerals; if they would not do, he tried the secret of words; and if all three failed, he resorted to astronomical influences. He was very angry on being called a necromancer, and told that he took God's name in vain, and was, perhaps, rather afraid of the damp cell and the hot stake, for he compares himself to David accused of eating the shew-bread, and uses many texts of Scripture to cover over the mysteries of his magic.

He keeps repeating his prayers, just as a disguised Englishman would in a mosque, to show he is of the true religion,

WITCHCRAFT.

Magic, he says, is the most occult and supernatural of all sciences. It certainly is the most unintelligible, yet hints at great secrets, of which we still know nothing. He professes to know more than Cornelius Agrippa, Peter de Aburne, and certainly than Tritemius. The foundation of his art is the doctrine and faith of Christ, the chief corner-stones of philosophy. In this, as in all his tenets, he shows us how far removed he was from the stupid atheism he was accused of by his enemies, whose belief was habit, and their immutability indifference. He wished that all divines should know magic, to be able to cast out devils, heal the sick, and to distinguish a philosopher from a witch. It is great misfortune to the professors of medicine that they can no longer attribute all diseases that baffle them to supernatural malice.

At witches Paracelsus shudders. No bolts or armor can save a man from them, he declares. They send spirits to torment men, and can wound and slay them without producing any external sore. A good remedy is a linen shirt worn the wrong end upward; but how that is to be put on the philosopher does not relate. These witches, when they wished to injure an enemy, made an image of clay resembling him, and pricked or bruised it in certain spots, producing corresponding suffering

in the living creature.²⁰ All sudden pimples, rashes, and unaccountable pains, were attributed to this cause. The remedy was to make a rival image, and burn it to ashes, when the disease generally disappeared, if the patient's eyes and imagination had been first properly directed to it. If the sufferer had had a recent quarrel, he proclaimed his enemy a witch, and accused him of his disease. The charge so easily made was difficult, as most slander is, of disproof: the only consolation is that public opinion generally fixed the charge on some reprobate whose death was a blessing to the world.

Sometimes men believed they discovered ashes, hairs, and bristles, buried in their feet by witches, and causing intense pain till they were removed. They were supposed to be extracted by plasters of oak leaves andcelandine, and had then to be wedged into an alder that faced the east, which effected a cure. Paracelsus refutes an opinion that no witch could inflict an injury on a man who did not fear her. Though we believe a basis of truth lies at the root of all superstitions, however absurd, we can not make much of witchcraft. It is possible that cankered, persecuted old women sometimes poisoned their enemies, or drove them mad from fear. Their confessions were the result of torture, and of minds weakened by age and suffering. It is a question, however, whether our disbelief in the actual visitations of the devil is the result of more wisdom or less religion. The belief in the devil's own presence and bodily form showed, at least, a recognition and dread of evil in the abstract.

MAGNETIC CURES.

On magnetic and sympathetic cures, Paracelsus is very eloquent, or rather he speaks profusely. He wonders that any can doubt God's power of giving virtue to metals, which have life, and yield oils and essences. The influence of amulets on the body he compares to the quickening influence of the spring air on the earth.

We wish diseases could still be cured by hanging medicines round the neck, the plan is so cheap and simple. To confirm his fables, he quotes corroborative fables, a favorite system in some men's argument. Grecian snakes, as soon as they hear any one repeat the Greek words, *Osis*, *Osiac*,

Osis, stop their ears with their tails, lie still, refuse to bite, or run into their holes. The same words, written on parchment, and laid on a new-caught snake, instantly tame him. Such arguments are, we need scarcely say, irrefragable, as is the fact of a dead kingfisher's skin moulting and renewing its feathers.

Lamens or amulets were, he says very prudently, used only in connection with medicines. They were of various shapes, round or triangular, made of gold in thin flakes, and stamped with astrological signs at certain fixed moments of planetary conjunction. They were worn round the neck, or tied to the limb affected. They are, no doubt, the origin of the modern lockets and charms, still the playthings of ladies. These were celestial medicines; not unfrequently the patient had to drink wine in which the amulet was steeped, like the Scotch lee penny, which is of almost undoubted Oriental origin. Occasionally the charm was written on slips of parchment, and bound round the neck or arm: every nine days, the old bandages being burnt to ashes, were mixed with wine, and used as a draught.

There was not a business or profession in which amulets were not useful: the groom made his bridles of lion's skin, and stamped every thong with mystic signs, to insure his horses length of life and speed; the bridegroom had his consecrated ring with its astrological emblems, which made the devils who hate wedlock shiver; the duellist had his ointment, not to apply to his wound, but to rub the weapon that produced it; the seal of Scorpio drove away scorpions, and an amulet of steel bewitched flies.

The doctors used them for every thing, particularly for diseases with names now disused, as the falling sickness, (epilepsy,) the trembling of the heart, dryness of the brain, leprosy. There were peculiar sigils for soldiers and travelers. Leaden mice, magically prepared, drove away vermin from a house; and sheep moulded in clay, and set in sheep-folds, kept off the rot. There were circles that drawn on walls no fly could escape that had once entered.

However it happens, there can be no doubt that these rules are of eastern origin. The Tartars still write prayers on slates, then wash them off, and drink the dirty water. The Turks have amulets, and believe in spells, which are probably relics of early magic, and the devil wor-

ship, practiced by the sons of Cain even before the deluge.

Paracelsus constantly excusing himself from the charge of witchcraft is occasionally more than usually abstruse. For some ailments, he says, a small star must be made from an old horse-shoe found in a road. This must be fashioned at certain planetary hours, stamped with astrological signs, and buried in a running stream. This remedy proved effectual in nine days, and drove back the curse upon the witch who had pronounced it.

Now, that these things were all done by certain rules, we know. The only wonder is that any mind could have granted the postulates on which, once granted, the arguments incontestably started.

While these were the joints at the magical banquet, the side-dishes were equally remarkable. The rarest, most loathsome, and eccentric ingredients were eagerly sought by the alchemists for their medicines. Human bones, moss that grew upon a skull, man's fat, and human blood were blended with bruised carrion, flies, and oil of roses. All nature was ransacked, from the iceberg to the graveyard, for objects of supposed virtue and power. Nor were these of any efficacy unless mixed when "the sun is in Taurus," or when "the moon is in the house of Jupiter, that is, in Pisces." Of one particular seal Paracelsus says: "This is the second seal that I knew after long search and inquiry, and which, according to the art that I profess, I have often used to the shame and scorn of my adversaries, so that they have stood amazed like asses, and durst not open their mouths."

Yes, those little pieces of gold, perhaps now mistaken by the antiquarian for coins of extinct nations, lying in the dusty drawers of goldsmiths and pawnbrokers, once hung round the necks of emperors and queens, gave the assassin courage to face his victim's sword, and supplied treacherous hope to dying men in jails and prison vaults. Lovers have bound them on with sighs; generals tied them under their armor with awe. They have cured and gladdened, and were yet but mere dull metal figures crossed and scratched. So potent is *imagination*.

CHEMICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Now the old genii are bottled up safely in red bottles in druggists' shops, we can

hardly imagine the mystery with which the alchemists invested the simplest drug. They explained every thing by chemistry, even life and death. Life was a spirit of salt, an astral balsam, a celestial invisible fire. Death was a separation and sublimation; man was a curdled fame, a coagulation; the last judgment, the great day of purification.

Paracelsus was the first to assert that all the universe was formed of three substances—salt, sulphur, and mercury, and not sulphur and mercury alone. The creation, in fact, he seemed to consider a great chemical experiment. This body was earth, the spirit water, and the soul fire; and heat and cold, which are fire and water, are every thing: by earth alone a creature assumes form.

Earth brings forth nothing, but is a receptacle for all projections and distillations of antagonistic water, air, and fire. It putrefies, multiplies, and separates, and is, in fact, the crucible in which all nature's chemicals are thrown. The heavy sink; the light come to its surface. It is the nurse, the womb, the grave, the mother, the passive principle. It is the *caput mortuum* or residuum of creation, hereafter to be calcined into a new and crystalline world.

Earth, the grossest and most lumpish of the four provinces of the elements, is dull and heavy, cold, dry, and tempered with water; without fixed, but within volatile, and every where porous as a sponge. It is a casket, a treasure-room. In its center is the eternal fire, or central sun, corresponding to the celestial one. It has a pure and an impure part. Its center is hollow, and is the seed ground of the elements. Mixed with water it gives life to created things: mixed with the air it draws them up, in its center it is mixed with fire. It is the center of the world and of the elements.

Water is the other tangible element worthier than the earth and heavier. It conveys to the earth the seed the fire distills from the air. It has three degrees of purity. The purer part becomes heavier and air; the center is in the heart of the sea. It preserves the earth from burning, and spreads the vital principle through the earth. The central fire distills the water, and the pressure of the air rolls the waters round the earth; the ebbing and flowing of the sea arise from the magnetic attraction and repulsion of the two poles.

All these elements are allies and enemies. The fire preserves the earth from being drowned or melted; the air the fire that it be not extinguished; the water the earth that it be not burnt.

The element of air was of higher rank than earth or water, its grosser part mingled with water. It was the life of man and all creatures; it is the dwelling-place of the soul. Without air, fire, plants, and men die; and it is full of divine virtue. In this element the Holy Spirit moved over chaos. By a magnetic power it draws to itself its nourishment of water.

Fire is the purest element, hot, dry, and nuctuous. It was the first created. Out of its grosser part was made the angels; then the sun, moon, and stars; the lowest of all is hell, and the purer the heavens, all of which have a sympathy to each other. The soul is an essence of pure elementary fire; it is the veil of God which destroys all created things that approach it. It is the most tractable of all the elements. As water purifies all fluid things, so does fire all that are fixed. The animal soul is pure fire; and the vegetable, elementary and grosser fire. Fire is stirred up by air, and air by a motion caused through a central nature, a will, a motive power and principle.

Man, these great refiners said, contained a world within his body—salt, sulphur, and mercury, earth, air, fire, and water, which, in fact, contain the three first; for all which is fat and flowing is fire or sulphur; all which is cold and earthy is salt or water; all which is dry and fixed is mercury. Man contains the quintessence of the elements. His heart is the earth with its central fire; blood is heat ruled over by a vital spirit, the soul; the mouth is the Arctic, and the belly the Antarctic pole.

Pure life is a balance of the elements. If any one predominate, that is life since the fall; if any tyrannize, that is death. Say water prevails, then earth, air, and fire unite and overcome water—digest, boil, and congeal. Then the hidden central fire, which is the life of all things, overcomes them all and separates.

Ever since the fall, men have grown nearer to corruption, said these men, and lives grow shorter. In some places, they allowed, where the air was more favorable and stars more propitious—as, say, at Zurich—nature grew less deeply tainted.

To obtain the uncorrupt element and restore the balance of nature, sages first sought to discover the *Philosopher's stone*, which contained the four elements, uncorrupted and perfectly balanced.

Their axioms were, that God, to preserve a balance of power, (a dogma as foolish in old philosophy as it is in modern politics,) ordained that all things should have antagonistic principles—the life of one to be the death of the other—that which produced one consuming another, and generating a third more noble. Dead creatures feed living creatures, and the change which is death is the necessary means by which substances interchange natures, and mutually feed each other. The farmer eats herbs and meat, then dies and turns to gases, which are air, and fire, and water, and earth, which eventually condense into plants, and pass as food into the flesh of beasts.

It is strange our two chief writers on physiognomy should have been Swiss, and both inhabitants of nearly the same locality.

Paracelsus, who all his life burrowed about among earth-stained miners, had studied their habits and learned their traditions. He had hoped to find some clue to his philosophical searches among those rude wielders of the pick and spade. He is fond of relating his experiences, describing the cheiromancy of mines, and of the great trees of gold and silver that grew, and shot forth their branches through clay, and loam, and sand. The deeper and broader the veins, he says, the older the mines, and the richer the metal. Different colored earths foretold different metals; but the best of all signs were the coruscations or luminous appearances seen in mines by night. The direction they took, their color, etc., all announced metal abundant, but not yet ripe. These signs, the miners thought, were instituted by God, to enable man to discover hid treasure.

Sciomancy, or the divination by shadows, was another class of harmless, but useless magic. The Chaldeans, says Paracelsus, when they were banished from a place, and wanted to bury their treasure, observed at what hour, minute, and day a shadow fell upon a certain statue or fountain, and then hid their gold beneath it, thus preserving a certain clue for its discovery.

There is something very vivid in the

common-sense of this means of concealment at a troublous time when such burials of gold and jewels were not unfrequent.

All means of discovering the future by beryls, looking-glasses, flight of birds, etc., Paracelsus utterly condemned, as contrary to God and nature's command. Visions he held to be doubtful, and often of devilish origin. All ceremonies and conjurations he considered forbidden by the Old Testament, and advised only prayer, faith, and watchfulness as the Christian's foundation of magic.

The signs of metals were the stars or constellations which they gave out in the course of preparation.

Of some natural signatures now acknowledged, as, for instance, the circles in wood, which indicate its age, Paracelsus says nothing; but he mentions the horns of cattle, the teeth of horses, and the claws of birds, as corroborative of his doctrine; he mentions, also, the colors of clouds and the circles round the moon.

Not satisfied with all these sources of omens, Paracelsus believed in Pyromancy, or divination by fire; Hydromancy, or that by water; and Chaomancy, or divination by wind and air.

The first science was the observation of all sounds in the fire, of all visions of salamanders, and sight of falling stars, comets, and lightnings. It included all observations of will-o'-the-wisps, and corpse candles moving over new-made graves; all double suns and supernatural glimmerings.

The signs of hydromancy were inundations, floods, rains, storms, appearance of sea-monsters, tempests, agitation of water, and perturbation of waves.

Chaomancy showed its signs, to use the mystic language, by the stars of the air and wind. The Chaomantist drew his prophecies from shaken houses and trees upturned; from broken boughs and scattered flowers. During whirlwinds it was supposed that spirits fell from the upper air and voices were heard; hobgoblins, household gods, and wood-spirits appeared; and the honey-dew, or manna, that fell on leaves, was even thought supernatural.

The necromantist not only invoked the dead, but foretold death. It was held a sign of dissolution if spirits were heard knocking, when purple spots came on the dead man's skin, or his hands turned to a

clay-color, and his body bled. The necromantist professed to hear voices from graves, and to bring back tidings from the bosom of hell.

Alchemy was the old Chaldaic superstition that Diocletian in vain tried to put down by a persecution which acted upon it as shaving does upon hair, stimulating and not destroying it.

Perpetuated by the Arabs, it revived in the middle ages, becoming the passion of the sage, the wonder of the citizen, and the imposture of the needy. Our own Edward IV. encouraged it, and in Charles I.'s time it revived in a wonderful degree. While money is power, and there is a dark corner left in science, it will continue to be studied. My readers will scarcely believe that, not thirty years ago, an alchemist's lamp burnt day and night in the back room of a London editor. Alchemy and astrology have still their thousands of votaries, who yet believe with hope and enthusiasm what Boyle and Newton both believed in, and what Bacon did not doubt.

In old books, from Chaucer downwards, we find tales of itinerant cheats, in threadbare gowns, with bleared eyes and smoky hands, who pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and were afraid to disclose their riches to the vulgar. If they wormed into a convent, all the church plate went in experiments; if into a country house, they melted down every thing, to the knight's spurs and the wife's thimble, and skulked off some night, leaving nothing behind but some warped fire-irons and a heap of broken glasses. These men smelt of brimstone, had stained fingers, grimy faces, and affected great sanctity. All failures they accounted for by the absence of some one ingredient, the carelessness of the furnace watcher, or the brittleness of a crucible.

Sometimes a man on the brink of discovery, in a rage at some oversight, would leap up and smash his pots and glasses with any billet he could seize. The jargon was all mystical. They called one ingredient "the red man," and another "the white wife." "The chase of the green lion" was the name of one experiment; and alchemy they described as a palace with twelve gates, which were calcination, dissolution, separation, conjunction, putrefaction, congelation, sublimation, etc. Their ingredients were star-slime, and soot, and blood, and eggs,

They were always being pursued by bailiffs and disappointed dupes, who found their pockets stuffed with medals and bad money, for they were often coiners and poisoners. To obtain their release they made extravagant promises of producing regal medicines that would turn every thing it touched to gold.

The real philosopher was, it was supposed, obliged before he died to confess his secret to some favorite disciple; and many writers are said to have derived their learning from such sources. So fascinating was the passion of this pursuit that the golden fleece itself could not have been more eagerly sought.

The alchemist professed only to help nature, believing that all created things had a tendency to become gold but were checked by mixture with impurities. To remove these impurities was to restore a metal to gold. Many of the philosophers, including Paracelsus, disavowed the pursuit for the stone, preferring, as they declared or pretended, the elixir of life, which would be a blessing to mankind. A religious life they all deemed a necessary preparation for the long search. They declared it right to conceal from the world discoveries, which would only be abused by the rabble, and used a mystic language of blended Arabic and Hebrew.

Their theory is tolerably well defined by Ben Jonson, a deep reader on abstruse subjects, thus: All things, they thought, arose from the humid exhalation of earth, which is water, and unctuous, and a viscous residuum, which is earth alone, the refuse of creation. The more dryness and less moisture became stone; the more fatness, sulphur, and quicksilver, the mother of metals. From the fatness, sulphur, the present watery property of all things that melt with fire; and the airy and oily part, quicksilver. These two made metals, ductile, malleable, and extendable, and combining in the earth, were heavy, producing gold, which they believed grew like a tree, and shot out its branches through the earth.

Men who thought insects could be produced by art, and that they were spontaneously generated from carrion, had no difficulty in believing the generation of gold. They turned all Scripture and mythology into alchemic allegories. The Hesperian garden, Jason and his fleece, Pandora and her box, Argus' eyes, the

dragon's teeth of Cadmus, were all interpreted into the various changes of distillation.

On Paracelsus' arrival in Basle he instantly placarded door and wall with the following arrogant challenge, which produced him a host of enemies: men afraid of losing fortune and fame, and men conscientiously opposed to the new movement in medicine. Paracelsus, they heard, was a Swiss empiric, who used poisonous and unsafe drugs, and laughed at the works of Galen which were to them sacred. What was this stranger that he should dare to enter Basle to lecture men older and wiser than himself? Let him beware of his cup and dish, and of the bully's dagger. Horse-grin, hiss, or mock, out came the proclamation, and here it is, say on the cathedral door or on the market cross, surrounded by burghers in velvet gowns and gold chains, soldiers with two-handed swords and slashed mail, and sallow envenomed doctors twisting their eyes in colics of scorn and wrath:

"Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, a hermit, doctor, and professor of both medicines:

"Whereas, of all disciplines, medicine only, as being a certain divine gift, is praised with the honorable title and name of necessity, by the testimony both of sacred writ and also of profane, we intend to purge and cleanse it from the dregs of barbarous and grievous errors, seeing that the number of doctors now successfully exercising it is so small. We do not bind ourselves to any precepts of the ancients but such as are evidently true, or such as we by our own labor and our long use and experience have made proof of. For who knows not but that most of the doctors of this age have grossly erred, to the exceeding hazard of the sick, in obstinately adhering to the sayings of Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicen, just as if they had been so many tripods or oracles from which it was unlawful to depart a finger's breadth. These authors make us brave doctors but not physicians. For it is not title, nor eloquence, nor knowledge of tongues, nor reading of many books (though these things are ornaments,) that make the physician, but an excellent and deep knowledge of things and mysteries, which is worth all the rest.

"The rhetorician learns to speak eloquently and persuade the judge, but the physician has to know the kinds, causes, and symptoms of affairs, and by piercing sight and industry to administer medicines rightly and to heal who can be healed. Know, then, that I, being invited by the large stipend of the lords of Basle, do, for two hours space daily, public interpret with accurate diligence, my books both of active and inspective medicine, physis, and surgery,

to the great profit and advantage of hearers. This knowledge I have not begged of Galen or Hippocrates, but have obtained by those best instructors, labor and experience, for experiment and reason are my spokesmen.

"Wherefore, honest readers, if the mysteries of this Appolinean art are delightful to any of you, so that a love and desire for them possess you, and you covet thoroughly to learn in a short space of time whatever pertains to this discipline, come at once to us at Basle, and you shall find other and greater things than I can describe in these few lines. But, that my intention may appear more clearly to the studious, I am not ashamed to remind you that we do not at the least agree with the ancients in attributing all diseases to the complexions and humors, for that is an error which has prevented doctors from reaching the truth as to diseases and their judical days.

"Let these things, shown as through a lattice, suffice for to-day, but do not decide rashly till ye have heard Theophrastus. Fare ye well, and take in good part this our effort towards the reformation of medicine.

"Dated at Basle in the nones of June, MDXXXVII."

In this regal proclamation, the wandering doctor at once openly set the ancients at defiance, and claimed a respect for experiment and experience beyond tradition. He was Luther in science, and his revolution went further than medicine. The men who despised Galen learned soon to despise Aristotle, and Pliny's fables began to be taken less for granted. Long before the Royal Society, Hervey had learnt, by rejection of dogma and inductive evidence, to discover one of the great wonders of the microcosm.

The doctor, cried Paracelsus from his pile of skeletons and his ring of furnaces, must see, and not merely read, what others have seen. Walking round a room does not lead to discovery of a new world. The ass-doctors, the egregious fellows, the liars, the evil men, he cried, may stay at home, and waste years. I delight to journey to and fro, to see what lies hid in the limbo of earth, and to produce medicines for my neighbors' benefit.

They had their purple gowns and gold chains, he his common doublet and homely fare; but he rejoiced in knowing that the "good alchemist must be such a one as the coals do not hurt, one who is not tired with the daily smoke." They were babblers, smooth talkers, insolent in their dogmatic knowledge, and disdainful chemistry, which is the pillar of medicine. If coals were not more used by miners and smiths than by these chemists, the colliers, said Paracelsus, would soon starve.

The false doctors he compares with the real "cooks of Geber," the Spargirists. The first were idle and slothful, going in proud dresses of plush and velvet, displaying rings upon their fingers, wearing silver-hilted swords by their sides, and gay gloves on their hands. The last diligently followed their labors, sweating whole days and nights in their furnaces, spending no time out of the laboratory they loved. They wore leather garments with pouches for tools, and aprons where-with to wipe their hands; their fingers were covered not with gold rings, but with coal dust, and clay, and dung; they were sooty as Vulcan's smiths, and did not pride themselves on clean, smooth faces, nor were their dry lips washed often red with wine; they did not distress the rich with babbling, nor extolled their medicines, knowing that fine words did not cure, and that the work should praise the doctor, not the doctor his work.

Such at least is Paracelsus' opinion of his fellow-workers. Their enemies would have called them dupes or cheats, miserable enthusiasts, forging lies, and generating ashes. Yet many of these enemies were themselves alchemists; and while they ridiculed the mineral medicines, did not condemn the search for the undiscoverable treasure.

Nor was it very safe, perhaps they thought, to touch a man endued with almost supernatural power, supposing he could not turn any metal into gold, or extend life to the patriarchal age.

They had their pupils and their
 names in his countrymen; and many are the titles
 by which he will be known to posterity. As a philanthropist his name is imperishably associated with those of Clarkson and Wilberforce in their efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade, and he has given the chief impulse to the great cause of the Education of the people. As a statesman, he has taken a leading part in counseling and carrying some of the most important political measures of the nineteenth century. As an advocate whose zeal for his client scorned consideration of personal advancement, he will be known, if for nothing else, yet for his immortal defense of Queen Caroline. As a lawyer, his name is inscribed in the list of Lord High Chancellors of England—and he bounded to that lofty dignity from the ranks of the Bar, without having previously filled one of the subordinate law offices of the Crown. As a legislator, the country owes to his perseverance some of the most important improvements in her civil laws, and we allude more especially to the radical changes that have been effected in the law of Evidence. He is not only a great speaker, but an able writer, as our own century of volumes will testify; not only a politician, who has fought like a gladiator for fifty years in the arena of party strife, but a man of letters, and a mathematician of no mean attainments. We remember when it was the fashion for those who can not conceive the possibility of excellence in more than one department of knowledge, to sneer at Lord Brougham as "no lawyer." But this is best answered by the fact, that in hardly a single instance were his judgments in the Court of Chancery reversed on appeal by the House of Lords; and we will venture to say, that although there

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE SPEECHES OF LORD BROUGHAM.*

MANY are the claims of Lord Brougham upon the respect and gratitude of his countrymen; and many are the titles by which he will be known to posterity. As a philanthropist his name is imperishably associated with those of Clarkson and Wilberforce in their efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade, and he has given the chief impulse to the great cause of the Education of the people. As a statesman, he has taken a leading part in counseling and carrying some of the most important political measures of the nineteenth century. As an advocate whose zeal for his client scorned consideration of personal advancement, he will be known, if for nothing else, yet for his immortal defense of Queen Caroline. As a lawyer, his name is inscribed in the list of Lord High Chancellors of England—and he bounded to that lofty dignity from the ranks of the Bar, without having previously filled one of the subordinate law offices of the Crown. As a legislator, the country owes to his perseverance some of the most important improvements in her civil laws, and we allude more especially to the radical changes that have been effected in the law of Evidence. He is not only a great speaker, but an able writer, as our own century of volumes will testify; not only a politician, who has fought like a gladiator for fifty years in the arena of party strife, but a man of letters, and a mathematician of no mean attainments. We remember when it was the fashion for those who can not conceive the possibility of excellence in more than one department of knowledge, to sneer at Lord Brougham as "no lawyer." But this is best answered by the fact, that in hardly a single instance were his judgments in the Court of Chancery reversed on appeal by the House of Lords; and we will venture to say, that although there

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ment and reason were my assistants. I have not space to detail the many instances of his labors and experience, for expert

have been lawyers like Buller, and Holroyd, and Bayley and Little Dale; more versed in the technicalities of their craft and the mysteries of special pleading—an abomination now well-nigh swept away—few have been more profoundly imbued with the principles of the Common Law.

Rare, indeed, have been the examples of an intellect so vigorous and active. His energy throughout life has been astounding; and even now, at a period which in other men would be called old age, it shows little sign of diminution or decay. Mentally, his eye is not dim, nor his natural strength abated; for he still prosecutes the cause of Law Reform with an ardor which might put to shame the efforts of younger men; and year after year he presses upon the Legislature measures of which the object is to simplify the machinery, and lessen to the suitor the costs of our courts of justice.

We do not intend to go over the wide field which a life so spent presents; but we propose in the present article to confine our attention to Lord Brougham as an Orator. It is by his speeches that his influence was most felt in the generation now fading from amongst us, and by them, more than any thing else, his colossal reputation has been built. Although there is, unhappily, something evanescent in those great efforts of the human tongue which have so often roused and ruled the passions and the intellect of the senate and the nation, their results belong to history, and Lord Brougham will leave no monument behind him more worthy to be held in lasting remembrance than these Orations. For he has labored to become a master in his art, and we see in the arrangement of his topics, the structure of his periods, and the choice of his language, the skill, and in its proper sense, the artifice, of the consummate rhetorician.

Upon the subject of Oratory a lamentable misapprehension seems to prevail, and we are not sorry to have an opportunity of saying a few words about it. No one

* *Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S. 2 vols. 12mo. London and Glasgow: 1857.

can deny that eloquence at the Bar and in Parliament is just now at a low ebb. It is often positively painful to enter a court of justice and hear the addresses to which juries are condemned to listen, from men who occupy the place where once stood an Erskine and a Brougham. No doubt there have been of late years brilliant exceptions, but we do not hesitate to say, that the general character of forensic oratory at the present day is far below what might be expected from the education, the opportunities, and the intellectual vigor of the age.

Nor is the state of things much better in the House of Commons. We do not of course expect that a country gentleman should be a good speaker because he has carried the county; nor that merchants or railway directors should study Demosthenes in their counting-houses, and come forth as orators as soon as they have been returned for a borough; but how few of the practiced debaters of the House ever rise to any thing which approaches to the name of oratory, how few are able to realize the idea of one whom Cicero describes; *qui jure non solum disertus sed etiam eloquens dici possit!* It has indeed been the custom of late to decry oratorical powers, as tending rather to dazzle and mislead than instruct and edify; and to praise the dull dry harangue of the plodding man of business, who crams down the throat of his audience a heap of statistical facts, and then wonders to find them gaping or asleep, rather than the brilliant speech of the accomplished orator, who enlivens his subject with the sallies of wit, and adorns it with the graces of imagery. But this kind of language proceeds more from mortified incapacity than approving judgment. Hobbes defined a republic to be an aristocracy of orators, interrupted at times by the monarchy of a single orator; and in a country like this, where the very highest rewards and the proudest position are the prizes open to successful eloquence, it may well be matter of wonder that the number of competitors is so small in the race where "that immortal garland is to be won, not without dust and heat."

And what is the reason of this? It arises, we believe, chiefly from the fact that men will not believe that Oratory is an art, and that excellence in this, as in every other art, can only be attained by labor and by the study of the best models,

To such an extent is this heresy carried, that it is actually considered a disparagement—a thing almost to be ashamed of—to be suspected of preparing a speech beforehand; and it is thought a recommendation of himself by an honorable member when, on rising to address the House, he declares that on entering it he had not the slightest intention of doing so. As if a man ever will or can speak well who takes no pains to make himself a proficient in the art, and who fancies that, like Dogberry's reading and writing, oratory comes by nature! The speaker must learn his craft as much as a painter or sculptor, or musician; although, like them also, he must have from nature some special aptitude for his vocation. If common-sense did not tell us this, the great examples of antiquity would prove it. Every school-boy knows the enormous pains that Demosthenes and Cicero took to qualify themselves for the task of addressing their fellow-citizens; and that some of the most celebrated orations that have come down to us from Athens and Rome were written for delivery, but actually never spoken at all.* Very different from the common practice has been, if we mistake not, Lord Brougham's conception of the work of the future orator. He has furnished abundant evidence of his familiarity with the classic models. He has shown his veneration for Demosthenes by translating the Chersonese Oration and the great Oration on the Crown; and on more than one occasion he is said to have committed to writing beforehand the finest parts of his own speeches. If this be true, we honor him the more for the homage he has paid to the eternal rule, that without such "improbus labor," excellence in any art is denied to man. And he has had his reward. He stands confessedly in the front rank of English orators, and he won his spurs at a time when the conflict was with giants.

At the present moment it will hardly be contested that the standard of oratory is far higher in the House of Lords than in the other House of Parliament; and if

* This subject has been illustrated by Lord Brougham himself, with his usual felicity, in some of his former contributions to this Journal, especially in the Essays on the Greek, Roman, English, and French Orators, now republished in the seventh volume of the Glasgow edition of his works, and in his "Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients."

any one were asked to point out the best speakers in that august body, he would name without hesitation, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Ellenborough. We hope that before long Lord Macaulay will be added to the list, but he has not yet made a display of his great oratorical powers in the assembly to which he has been elevated, and which by his presence he adorns. Of Lord Lyndhurst's power as a debater it is impossible to speak too highly. But although at times, and in some passages, his speeches may be called eloquent, they want the rushing force—the declamatory vehemence—which is an essential element of oratory. Admirable in logic, comprehensive in statement, and faultless in diction, Lord Lyndhurst commands the attention of all who listen to him. But he appeals more to the reason than the feelings or the passions of his audience, and seeks to convince rather than to persuade. His discourse flows on like the waters of some calm majestic river unruffled by the wind; but we hear nothing of the dash of the torrent or the roar of the cataract; there are no startling apostrophes, nor soul-stirring appeals, which, in the proud consciousness of his argumentative power, he seems almost to disdain. Certainly this can not be said of Lord Derby, who, with a command of language as perfect as Lord Lyndhurst's, has a fire and a brilliancy peculiarly his own; but we should be disposed to place Lord Ellenborough at least on an equality with either of these eminent speakers, since he combines the exquisite precision of language of the one, with the force and animation of the other.

But great as these men are in debate, none of them can be said to rank as orators with Lord Brougham. If we were obliged to characterize his oratory by a single word, it would be Energy—the *Δεινότης* of the Greeks. Cicero tells us that often when he rose to speak he trembled in every limb. We doubt whether this ever happened to Lord Brougham. But the Roman orator had by nature a weak and nervous constitution, and this may account for the timidity of a character which, although on a memorable occasion he could thunder forth—*Contempsi Catilinae gladios, non pertimescam tuos*—caused him, in the strife of contending factions, painfully to oscillate between his regard for Pompey and his fear of Caesar.

With an athletic frame Lord Brougham possesses a mental organization singularly robust; and his style of speaking is cast in a corresponding mould. It is the furthest possible removed from the *exercitatio domesticæ et umbratilis*, and is rather that which rushes *medium in agmen, in pulverem, in clamorem, in castra, atque in aciem forensam*. The following passage breathes not only the force of the orator, but the character of the man. It is from his speech in the House of Lords in 1838, on the emancipation of Negro apprentices:

"I have read with astonishment, and I repel with scorn, the insinuation that I had acted the part of an advocate, and that some of my statements were colored to serve a cause. How dares any man so to accuse me? How dares any one, skulking under a fictitious name, to launch his slanderous imputations from his covert? I come forward in my own person. I make the charge in the face of day. I drag the criminal to trial. I openly call down justice on his head. I defy his attacks. I defy his defenders. I challenge investigation. How dares any concealed adversary to charge me as an advocate speaking from a brief, and misrepresenting the facts to serve a purpose? But the absurdity of this charge even outstrips its malice."

Lord Brougham's voice is not musical; at times, in its higher tones, it is harsh and hoarse, and sounds like the scream of the northern eagle swooping down upon its prey; but he possesses the art of modulating it with admirable effect, and his elocution is not less cultivated than his diction. His power over the English language is wonderful. It was said of him on one occasion that he made it bend under him. We do not assert that the word chosen is not sometimes too strong. We will not affirm that he does not sometimes sin against a fastidious taste. We can not deny that in ransacking his memory for epithets and synonyms—or perhaps we should see polyonyms—he brings up some that are too vehement, and that in his description of persons and measures there is too much tendency to exaggerate. But his vocabulary is inexhaustible, and his faults are those of amplitude of power. He runs riot in the exuberance of strength. His periods are often declamatory, but there are no platitudes; and without declamation, in its proper sense, there is no oratory. It would be easy to point out in Demosthenes—still easier in Cicero—passages which, to the colder

feelings of our western clime, seem overstrained and hyperbolic. But the criterion is this: How did they act upon the crowds that listened? Did they, or did they not, stir up from its innermost depths the soul of the auditory? For it must never be forgotten that the great end of oratory is to persuade, and by carrying captive the passions, to attack through them the citadel of reason. It will be found, on a careful study of Lord Brougham's speeches, that the declamation almost always assists the argument; it advances, so to speak, the action of the drama, and never, as is the case when it becomes mere tinsel or bombast in the hands of inferior men, impedes and encumbers it. He is fond of iterating an idea, and clothing it in every imaginable form of words—piling Ossa on Pelion—and making each sentence rise in the scale of impressiveness. Some of his periods may be too long, and there is a danger lest the attention of the hearer—or perhaps we ought now to say the reader—should flag while pausing for the climax of the sentence; but there is no false grammar—no anacoluthon—no confusion of metaphor, and out of the longest sentence or succession of sentences, he winds himself with unerring accuracy.

He himself said in one of his speeches—that on the administration of justice in Ireland in 1839, when defending himself from the charge of violence and undue severity made against him by Lord Melbourne—"No man is a judge of the exact force and weight of his own expressions." Probably Lord Brougham has at times been hardly conscious of the force of the projectile he has launched from his lips in the ardor of debate. He reminds us of Polyphemus hurling rocks as if he were a boy flinging pebbles. Thus, speaking in 1823 of the Notes of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, with reference to the state of Spain in 1822-3, he said—

"I will venture to say that to produce any thing more preposterous, more absurd, more extravagant, better calculated to excite a mingled feeling of disgust and derision, would baffle any chancery or state paper office in Europe."

And again—

"Monstrous and insolent and utterly unbearable as all of them are, I consider that of

Russia to be more monstrous, more insolent, and more prodigiously beyond endurance than the rest."

So also speaking of the conduct of the Whigs on the Bedchamber question in 1839—

"This is the novel, the uncouth, the portentous, the monstrous description of our free and popular constitution, which the Whig Government of 1839 has given to the Reformed Parliament of England."

That careful preparation of an elaborate speech does not unfit an orator for unpremeditated and effective reply, has been shown by Lord Brougham in some of his finest displays. We will mention one remarkable example. It is the speech delivered by him on the instant without a moment's notice, in answer to the charges brought by the late Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, in 1819, against the Education Committee, of which Mr. Brougham had been chairman. It is a masterly effort, full of the keenest sarcasm and most cutting point—and from a note at the end we learn that its preservation is owing to the accident of a barrister who took an interest in the subject, happening to be in the gallery of the House of Commons; for "the newspapers, for some days before this debate took place, had refrained from reporting Mr. Brougham's speeches in consequence, as it is said, of some offense given by him to a reporter in the form of words used in referring to him." The following passage from this reply is a good illustration of the speaker's peculiar style—heaping sentence upon sentence, and stretching his topic until the tension becomes almost too great to be borne.

"But if I do not now satisfy all who hear me that the Committee were right, that this House was right, and the Right Honorable Gentleman wrong—if I do not succeed in proving to the heart's content of every one man of common candor and ordinary understanding, that the Right Honorable Gentleman is utterly wrong in all his charges—wrong from the beginning to the end of his labored oration—if I do not in a few minutes and by referring to a few plain matters, strip that performance of all claim to credit—if I do not show him to be mistaken in his facts, out in his dates, at fault in his law, ignorant of all parliamentary precedent and practice, grossly uninformed, perhaps misinformed, upon the whole question which in an evil hour he has undertaken to handle, with

no better help than the practical knowledge and discretion of those who have urged him on to the assault, while they showed only a vicarious prodigality of their own persons—then I will consent to suffer—what shall I say?—to endure whatever punishment the Right Honorable Gentleman may think fit to inflict upon me and my colleagues—even the weight of his censure—which will assuredly in his estimation be fully equal to our demerits, how great soever they may be. But I venture to hope that the House, mercifully regarding my situation while such a judgment is suspending, will allow me, ere the awful decree goes forth, to avert, if it be possible, from our devoted heads a fate so overwhelming."

Sarcastic irony, of which only a light touch appears in the latter part of the above extract, is a favorite weapon of Lord Brougham. Sometimes he has indulged in it even to the verge of indiscretion; as, for instance, in the following passage, from his speech in defense of Queen Caroline, addressed, be it remembered, to the House of Lords, who were sitting in judgment upon her fate. But he doubtless knew how far he might venture to go in upbraiding while he affected to praise.

"This was when he was examined on the Tuesday. On the Friday, with the interval of two days—and your Lordships, for reasons best known to yourselves, but which must have been bottomed on justice guided by wisdom—wisdom never more seen or better evidenced than in varying the course of conduct and adapting to new circumstances the actions we perform—wisdom which will not, if it be perfect in its kind and absolute in its degree, ever sustain any loss by the deviation—for this reason alone, in order that injustice might not be done (for what in one case may be injurious to a defendant, may be expected mainly to assist a defendant in another.)—your Lordships, not with a view to injure the Queen—your Lordships, with a view to farther, not to frustrate the ends of justice—allowed the evidence to be printed, which afforded to the witnesses, if they wished it, means of mending and improving upon their testimony."

And this reminds us of another passage in the same speech, where, flinging irony aside, he with unparalleled boldness charged the Peers of England, before whom he stood as the advocate of the Queen, with having themselves, by their own conduct, forced her to associate abroad with persons beneath her, and thus incur the degradation of which she was then accused.

"But who," he asked, "are they that bring

this charge, and above all, before whom do they urge it? Others may accuse her—others may blame her for going abroad—others may tell tales of the consequences of living among Italians, and of not associating with the women of her country or of her adopted country; but it is not your Lordships that have any right to say so. It is not you, my Lords, that can fling this stone at Her Majesty. You are the last persons in the world—you who now presume to judge her, are the last persons in the world so to charge her; for you are the witnesses whom she must call to vindicate her from that charge. You are the last persons who can so charge her; for you being her witnesses, have been the instigators of that only admitted crime. While she was here she courteously opened the doors of her palace to the families of your Lordships. She graciously condescended to mix herself in the habits of most familiar life with those virtuous and distinguished persons.

But when changes took place—when other views opened—when that power was to be retained which she had been made the instrument of grasping—when that lust of power and place was to be continued its gratification, to the first gratification of which she had been made the victim—then her doors were opened in vain; then that society of the Peeresses of England was withheld from her; then she was reduced to the alternative, humiliating indeed . . . either to acknowledge that you had deserted her . . . or to leave the country and have recourse to other society inferior to yours."

Our limits will not allow us to attempt an analysis of this celebrated speech, and indeed, it is too well known to need that we should do so. All who have read it must have stamped upon their memories the way in which Mr. Brougham shattered the evidence in support of the bill, and the irresistible force with which he insisted upon its rejection, not only on account of the worthlessness of the witnesses who were called, but the absence of the witnesses who were not. In anticipation of the taunt which might be expected from those who would say that he might call the latter himself, he burst forth:

"And if you do not call them"—in the name of justice, what? Say!—Say!—For shame, in this temple—this highest temple of justice, to have her most sacred rights so profaned, that I am to be condemned in the plenitude of proof, if guilt is; that I am to be condemned, unless I run counter to the presumption which bears sway in all Courts of Justice, that I am innocent until I am proved guilty; and that my case is to be considered as utterly ruined, unless I call my adversary's witnesses! Oh! most monstrous! most incredible! My Lords! my Lords! if you

mean ever to show the face of those symbols by which Justice is known to your country, without making them stand an eternal condemnation of yourselves, I call upon you instantly to dismiss this case, and for this single reason; and I will say not another word upon this subject."

It was in the same speech that he uttered his well-known description of the duties of an advocate.

"I once before took occasion to remind your Lordships—which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be necessary to remind—that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes to his client, knows in the discharging that office but one person in the world, THAT CLIENT AND NONE OTHER. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm—the suffering—the torment—the destruction—which he may bring upon another. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must prove reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection!"

This, if considered as propounding an article in the code of forensic ethics, is an exaggerated and erroneous view, against which the right reason of every one instinctively revolts; but the speaker meant it to apply to and foreshadow the necessity to which he might be driven of recriminating upon the King, and impugning his title to the throne in consequence of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Although Mr. Brougham did not go so far as this, yet he went far enough in vindicating his claim to know in the discharge of his duty to his client "but one person in the world, that client and no other," when he called the King "the ringleader of the band of perjured witnesses;" and in quoting an affectionate letter from George III. to his daughter-in-law, said, that he could not read it "without a feeling of sorrow, when we reflect upon the reign that has passed, and compare it with the rule we live under."

It is needless to express any opinion upon the merits of the case, or to revive a controversy, in every aspect most unhappy, which has died away. We are dealing with the Queen's trial merely as it afforded a great occasion for a great advocate; and no one can deny the matchless skill with which the defense was conducted, and the

power with which the testimony of Majocchi, the "*non mi ricordo*," Majocchi—of Demont, "the Machiavel of waiting-maids"—of Cucchi, with "that unmatched physiognomy, those gloating eyes, that sniffing nose, that lecherous mouth"—of Sacchi, and of Kress, and indeed of all the witnesses for the bill, was sifted, anatomized, and destroyed. We will quote the peroration of the speech, and chiefly for the purpose of calling attention to the rising climax at the beginning.

"Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offense—scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name, of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenseless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save that country that you may continue to adorn it—save the Crown which is in jeopardy—the Aristocracy which is shaken—save the Altar which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heart-felt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice."

In connection with the Queen's trial another opportunity was afforded to Mr. Brougham for a great oratorical display. When she died in August, 1821, the bells of most of the churches throughout England were tolled—but those of Durham remained silent. Neither church nor cathedral there paid this tribute of respect to her memory; and a Mr. Williams, the

editor of a local newspaper at Durham, commented with some severity upon the omission. What he wrote would now-days pass unheeded and disregarded, but those were times of *ex-officio* informations; and the late Lord Abinger, then Mr. Scarlett, the Attorney-General of the County Palatine, obtained a rule, which was afterwards made absolute, for a criminal information against John Williams, the publisher of the paragraph, for a libel against "the clergy residing in and near the city of Durham." We more than doubt whether such a body—having no corporate character or capacity—could, in point of law, be the possible subjects of a *libel*, so as to enable them to be the relators in a criminal information. But the rule was granted, and Williams was defended before a Durham jury by Mr. Brougham.

In the alleged libel occurred the following passage—"Yet these men profess to be followers of Jesus Christ, to walk in his footsteps, to teach his precepts, to inculcate his spirit, to promote harmony, charity, and Christian love! Out upon such hypocrisy!"—and Mr. Scarlett, who conducted the prosecution, had suggested in his opening address to the jury that the reason why the bells of Durham were silent was because the clergy there too deeply sympathized with the Queen's fate to give open expression to their sorrow. This was indeed to expose an unguarded flank to the enemy and invite a terrible attack, and thus did Mr. Brougham avail himself of the opportunity.

"The venerable the clergy of Durham, I am told now for the first time . . . did nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her suffering in the bottom of their reverend hearts! When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous as others, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow clung round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, *THEIR* silence, the contrast which *THEY* displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less because they felt the more!—Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this! most consummate of all the hypocrites! After instructing your chosen official advocate to stand forward with such a defense—such an exposition of your motives—to dare to utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged

you with it! This is indeed to insult common-sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright frank honest hypocrites to what you have made yourselves—and surely for all you have ever done or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satiated with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement and ample retribution!"

In the same speech occurs a passage which we must cite as perfect in its kind. Mr. Scarlett had lamented in his opening that the clergy had not the power of defending themselves through the public press. Mr. Brougham declared that they had largely used it and "scurrilously and foully libeled" the defendant. He then thus proceeded:

"Not that they wound deeply or injure much; but that is no fault of theirs: without hurting they give trouble and discomfort. The insect brought into life by corruption, and nestled in filth, though its flight be lowly and its sting puny, can swarm and buzz and irritate the skin and offend the nostril, and altogether give us nearly as much annoyance as the wasp, whose nobler nature it aspires to emulate. These reverend slanderers—these pious backbiters—devoid of force to wield the sword, snatch the dagger; and destitute of wit to point or to barb it, and make it rankle in the wound, steep it in venom to make it fester in the scratch."

Nor was this the last occasion on which Lord Brougham defended the memory of the Queen. No one can doubt the sincerity of his conviction of her innocence, and he has seized every opportunity of proclaiming it to the world. In a debate in 1823, on the question of the Administration of the Law in Ireland brought forward by himself, Mr. Peel has censured his reference to a letter which had been addressed by the Irish Attorney-General, Mr. Saurin, to Lord Norbury, then Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and in which the writer had suggested that Lord Norbury should make use of his position as a judge on circuit to influence those with whom he came in contact against Catholic Emancipation. This letter was a private one, which had got into print by some improper means, contrary to the wish and intention of Mr. Saurin, and had been the subject of much public remark. On hearing the attack, Mr. Brougham turned to Mr. Denman and Mr. Williams, who with Dr. Lushington had been his colleagues on the Queen's trial, and, quoting Cromwell's words at

the battle of Dunbar, said: "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands." When he rose to reply he thus dealt with the accusation, and thus retorted upon his adversary:

"And why, let me ask, am I to be blamed for simply referring to an extensively published letter, as if I had first given it publicity? . . . I entirely agree with the Right Honorable Gentleman, in his condemnation of those who have been concerned in obtaining the letter for the purpose of publishing it. Their conduct may not be criminal by the enactments of the law, but it is morally dishonest, and it is revolting to every honorable feeling. I go heartily along with him in reprobating all such odious practices; I hold with him that it is shameful, indecent, abominable to encourage them; I consider it truly detestable to hold out the encouragement of bribes for the purpose of corrupting servants, and inducing them to violate their first duty, and betray the secrets of their master—ay, and of their mistress too! I say of their mistress! of their mistress! and not only to betray her secrets and to steal her papers, and to purloin her letters, but to produce them for the treacherous, the foul, the execrable purpose of supporting a charge against her honor and her life, founded on the documents that have been pilfered by her servants and sold to her enemies! the proofs obtained by perfidy suborned, and larceny perpetrated! and then to carry on a prosecution wholly grounded on matter drawn from sources so polluted, as at once insulted, disgraced, and degraded the nation—a prosecution so foul, so utterly abominable, making the sun shroud himself in darkness, as if unwilling to lend the light of day to the perpetration of such enormous wickedness! And by whom was this infamy enacted? By the ministers of the Crown—by the very colleagues of the Right Honorable Gentleman who now pronounces so solemn a denunciation of all that tends to encourage servants in betraying the confidence of their masters and their mistresses!"

Lord Brougham is sparing in the use of metaphor, and hardly ever resorts to a simile. But when he does employ metaphor it is always apt and effective. We may give as a specimen his description of the benefits conferred by the Reform Bill, which occurs in a speech delivered by him in 1839, on what was called the Bedchamber Question, so fatal to Sir Robert Peel's attempt to form an Administration in the month of May in that year.

* An eclipse of the sun happened to take place at the time of the opening of the case for the Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen.

"It is my clear and deliberate conviction (and if I had not so believed I never would have consented to the change in 1831 and 1832, much less promoted it) that if the altered Constitution is fit for the calm, it is yet better suited to the tempest; if the vessel can ride the more safely in smooth water, since the repairs she then underwent, they were still more necessary for enabling her to bear the storm. Her being made more tight in her rigging, better trimmed, better manned, and by a more contented crew, sounder in her timbers, more secure and more seaworthy in all her fabric, far from rendering her less fit safely to ride through the troubled waters, must make her more powerful to defy the strife of the elements. . . . The vessel has undergone a thorough repair; not unnecessary for her security in the fairest weather, but in the stress of wind and wave absolutely required to give her a chance of safety."

And, although it is not included in the collection we are reviewing, we can not resist the temptation of quoting an extract from his noble speech on the State of the Law, where a fine metaphor is beautifully sustained.

"The great stream of Time is perpetually flowing on; all things around us are in ceaseless motion; and we vainly imagine to preserve our relative position among them by getting out of the current and standing stock-still on the margin. The stately vessel we belong to glides down; our bark is attached to it; we might 'pursue the triumph and partake the gale;' but worse than the fool who stares expecting the current to flow down and run out, we exclaim, 'Stop the boat!' and would tear it away to strand it for the purpose of preserving its connection with the vessel."

It is, however, in the power of description that Lord Brougham peculiarly excels. No one can paint with more force a picture in words. Witness that tremendous passage with which he appalled the House of Lords when, in his speech on the Slave Trade in 1838, he described the horrors of the Middle Passage and spoke of the shark that follows in the wake of the slave-ship; "and her course is literally to be tracked through the ocean by the blood of the murdered, with which her enormous crime stains its waters." Our space will not allow us to do more than give a fragment of the picture in which are drawn scenes—

"Scenes not exceeded in horror by the forms with which the great Tuscan poet peopled the Hell of his fancy, nor by the dismal tints of his illustrious countrymen's pencil breathing its horrors over the vaults of the Sistine Chapel!

Mortua quæ etiam jungebat corpora vicis!
On the deck and in the loathsome hold are to be seen the living chained to the dead—the putrid carcase remaining to mock the survivor with a spectacle that to him presents no terrors—to mock him with the spectacle of a release that he envies! Nay, women have been known to bring forth the miserable fruit of the womb, surrounded by the dying and the dead—the decayed corpses of their fellow victims.”

After this, his affecting account of the sufferings of the people in his speech against the Orders in Council in 1812 seems almost tame. And yet his tale of starving penury and silent woe in the manufacturing districts was told with infinite skill—we fear with not more skill than truth—and touched the hearts of all who heard it. Speaking of Birmingham he asked:

“In what state do you find that once busy hive of men? Silent, still, and desolate during half the week; during the rest of it, miserably toiling at reduced wages, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to maintain animal life in the lowest state of comfort, and at all times swarming with unhappy persons, willing, anxious to work for their lives, but unable to find employment. He must have a stout heart within him, who can view such a scene, and not shudder. But even this is not all. . . . A third would say that he was afraid to see his people, because he had no longer the means of giving them work, and he knew that they would flock around him and implore to be employed at the lowest wages: for something wholly insufficient feed them. ‘Indeed,’ said one, ‘our situation is greatly to be pitied; it is most distressing; and God only knows what will become of us, for it is most unhappy!’”

He possesses also an unrivalled fertility in strong and apposite illustration. This is one of the most effective ornaments of a speech, vividly condensing the argument and bringing it home at once to the apprehension. We will give one or two examples. Alluding to the pressure of misery caused by the Orders in Council, and the wild ideas that were afloat of the relief that was likely to flow from the proposed abolition of the East-India Company’s trading monopoly—when one district, which raised no earthly produce but black horned cattle, had petitioned for a free exportation to the East-Indies—and “the ancient and respectable city of Newcastle, which grows nothing but pit coal, had earnestly entreated that it might be allowed to ship that useful article to supply the stoves and hot-houses of Calcutta,” he said:

“They remind one of the accounts which have been handed down to us of the great pestilence which once visited this city. Nothing in the story of that awful time is more affecting than the picture which it presents of the vain efforts made to seek relief. Miserable men might be seen rushing forth into the streets and wildly grasping the first passenger they met, to implore his help, as if by communicating the poison to others they could restore health to their own veins, or life to its victims whom they had left stretched before it. In that dismal period there was no end of projects and nostrums for preventing or curing the disease; and numberless empirics every day started up with some new delusion, rapidly made fortunes of the hopes and terrors of the multitude, and then as speedily disappeared, or were themselves borne down by the general destroyer. Meanwhile the malady raged until its force was spent; the attempts to cure it were doubtless all baffled; but the eagerness with which men hailed each successive contrivance, proved too plainly how vast was their terror and how universal the suffering that prevailed.”

And again, in the same speech, in answer to the question, what had the Orders in Council to do with the scarcity arising from a deficient crop?

“Why, Sir, to deny that those measures affect the scarcity, is as absurd as it would be to deny that our Jesuits’ Bark Bill exasperated the misery of the French hospitals, for that the wretches there died of the ague and not of the bill. True, they died of the ague; but your murderous policy withheld from them that kindly herb which the Providence that mysteriously inflicted the disease, mercifully bestowed for the relief of suffering humanity.”

Throughout these orations occur from time to time magnificent bursts of the finest eloquence, and our only difficulty is to make a selection. We might quote from his speech in 1812, at the Liverpool Election, his invective against the policy of Mr. Pitt. “Immortal in the triumphs of our enemies and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years’ reign, from the first rays of favor with which a delighted Court glided his early apostasy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally!” We might also quote from his speech on the Army Estimates in 1816—a speech

* The news of the burning of Moscow had arrived in Liverpool by that day’s post.

which we are told by himself had a greater success than any other made by him in Parliament—his comparison of France in 1792, when “a prodigious revolution had unchained twenty-six millions of men in the heart of Europe,” with France at the time he spoke, after “Jacobinism, itself arrested by the Directory, punished by the Consuls, reclaimed by the Emperor, has become attached to the cause of good order, and made to serve it with the zeal, the resources, and the address of a malefactor engaged by the police after the time of his sentence had expired.” Or the peroration of his speech in 1823, on abuses in the Administration of the Law in Ireland, which Mr. Wilberforce in his “Diary” (see his “Life,” vol. 5, p. 186,) called “quite thundering—magnificent, but very unjust declamation.” With the justice or injustice of the attack we are not now concerned, but it is melancholy to think that such a theme should have afforded materials for a long oration in the House of Commons little more than thirty years ago, and that it should have been possible to say there, as Mr. Brougham did say: “In England, justice is delayed, but, thank Heaven, it can never be sold. In Ireland, it is sold to the rich, refused to the poor, delayed to all. It is in vain to disguise the fact; it is in vain to shun the disclosure of the truth. . . . We are driving six millions of people to despair, to madness. . . .”

But at the risk of choosing a passage which some may think eclipsed by others more rhetorical and brilliant, we will give an extract from the close of his speech in the House of Commons in 1830 on Negro Slavery, which we think remarkably fine:

“Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge; to another all unutterable woes. Such it is at this day. It is the law written in the heart of man by the finger of his Maker; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject

the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations: the covenants of the Almighty, whether of the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions.”

With this it is worth while to compare his grand and impassioned burst of indignant eloquence, when denouncing in the House of Lords, in 1838, the cruelties practiced in our West-India Colonies, and calling upon the House to assent to the immediate emancipation of the Negro apprentices. Eleven female slaves had been severely flogged, and then forced by torture to work on the treadmill, “till their sufferings had reached the pitch when life can no longer even glimmer in the socket of the weary frame.” They died—and

“Ask you,” said the great champion of the cause of African freedom, “ask you if crimes like these, murderous in their legal nature, as well as frightful in their aspect, passed unnoticed; if inquiry was neglected to be made respecting these deaths in a prison? No such thing! The forms of justice were, on this head, peremptory even in the West-Indies; and those forms, the handmaids of Justice, were present, though their sacred mistress was far away. The coroner duly attended; his jury were regularly impaneled; eleven inquisitions were made in order, and eleven verdicts returned. Murder! manslaughter! misdemeanor! misconduct! No—but ‘Died by the Visitation of God!’ Died by the Visitation of God! A lie! a perjury! a blasphemy! The visitation of God! Yes, for it is amongst the most awful of those visitations by which the inscrutable purposes of his will are mysteriously accomplished, that he sometimes arms the wicked with power to oppress the guiltless; and if there be any visitation more dreadful than another—any which more tries the faith and vexes the reason of erring mortals, it is when Heaven showers down upon earth the plague—not of scorpions, or pestilence, or famine, or war—but of unjust judges and perjured jurors; wretches who pervert the law to wreak their personal vengeance, or compass their sordid ends, forswearing themselves

* Some years ago, when a case was argued before Lord Denman and several other judges in Sergeant’s Inn, involving incidentally the right of a Spanish or Portuguese vessel to carry slaves, the counsel who argued that a certain capture was unlawful, was assuming that, by the Law of Nations, slave-trading was lawful; upon which Lord Denman said: “I don’t know that; I should like to hear that point argued.” However, it was soon shown that what the laws of the principal nations of Europe had sanctioned could not be contrary to the Law of Nations; and indeed so Lord Stowell had decided in the case of the French vessel *Le Louis* in 1817.

upon the gospels of God, to the end that injustice may prevail and the innocent be destroyed!"

Lord Brougham is also a great master of the art of ridicule, which becomes in his hands a formidable weapon. He is obviously fond of it, and uses it often with marked effect. But we are bound to say that it is never ill-natured; there is no venom in the point. The wound may pain for the moment, but it never festers. And there is often an hilarity in the satirical attack which might make even the victim himself join in the laughter of which he is the object. When the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon had sealed the continent against the imports of British commerce, and we had tried to retaliate by the Orders in Council, which had the effect of stopping our American trade, and involving us in a quarrel with the United States, the Ministers advanced the argument that a substitute for our former market was found in our increasing trade with the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of South-America. In point of fact, our North-American trade had amounted to thirteen millions sterling a year, while the South-American trade was only one million. By way of illustrating the importance and magnitude of the commerce we had lost, Mr. Brougham drew an amusing picture of the raptures of joy into which Ministers would be thrown if they could command such a market any where on the continent.

"Why, sir, only conceive an event which should give an opening in the north of Europe or the Mediterranean for but a small part of this vast bulk—some change or accident, by which a thirteenth, ay, or a thirtieth, of the enormous value of British goods could be thrown into the enemy's countries! In what transports of delight would the new President [of the Board of Trade, Mr. Rose] be flung! I verily believe he would make but one step from his mansion to his office—all Downing Street, and all Duke's Place would be in an uproar of joy. Bless me, what a scene of activity and business should we see! what Cabinets—what Boards!—What amazing conferences of Lords of Trade!—What a driving together of Ministers!—What a rustling of small clerks!—What a mighty rushing of brokers!—Circulars to the manufacturing towns—harangues upon 'Change, performed by eminent naval characters—triumphal processions of dollars and volunteers in St. James' Square!—Hourly deputations from the merchants—courteous and pleasing answers from the Board—a speedy im-

portation into Whitehall, to a large amount, of worthy knights representing the City—a quick return cargo of licenses and hints for cargoes—the whole craft and mystery of that license trade revived, with its appropriate perjuries and frauds—new life given to the drooping firms of dealers in forgery whom I formerly exposed to you—answered by corresponding activity in the Board of Trade, and its clerks—slips of the pen worth fifteen thousand pounds*—judicious mistakes—well-considered oversights—elaborate inadvertencies.—Why, so happily constituted is the Right Honorable Gentleman's understanding, that his very blunders are more precious than the accuracies of other men; and it is no metaphor, but a literal mercantile proposition to say, that it is better worth our while to err with him than to think rightly with the rest of mankind!"

In a review of Lord Brougham's speeches, it would be unpardonable to omit mention of his great Oration on Parliamentary Reform—one of the most elaborate of all his efforts. But it is too well known to require more than a brief notice. Nothing but the highly-wrought state of public feeling could justify the scene at the close, when sinking on the ground beside the woolsack, the Lord Chancellor exclaimed: "By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, *on my bended knees* I supplicate you—reject not this bill." This is too theatrical for good taste. It reminds us of of the exaggerated manner of the Père Lacordaire in the French pulpit, or of some of the extravagant scenes which have occurred in the French revolutionary assemblies. But the genius of French oratory is essentially different from our own. Let us, however, not be understood to depreciate the eloquence of our neighbors, either in the pulpit or the tribune or at the bar. The country which has produced a Bossuet and a Massillon—a D'Aguesseau, a Berryer, and a Guizot, may well contend with others for the palm of excellence in speech; and it is one of the most melancholy results of the suppression of liberty in France, that her orators are dumb, and that the force of a military despotism, or the restrictions of

* Mr. Baring (afterwards Lord Ashburton) had stated in the House of Commons, that by two mistakes at one time, licenses were rendered so valuable, that he would have given that sum for them.

a jealous police, have crashed into silence the tribune which has been the scene of so many triumphs of eloquence and freedom. *Quousque tandem?*

The speech on Parliamentary Reform has several fine passages, but it is not, throughout, so eloquent as many others delivered by Lord Brougham. It is more in the nature of an exhaustive reply to the arguments that had been advanced in opposition to the bill by Lords Dudley, Winchelsea, Wharnccliffe, Harrowby, and Caernarvon, and these were met and parried and retorted with admirable skill. The Earl of Caernarvon, in answer to the question, What Reform had the Opposition to offer if the proposed measure was rejected? had compared the Ministry to some host, who, having set before his guests an uneatable dinner with which they found fault, should ask them, "What dishes can you dress yourselves?"—and thus Lord Brougham took up the illustration:

"My noble friend says that such an answer would be very unreasonable—for he asks, ingeniously enough, 'How can the guests dress a dinner, especially when they have not possession of the kitchen?' But did it never strike him that the present is not the case of guests, called upon to eat a dinner—it is one of rival cooks, who want to get into our kitchen. We are here all on every side cooks—a synod of cooks (to use Dr. Johnson's phrase) and nothing but cooks; for it is the very condition of our being—the bond of our employment under a common master—that none of us shall ever taste the dishes we are now dressing. The Commons may taste it; but can the Lords? We have nothing to do but propose the viands. It is therefore of primary importance, when the authority of two classes of rival artists is the main question, to inquire what are our feats severally in our common calling."

And in answer to the extreme and impossible case put by the Earl of Harrowby, of the population of an enfranchised borough of four thousand souls being all paupers, he said that he had a right to put an extreme case on the other side, to illustrate the nature of representations under the rotten borough system; and he instanced the case of the Nabob Wajajah Cawn Bahadur, who had actually his eighteen or twenty members bought with a price, and sent to look after his pecuniary interests as honest and independent members of Parliament."

"Behold," he said, "the sovereign of the Carnatic, who regards not land, nor rank, nor connection, nor open country, nor populous city; but his eye fastens on the time-honored relics of departed greatness and extinct population—the walls of Sarum and Gattion; he arms his right hand with venerable parchments, and pointing with his left to a heap of star pagodas, too massive to be carried along, lays siege to the citadel of the Constitution, the Commons' House of Parliament, and its gates fly open to receive his well-disciplined band."

But our limits compel us to stop. We shall be glad if any thing we have said has the effect of making these speeches more generally read. We advise all who wish to qualify themselves as public speakers to study the orations of Lord Brougham. They will find them a storehouse of manly thought, of vigorous argument, and lofty eloquence upon all the great questions of his time. Few may hope to rival the orator who defeated the bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline, and snapped asunder the chain of Slavery; but none can fail to profit by the example. But above all things, let no one imagine, that without taking pains and bestowing labor, he can rise to eminence as an Orator. He may be a fluent speaker and an expert debater, but an orator he will not be, if he refuses to copy the example and follow the precepts of the great masters of the art. And of all auxiliaries to the tongue, the pen is the best. Cicero tells us, that *stilius optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister*; and to use his own beautiful simile, the habit of writing passages in a speech will communicate aptness and force to extempore expression, just as the vessel retains her onward way from the impetus previously given, after the stroke of the oar has ceased. Let us, however, not be misunderstood. We by no means intend to advise a habit of writing out the whole of a speech, and getting it off by heart before it is delivered. Not only does this impose too great a load upon the memory, and render the chance of a break-down almost inevitable, when, from sudden nervousness or any other cause, some passage which forms a necessary link in the chain is forgotten; but it prevents a speaker from feeling, as it were, the pulse of his audience, and varying his style and tone according to the impression which he sees is made upon

them. In most cases a written speech is a failure from this cause. But the subject matter should be beforehand well and thoroughly digested; there should be the *cogitatio et commentatio* insisted upon by Cicero; and in addition to this, with respect to particular passages, the *assidua ac diligens scriptura*. By this means the speaker will have laid up in the arsenal of his memory, a supply of weapons ready for any emergency that may arise; and it is almost a truism to say, that sentences considered beforehand in the laboratory of thought, and submitted to criticism and revision by being embodied in written composition, must be more likely to be effective than those which are thrown off hastily in the hurry of debate, when there is no time to pause for the best and most appropriate expression. But, indeed, the habit of composition will have the effect

of suggesting to the speaker, at all times, the best word and the best sentence; and will thus assist him whenever the necessity occurs for unpremeditated reply. Cicero amongst the ancients, and Lord Brougham amongst the moderns, have shown with what advantage familiarity with writing and practice in speaking mutually act and react upon each other.*

In conclusion, we may add, that the value of this collection of Lord Brougham's speeches is enhanced by the historical introductions written by himself, and prefixed to several of them, explaining the occasions on which they were delivered, and the subjects to which they refer. The style of these introductions is excellent—clear, vigorous, and correct—and they are in themselves a very useful contribution to the history of the nineteenth century.

From Chambers's Journal.

AN UNRAVELED MYSTERY.

INTIMATELY connected with the first impressions derived from Scriptural readings and lessons, the words Babylon, Nineveh, and Assyria have been familiar to us all from early childhood. Yet, when we seriously inquire what it is we really do know respecting the history, or even geographical boundaries of ancient Assyria, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge our total ignorance. Profane history, it is true, records the names of three of its monarchs previous to the invasion of the Medes. We read of the Bactrian and Indian expeditions of Ninus, the wondrous works of the masculine Semiramis, the Sybaritic splendors of the effeminate Sardanapalus; but the best judges are undecided whether we should accept these relations as history, or class them among the numberless other fables of the myth-inventing ages.

A new light, however, has lately been thrown upon this most interesting period in the world's history. Modern enterprise had scarcely discovered, ere modern ingenuity began to decipher, with what

amount of success we are about to relate, the long-hidden monuments of Assyria. When Mr. Layard brought to light the extraordinary bass-reliefs of Koyunjik, a new chapter in the book of history was at once laid open. Not only the inscribed records, but the pursuits, the religious ceremonies and amusements, the modes of warfare and hunting, even the very dresses of a previously unknown people, were first exhibited to modern eyes. And though the inscriptions could not then be

* We can not take leave of the subject of oratory without a passing allusion to the highly important labors and discoveries of Mr. Churchill Babington, which have enabled him recently to recover from Egyptian papyri in the British Museum copious fragments of no less than three of the Orations of Hyperides. The last of these discoveries is the long lost famous *extragone* of this orator, being the funeral discourse over Leosthenes and his comrades in the Lamian War, which has just been published with the munificent assistance of the Royal Society of Literature. This work is a real addition to the known remains of Greek oratory, for it puts us almost entirely in possession of another of the most celebrated orations of antiquity.

deciphered, though the mere style of art of the sculptures was not the least novel element in the strange discovery, still there could be little doubt respecting the antiquity of the monuments, or the purpose for which they were designed. The peculiar wedge-shaped character used in the inscriptions proved that the monuments belonged to a period preceding the conquest of Alexander; for it was known that, after the subjugation of Western Asia by the Macedonians, the cuneiform character fell into disuse; while the custom of recording events and promulgating edicts by inscriptions on stones, was also known to be of the very highest antiquity. Need we say that the divine commands were first given to man on tablets of stone. Job, too, it will be recollected, emphatically exclaims: "Oh! that my words were now written! . . . That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever!" Indeed, there could have been no less imperishable method of preserving important national records; and thus it is that the inscribed walls of palaces and rock-tablets have handed down to us, in these latter ages, the authentic history of ancient Assyria.

The character in which these inscriptions are written has been variously named, according to the fancies of different describers. Some term it the arrow-headed; the French, *tête-à-clou*, or nail-headed; the Germans, *keilförmig*, equivalent to our phrase cuneiform, or wedge-shaped; and certainly this last, most accurately expresses its peculiar form, each of the letters or syllables being composed of several distinct wedges united in certain combinations. It is considered probable that at first the letters were mere lines, and at a subsequent period the wedge-form was added to them, either as an embellishment, or to give them ideographic properties similar to the picture-writing of the Egyptians. If the latter, however, were the case, all traces of their symbolical values are irretrievably lost. We may also add, that, like the Egyptians, the Assyrians at a later period of their history possessed a cursive writing of rounded characters, not unlike the Hebrew, which was employed for written documents, while the cuneiform was exclusively reserved for monumental purposes.

The cuneiform character, under certain modifications — the groups of characters

representing syllables being diversely combined in different countries — was used over the greater part of Western Asia until, as we have already observed, the overthrow of the ancient Persian Empire by Alexander the Great. To this circumstance we mainly owe the very remarkable progress lately made in deciphering it. The Persian monarchs, previous to the conquest of Alexander ruled over all the nations using this peculiar form of writing. These consisted of three principal peoples or races. Two of them, the Persian and the Tatar, spoke a dialect not very dissimilar to that still spoken by their descendants. The language of the third, the Babylonians, including the Assyrians, was allied to the Hebrew and Arabic, and totally different from that spoken by the two former races; moreover, it has been extinct and unknown for at least two thousand years. This last was the language which the decipherers of the Assyrian monuments had to re-construct and reanimate from its equally obscure and long obsolete cuneiform characters. The first step towards the solution of so dark an enigma, was realized by the following circumstance. The Persian kings, when recording important events by inscriptions on stone tablets, used all the three languages spoken by their subjects. Thus originated the trilingual inscriptions of ancient Persia, the tablets containing them being divided into three columns, each written in a different language, and in the respective modification of cuneiform peculiar to each language, yet all three conveying one and the same meaning. The most celebrated of the trilingual inscriptions are found on the palaces of Darius and Xerxes at Persepolis, over the tomb of Darius, and on the rocks of Behistan. The latter, as aids to deciphering the Assyrian monuments, are the most important of any, as they record the principal events in the reign of Darius, and contain long lists of countries, cities, tribes, and kings; proper names being the only reliable index to the values of the cuneiform characters. The Persian version of the trilingual inscriptions, varying little from the modern Persian, having been translated, and its grammar and alphabet reduced to a certainty, a clue was gained to the Assyrian version, and from thence to the monuments discovered by Mr. Layard. The clue thus obtained was followed up in de-

fiance of the most formidable obstacles. To instance one, we may just mention that while the Persian modification of the cuneiform contains but thirty-nine signs, there are no less than four hundred in the Assyrian.

The various processes adopted to decipher the Assyrian inscriptions, from the slight clue we have just mentioned; the steps gradually made in the investigation; the going astray and the returning to, or even the accidentally hitting on, the right path; in short, all the particulars relating to this most extraordinary search in the dark, are of the highest scientific and philological interest, though utterly unsuited for the pages of a popular journal. Nor shall we presume to venture an opinion on the disputed questions respecting the original discovery of the means employed for interpreting the Assyrian cuneiform, or whether it be a Semitic language or not. It must suffice for us to say, that the names of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks will ever be connected with this great triumph of our age and nation: less than a triumph it can not be termed, for the investigation has been rewarded with complete success.

But though empires rise and fall, and tongues and tribes die out and disappear, still the race of the Van Twillers never becomes extinct: there always have been, and probably ever will be, many members of the family of the doubters. Consequently, though the decipherers of the Assyrian inscriptions detected on the strangely graven tablets the names of persons, cities, and nations, in historical and geographical series, and found them mentioned in proper connection with events recorded in sacred and profane history, still the doubters, gravely shaking their heads, refused to believe in the soundness of the system by which Dr. Hincks and Sir Henry Rawlinson interpreted the mysteries of the cuneiform. Nor were the doubters without some show of reason for their unbelief. A great cause of difficulty in deciphering the cuneiform is what have been termed the variants—namely, different letters possessing the same alphabetic value, or, in other words, cuneiform groups representing a syllable, but not always the same syllable—sometimes one, and sometimes another. Accordingly, the doubters, not unreasonably, said that such a license in the use of letters or

syllables must be productive of the greatest uncertainty—that even the ancient Assyrians themselves could not have read a writing of so vague a description; and therefore the interpretations founded upon such a system must necessarily be fallacious. To this the decipherers replied, that experience has proved that the uncertainty arising from the variants is not so great as might be imagined. Most of the cuneiform groups having only one value, others having always the same value in the same word or phrase, so the remaining difficulties and uncertainties of reading are reduced within moderate limits. Besides, speaking practically, and taking into consideration the newness of the study, there is a fair amount of agreement between different interpreters of the Assyrian historical writings of average difficulty.

The doubters, however, not being satisfied, advantage was taken of an opportunity which lately occurred to test, as closely as possible, the truth of the system of decipherment adopted by Dr. Hincks and Sir Henry Rawlinson, not only with the view of silencing the unbelievers, but also to prove that a correct basis of translation had been established, upon which other and future investigators could implicitly rely.

Her Majesty's government having sanctioned the trustees of the British Museum to publish lithographed copies of the most interesting Assyrian inscriptions, under the superintendence of Sir Henry Rawlinson; and Sir Henry having announced his intention of publishing translations of those lithographs, accompanied with transcriptions of the same into Roman letters, it occurred to Mr. Fox Talbot that a desirable opportunity was thus offered to test the truth of the system. Accordingly, in March last, Mr. Talbot prepared a translation of the first lithographed inscription, and transmitted it sealed to the Royal Asiatic Society, with a request that the Society would preserve it sealed, until Sir Henry's translation was published, and then compare the two—Mr. Talbot considering that if any special agreement appeared between these two independent versions, made by two different persons, without any communication with each other, such agreement must indicate that the versions had at least truth for their basis. The inscription selected for the

purpose, a cylinder recording the achievements of Tiglath-pileser,* was exceedingly well suited for a comparison of this description, as it treats of various matters, changing abruptly from one to the other, and abounds in proper names, and statements of specific facts.

Upon the receipt of this communication, the council of the Society resolved that immediate measures should be taken to carry into effect the comparison suggested by Mr. Talbot, but on a more extended scale. With this view, it was determined to request Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert to favor the Society with translations of the same inscription, to be sent, like Mr. Talbot's, under a sealed cover, so that all four might be simultaneously opened, and compared by a committee appointed for the purpose. Application having been made to the above-named gentlemen, and they having heartily responded to the views of the Society, a committee consisting of the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Whewell, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Grote, Mr. Cureton, and Professor H. H. Wilson — than whom none better adapted could have been chosen — were requested to examine, and compare the four versions of the same inscription made by four different persons, in distant places, without mutual communication; and to determine how far these versions agreed in their general sense, and in the specific meanings assigned to the words.

The four translations having been forwarded to the Society, and carefully examined by the committee, the latter, having strictly compared them, certified "that the coincidences between the translations, both as to the general sense and verbal rendering, were very remarkable." In most parts, they found "a strong correspondence in the meaning assigned, and occasionally a curious identity of expression as to particular words. Where the versions differed very materially, each translator had, in many cases, marked the passage as one of doubtful or unascertained signification. In the interpretation of numbers, there was throughout a singular correspondence."

By all the translators, the inscription was understood to relate to King Tiglath-pileser, to his campaigns, building and consecration of temples, and other royal

acts; campaigns against nations bearing names mostly analogous to those known from the sacred writings, and from other ancient authorities; temples to deities with appellations bearing the same resemblance to those found in other quarters. There was a constant recurrence of these words, names, and titles, yet a sufficient variety of words to test, to a certain degree, the extent of the knowledge claimed by the translators of the sound of the words, and of the language to which the words are supposed to belong. As a specimen of the inscription, and a fair average sample of the general concurrence existing among the four translations, the following versions of the same passage, with the names of the translators, may not be altogether devoid of interest to the reader:

Rawlinson.—Then I went on to the country of Comukha, which was disobedient and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur my lord; I conquered the whole country of Comukha. I plundered their movables, their wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burned with fire, I destroyed and ruined.

Talbot.—I then advanced against Kummikhi, a land of the unbelievers who had refused to pay taxes and tribute unto Ashur, my lord. The land of Kummikhi throughout all its extent I ravaged. Their women, etc., I carried off. Their cities I burned with fire, destroyed and overthrew.

Hincks.—At that time I went to a disaffected part of Qummukh, which had withheld the tribute by weight and tale belonging to Assur, my lord. I subdued the land of Qummukh as far as it extended. I brought out their women, their slaves, and their cattle; their towns I burned with fire, threw down, and dug up.

Oppert.—In these days I went to the people of Dummukh, the enemy who owed tributes and gifts to the god Assur, my lord. I subdued the people of Dummukh for its punishment (?). I took away their captives, their herds, and their treasures; their cities I burnt in fire; I destroyed, I undermined them.

The mere verbal expression of the purport of the above versions is certainly as close as could reasonably be expected from four different translations of any modern language. In some instances, however, the translators admitted that certain passages were obscure, and, indeed,

* Kings, 15: 29; 16: 7, 10.

the values of several common Assyrian words still remain to be established. Thus, where Pileser records his hunting exploits, Rawlinson makes the game "wild buffaloes;" Hincks, "wild elephants;" while Talbot not venturing a translation, retains the original word, "*amsi*." But in the general sense of killing or taking alive wild animals of some kind or other, they are all agreed. In a dead language, and more especially in one like the Assyrian, where symbolic signs are frequently used instead of phonetic letters, it is only natural to suppose that some words and names of persons, animals, or objects would be uncertain. Still, the occasional differences among the four translators, in the mode of interpreting certain words and sentences, may be accepted as a guarantee—if such were required—of the complete fairness of the undertaking, particularly when we find that those differences are uniform; the words or sentences so varying, having the same meaning assigned to them wherever they occur. A fair example of agreement and disagreement will be found in the following several translations of the closing paragraphs of the inscription, in which imprecations are denounced upon any future monarchs who may in any way deface the stone-engraved records of the mighty Tiglath: *and he shall cut off his name*.

Rawlinson.—Whoever shall injure my tablets and cylinders, or shall moisten them with water, or scorch them with fire, or expose them to the air, or in the holy place of God shall assign them a position where they can not be seen or understood, or who shall erase the writing and inscribe his own name, or who shall divide the sculptures, (?) and break them off from my tablets, Anu and Vul, the great gods my lords, let them consign his name to perdition; let them curse him with irrevocable curse; let them cause his sovereignty to perish; let them pluck out the stability of the throne of his empire.

Talbot.—But he who my stone tablets and my memorial records shall injure, or shall destroy them: with water shall efface them: or with fire shall consume them: or shall deface the writings: or shall write his name (*instead of mine*): or shall cut away the emblems: or who shall break in pieces the face of my tablets: May Anu and Yen, the great gods, my lords, utterly confound him; may their curses fall upon him; may they sweep away his kingly power; may his enemies carry off his royal throne.

Hincks.—He who shall hide or obliterate my tablets and my floors shall wander on the waters, shall be *suspended* in the fires, shall be *besmeared with earth*, shall be *assigned by adjudication* an unpleasant place in the excellent house on high. He shall survive *few years*, and shall write his name *where some enemy shall speedily deface it*, and shall have it (that is, the tablet containing it) broken against my tablets! May Anu and *Io*, the great gods, my lords, *energetically punish* him! and may they curse him with a *destroying* curse! May they *depress* his kingdom! may they remove . . . the throne of his dominion.

Oppert.—He who hides or defaces my tablets, and my angular stones, who throws them into the water, who burns them with fire, who spreads them to the winds, who transports them to the house of death, to a place without life, who steals the cylinders, (?) who engraves on them his name, and . . . who injures my tablets: May Anu and Ao, the great gods, my lords, load his name with infamy; may they curse him with the worst imprecations! May they subdue his sister; may they deport the districts of his kingdom.

Upon the whole, the result of this very curious experiment—than which a fairer test could not, in all probability, be devised—may be considered as establishing, almost definitely, the correctness of the valuation of the characters of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions; and though it be quite possible that further researches may find something to alter or to add, still the greater portion, if not the whole of those remarkable records, may now be read with entire confidence. The almost invariable concurrence of the translators in the general sense, proves that they are agreed to give the same interpretation to the greater portion of the vocabulary. At the same time, the differences show that a good deal remains to be effected ere the sense of every individual term can be confidently rendered. Where so much, however, has been accomplished in so short a period, and under such extraordinary difficulties, there surely is every reason to hope that the remaining uncertainties will ultimately and speedily be overcome. At all events, the ancient Assyrian language, with its grotesque, arrow-headed character, so inexplicable but a few years past, is, at the present time, nothing more than an unraveled mystery.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

HANS ERNST MITTERKAMP.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE YEARS 1775-1813.

I.

LONG AGO.

DEARLY do I love Weimar, our German Athens! For there I was born. In that light green-colored house, with high peaked slanting roof, situated near the Stadtkirche, and only a few doors from the house in which Herder used to live, an infant was ushered into the world on the 7th of November, 1775, and its arrival caused, perhaps, greater expectations in the narrow family circle than did that of the great Goethe, who this same day entered Weimar on the invitation of our prince, Karl August. Many times have I seen my mother turn to me with hope and pride, as she said to some neighbor: "My boy Hans was born under very lucky auspices, for he first saw the light on the day that the poet Goethe arrived in Weimar."

Even now, when I look back to those early days, something of the awe with which I always regarded this circumstance of my birth creeps over me, and I recall, with a smile, the dreams of future greatness with which I used to flatter my vanity as a boy. Neither I nor my parents ever for a moment considered how many other children must have been born on this same 7th of November, and that it was very improbable it should bring luck to all. We did not look beyond our own circle; it was our world, and in it, I, Hans Ernst Mitterkamp, was the only child favored by so marked a birthday. I say marked, because with Goethe came the brightest star of all those who had clustered round the little court of Saxe Weimar, and the lustre of his genius will never cease to reflect credit on his patron, the Grand Duke.

My father had a small independence, on which we lived. He was a man of studious and contented mind, with no

ambition to rise from the grade of society in which he had been born. He did not like children, and all my early recollections of him are connected with fear. It was my father who punished me, who bid me take a book and read; if I made too much noise, it was he who often turned me out of the room, or told me to hold my tongue. He taught me my lessons, would never excuse a fault, and was rigid in his discipline. No wonder, then, that I should look upon him as a taskmaster, one to be feared, and that I should place all the affection of which my young heart was capable on my indulgent, loving mother. I can remember a kind face, with large, anxious eyes looking at me as she laid me to sleep at night; I can see her slight form sitting by the window in the dusk of evening, and I fancy I hear her sweet voice singing to soothe me; for I was a very excitable, nervous child, and I would not go to sleep at night without some one near me; even then I was subject to alarms and strange visions.

One of these last is firmly graven on my mind, and as it stands out vividly from the unconnected mass of early recollections, I will here narrate it.

I was five years old. My mother had left me asleep, but she had scarcely quit the room when I was roused by loud voices talking in the street below my window; I called out to my mother, but she was not with me, and, perceiving I was quite alone, fear took entire possession of me, and I trembled all over. The noises in the street had ceased, the room was silent, and so dark, that, though I strained my eyes, I could not distinguish any thing. Suddenly a stream of white light shone in from the window. I sat up and gazed at it fixedly; it grew larger and larger, till it seemed to fill the room. I saw faces peering at me out of the dark corners, and the whole lesson of poetry I had learnt the day before was written in flaming let-

ters on the wall; a strange hissing voice seemed to say in my ear: "Learn it again." I tried to read the words, but could not, and I fancied I saw my father looking at me, and threatening to punish me if I did not; then a loud hoarse laugh rang through the room. It was a real laugh, and in a paroxysm of fear I jumped from the bed and rushed to my mother's side, who was sitting with my father in the room below. I wept myself quiet in her sheltering arms, but, in spite of her caresses and endearments, I heard my father say:

"Nonsense, nonsense! Pity the child was not born a foolish girl. He'll never make a man."

"Hans is so young yet, Robert," my mother pleaded. "These alarms will wear off in time."

Her words came true in the end, but I suffered from them for a long while, and dreaded night as my greatest enemy. In February of this year my sister Veronica was born; I regarded her appearance as an intrusion, and was far from being content to share my mother's affection; but what can not be helped must be endured, and I first got used to the screaming baby, and then began to grow attached to it. The serving-girl, who acted as nurse, often insisted that Master Hans was a spiteful boy, and that she dared not leave the baby a moment for fear he should pinch it. I hope this was a libel on my character, but I have no doubt I was very disagreeable.

They told me I had once another little sister before Veronica was born, but I was very young, and did not remember her, though when I was reminded, I could just recollect my mother carrying me into her bedroom, and pointing out a little white head on the pillow, and saying something about "Poor little sister." I leaned curiously forward, and asked if she were asleep. "Yes, asleep with the angels," my mother said. And this was the first time I ever witnessed death, the sight of which was afterwards to become so familiar to me.

My only companion as a child was Ida Hannemann, a little girl who lived near us, and as our acquaintance began in a somewhat peculiar manner, I must not omit it. Regularly every Sunday I accompanied my mother to church, and I used to make her stand at the entrance till service began, that I might see the

chains hung across the streets to prevent disturbance to the worshipers within. I do not know why I took pleasure in seeing this done; perhaps it was the clanking sound the chain made; but my mother was always ready to indulge my fancy.

On the bench before us Ida sat with her father and mother, and as the service was long, we children often grew very tired and fidgety, striving to amuse ourselves in any way we could. One day I had been yawning very frequently, and this attracted Ida's attention. She looked round wistfully at me; I made faces, and frowned in return; nothing daunted, she smiled; this I thought very encouraging, and I began to make greater advances by kicking her feet gently, and then, when our parents were not watching us, a whispered conversation began, which was carried on Sunday after Sunday. Ida and I met in our walks; our nurses were friends. We used to walk hand in hand, and a deep attachment grew up between us, which was destined to ripen into a more lasting affection in after years. Our parents became acquainted with each other, and Ida and I were almost constant companions, till Veronica grew older and carried her away from me.

A very memorable day at this early period of my life comes before me, and one that I long remembered; for it was the first and only time I spoke with the poet Goethe. My mother was out walking with me and my little sister; the air was cold; for it was a frosty morning in spring, and I ran forward to keep myself warm. We were outside the town, and the clear road lay before me, so away I scampered, glad to find myself free to do as I liked. Well do I remember the delight of hearing the noise of my own feet echoed back from the bank which rose abruptly beside the road. I stamped and capered to make a variation in the cadence, and was so engrossed with my occupation that I did not perceive a gentleman was approaching me.

I ran against him, for children were never yet known to guide themselves with propriety. Half shy, half frightened by the sudden stop put to my movements, I uttered a soft "Pardon, sir," and glanced timidly into his face. I shall never forget the kind smile which greeted me, and the large brown eyes that seemed to speak as he fixed them on my upturned face.

"Take better care of yourself, my young friend," said he, and patted my head encouragingly. I blushed crimson, and my heart beat fast with fear, yet I felt that I could love that tall, handsome stranger; he passed on, however, and though I gazed after him, and have always remembered this little incident, he did not turn to look at me again, and forgot the little child directly. When my mother joined me, (which she soon did, for I did not run any farther,) she said: "Hans, my fine boy, you have been highly honored; that gentleman who spoke to you is the Herr Geheimrath Goethe."

Every morning, before my father came down stairs, my mother used to read some part of the Bible aloud to me, and when I was old enough, and could read myself, she used, as a treat, to let me have the holy book in my own hand, that I might read out of it whilst she was busy with her household duties. My favorite chapter was the twenty-second of the first of Kings, and I would read Micah's speeches over and over again; indeed, it was his character alone which made me fond of that particular chapter.

When I was older, Ecclesiastes was my favorite part of the Old Testament; there was something veiled and mysterious in the language which struck me, and the opening words, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," touched some morbid feeling in my heart, and made me ponder on life in a very different way to what children generally do. The world was not a sugarcandy world to me; it was a sad reality, not a dream of sunshine.

Our drawing-room, which looked into the street, was sacred from my invasion; I was on my best feast-day behavior when admitted, and this only occurred when some distinguished visitor asked to see Hans. One day my aunt, the Countess von P—, who had but just arrived in Weimar, came to see us. We had been expecting her for many days, and as she was considered the grand lady of the family, (for her husband had an appointment at court,) my mother was anxious to receive her in the best style possible for my father's credit. I had never seen my aunt, and I well remember the long operation of putting on my best coat, and the brushing and polishing of my hair, which I very reluctantly had to undergo. Then I and my sister were led down stairs into the drawing-room. I was very shy, and

although Veronica trotted fearlessly up to my aunt, I, a boy of seven, crept behind my mother's chair, and peeped at what was going forward. Wine and delicious cakes, which made my mouth water, were presented to the visitor; I wondered at her refusing them and drinking the wine. How I started when, in setting the glass down, she upset a little china figure on the middle table—that precious table which I never dared approach, it was so covered with delicate ornaments. I looked aghast into my mother's face when I heard the crash of the falling figure, but, to my astonishment, she only smiled, and said it was of no consequence, bidding me, at the same time, pick up the maimed shepherd.

"So this is little Hans," my aunt said, on seeing me emerge from my hiding-place. "Come here and speak to your aunt. I see a great likeness to the Mitterkamps; he has his grandfather's eye."

Greatly amazed at being thus noticed, I hung my head and blushed; but she spoke so kindly to me that she gave me confidence, and, before long, I forgot my aunt was a strange lady.

"What is Hans famous for?" asked she, addressing my mother.

"I fear he is not famous for any thing," was the reply.

"I am sure he must be; all the Mitterkamps were clever. What do you like best, my child?"

"Music," I replied, without a moment's thought; and I gazed straight into her handsome face.

"That is right. And can you play the piano?" asked she, looking at the one standing against the wall.

"Very little."

"Go and play me a tune on it, will you?"

I turned to my mother for an excuse, but she seconded the proposal, and I was forced to play all the little tunes I could remember. When I left off, my aunt kissed me, and said I had a decided talent, and might make quite a second youthful Mozart.

"And now," continued she, "I have a request to make: will you let Hans come and spend a few days with me?"

My mother hesitated.

"Nay," continued my aunt, "I will not take a refusal. I have a treat in store for him. Goethe's operetta, 'Die Fischerin,' is to be performed at Tiefurt, and I promise to take Hans with me."

My father's permission was asked and obtained, to my great delight; and my kind aunt, who had now won my heart, carried me off to her house in the Frauenplan. She had no children, and her husband, Count von P——, was rich. My aunt wore a gold watch with a massive chain, and my uncle had a gold snuff-box, which he almost always carried in his hand. After dinner, coffee was brought in on a shining tray, and my aunt told me it was real silver; I had never seen any thing so beautiful before, and touched it with the points of my fingers to see what it felt like.

Seekendorf visited my uncle. He was reckoned a great musician, and I looked up to him with awe. I remember, too, seeing a strange-looking gentleman one day walk down the street with a cup of coffee in his hand. My aunt laughed when I asked who it was, and said: "Oh! that is Museus, a lover of flowers."

Now came the grand event of my childhood, the drama at Tiefert. It was a fine summer evening, and the piece was to be performed in the park. I did not close my eyes the night before, so great was my excitement, and the reality surpassed all I had anticipated. The Count von P——, my uncle, took me on the bridge that arches over the river, that I might see better. The crowd of spectators was very great, and they pressed me so much that my uncle took me up on his shoulder.

The river Ilm was illumined with countless lamps and flaring torches, and I thought their reflections were real lamps under the water. On the bank, beneath the trees, were huts, boats, nets, and fishing tackle. There was a fire, too, burning, and my uncle told me it was supposed to be Dortchen's, and that Corona Schröter, a very clever person, acted that character. I did not know what acting meant, and thought it was all real. Presently the fishermen put off in their boats to look for the maiden who had been lost, and the flicker of lights upon the river and the rippling water was very beautiful. I clapped my hands with delight, but oh! more people came crowding to the wooden bridge. I heard a crack; some one called out that the bridge was falling; a rush was made to get away, but in vain. Crash! crash! followed by a loud scream, in which I felt my voice mingle; then the water rippled round me; I put out my

arms to save myself; some one caught hold of me, and I was borne to the bank.

My aunt was dreadfully frightened; I was wet and cold. They took every care, but, in spite of the warm summer air, I caught cold, and was sent home to be nursed by my mother. As may well be imagined, I had a great deal to recount, and this, my first visit from home, was the origin of much amusement. I tried to act "*Die Fischerin*." Veronica was the lost maiden, and I hid her under one of the green-baize chairs, whilst I went about seeking every where for her. My sister was a bright, happy child, with large, roguish eyes peering out from a mass of glossy curls, which hung all round her neck. Ida loved her, and would even now creep away from me to play with her. I watched them, and sometimes wished I had been born a girl.

Thus the happy years of childhood glided by, and I linger over them with a fond remembrance. How strange that I could have enjoyed such and such things; but so it was, and so it will never be again.

The bright mystic veil that fascinated the child, making the commonest objects new and curious, disappears. I grew older, different thoughts, different pleasures, a different world opens, and yet it is not the world I live in now; I had to pass through several stages of existence ere I reached my present age. This is very strange and incomprehensible to us, yet it is the common course of that mysterious thing called life!

II.

HOME DISCIPLINE.

"I AM twelve years old," thus I wrote in my journal, "I shall soon be a man and go to college; my father teaches me now, but then I shall do what I like. They tell me I am to be a doctor. Time will show. But I do not like the idea; I would rather be a preacher. If my father says a thing, he means it; so I suppose I had better learn to like the profession." It was my habit to put down my thoughts on every birthday, and I found the above in an old desk amongst my other journals. My father took great interest in scientific matters, and I remember hearing him speak of Semler's imaginary discovery of

gold that grew in a certain atmospheric salt when kept moist and warm. I did not understand exactly what it meant, but I remember ever after looking with eager curiosity into the salt I eat at dinner, in hopes by some lucky chance I might find gold in it. "Science has much to teach us; a great deal has been found out, but the undiscovered is a boundless ocean," my father said; and I thought, if I could only find out something new and lessen the wide ocean of the unknown, I should be as happy as a king.

Several clever men frequented our house; among them was Wieland. I remember very little of him, as my mother always took me away when he came to see my father. She had a great antipathy both to his works and to his person.

Herder used to visit us very often, and was a welcome guest of my father's. He was then court preacher to the Duke, and, though an old friend of Goethe, somewhat bitter against him. He generally called whilst I was at my lessons with my father, and I enjoyed listening to this clever man, although he frightened me. Herder was very sarcastic, and had, in consequence, few friends; but I never knew him quarrel with my father. They seemed to agree on most points, especially about the poet Goethe.

We had musical parties every now and then, to which all our friends were invited. My mother did every thing in her power to increase my love for the art, and I had the best master Weimar could afford. It was in the summer of 1788 that we gave our largest and best concert. Ida Hannemann had returned from Frankfort, where she had been at school for the last year, and it was arranged she should play a duet with me. I was delighted at the thought, but she only pouted her pretty lip when I tried to make her say she was glad, and ran away to Veronica. One day we had had a rehearsal of our part, and having persuaded Ida to practice a difficult passage after the music-master had left us, we found ourselves alone. Ida was in a willful mood, and would not put down the right notes. I looked up beseechingly into her face saying:

"Oh! do please try, for my sake."

She stopped playing, and confronted me with mock solemnity.

"For your sake?" she repeated. "If I do try, it will certainly not be to please you."

"I suppose I looked distressed, for she turned away, and though she played a careless flourish with her left hand, I saw the color mount to her smooth cheek.

"Why are you so cruel to me now, Ida?" I asked. "You were not before you went to Frankfort."

"I am older and wiser now, I suppose," she replied.

"That ought not to make any difference," I said reproachfully.

"Of course it must."

"What, when you know how much I love you?"

She jumped up, and, before I had time to stop her, she was out of the room. From that moment no persuasions, either on my part or on that of any one else, would induce her to play the duet with me, and we were forced each to have a solo allotted to us instead.

The night of the concert arrived. It had been a sultry day, and the windows were wide open when the company came. Ida was amongst the last arrivals. She gave me a slight nod of recognition, but avoided saying a word to me the whole night.

Seckendorf, the musician, came with my aunt and took an active part in the amusement of the evening. I had performed my task, and it was now Ida's turn. She rose from the chair on which she had sat as if riveted since her arrival, and I am ashamed to confess I felt somewhat pleased when I saw her tremble and hesitate to go alone to the instrument. My mother went up to her, took her by the hand, and said a few encouraging words. Ida smiled faintly, and sat down with evident reluctance, and a pang shot to my heart. I listened breathless. For a few moments the sound went on, then it lingered, each note sounding uneven, and at last it ceased.

I heard a sob, and, turning round, I saw Ida with her head buried in her hands, crying bitterly. Some one near me said, "Poor child, she is too young to play all alone;" and, without waiting an instant, I sprang forward to Ida, but she slid past me, and flew like a frightened fawn out of the room. Veronica had gone to bed, so my mother made a sign to me to follow her, which I gladly did, and after a brief search I found the little runaway seated on the bottom step of the staircase. I went gently up to her, and said:

"Why will you not let me speak to you, Ida?"

"It is all your own fault," replied she, rather pettishly.

"What is?" I asked, without attempting to console her, as she had so repulsed me before.

"You should not ask—you know very well what I mean."

"No, I do not. We certainly might have played a duet together."

"And it was all your fault we did not."

"My fault?" I repeated.

"Yes, because you were so foolish."

"And said, I loved you? Was that it, Ida?"

She looked up at me through her tears, and perceiving something ludicrous in my expression, she burst out laughing, and, catching the infection, I joined in her merriment, and we were friends such as we had always been. For some time we sat chattering on the stairs, and Ida forgot her troubles till a soft strain of music floated up to where we were.

"How foolish I was!" said she. "People will think I am quite a baby; to be sure, I am only twelve."

"Never mind now, but let us go back. That is Seckendorf playing, I am certain."

And putting my arm round her waist, we approached the room where the company were assembled. Ida would not go in, so we stood by the door and listened. It was one of Mozart's sonatas that Seckendorf was performing, and the glorious composition sent a longing through my brain—a longing to excel, to be something above the masses who die and are forgotten. I thought of the marvelous childhood of that great man, and how from his seventh year he had gained a celebrity, which many might yearn after but never hope to attain. Then the music ceased, and the applause which greeted the performer, banished my day-dream. I heard some one ask if Seckendorf could play any of the airs from the opera "Don Giovanni," which came out the year before. He said he knew many of them by heart; and again I was enraptured by tones which genius had imagined and art brought forth in their most enticing forms. "Wonderful!" "Bravo!" were the exclamations uttered on all sides.

"What a marvelous mind Mozart must have," said one.

"Yes, indeed; no worldly honors could be too great for him. I suppose you know he has just been appointed chapel-

master to the Emperor Joseph," remarked another; and then a harsh voice joined in:

"Some men easily mount the ladder of fame, and get more than their deserts. Look at Goethe, for instance."

I felt very angry at this speech, and peeped into the room to see who could thus dare to talk slightly of so great a man; but I did not distinguish the speaker; he must have moved away to another part of the room. I had just read "Werther," and may almost say that I adored the writer, so great was the impression the book made upon me at thirteen years of age.

A monotonous life of study, without companions, now comes before me. Veronica was constantly with my aunt, and Ida returned to Frankfort. I was forbidden to mix with boys of my own age, or, indeed, to quit the house without giving good reasons for my doing so. Two hours of recreation were allotted to me, one of which I spent in walking with my father, who generally lectured me on some scientific subject during the time, that my thoughts might not be left in idleness. He forgot that it was possible for boys to have thoughts of their own, apart from mischief and play; and he forgot, too, that when the mind is habitually accustomed to be directed, it loses its self-dependence, and imagination is lost. Nothing was ever permitted to interfere with the daily routine of my life; from the moment I left the nursery my father superintended every thing I did. Fond of following those studies which my inclination pointed out, I should have found this yoke intolerable had I not discovered a means of escape, for a few hours at least, from my father's surveillance. At eight o'clock in the evening I wished my parents "Good night," and retired to my room to prepare the numerous lessons I had been set for the next day. At nine o'clock my father passed my room, and inquired if I had finished all I had to do. My answer to this was simply "Yes," and he was content, troubling me no more till morning. This last visit was always greeted by me with pleasure, for I knew it was the last, and considered myself free from that moment.

Now, at my music-master's house I had formed an acquaintance with a young man of the name of Burkhardt. He had a great deal of talent, although, unfortu-

nately for him, it showed itself in no particular form. He could grasp every thing, did every thing well up to a certain point, but further he had not the patience to attempt to go. For two years he was a student at Jena, where he had led a wild life and learnt little. After this, he came to Weimar to study music under his uncle, my master, and it was then he took a fancy to me. My vanity was flattered by the friendship of one so much older than myself; and although I do not think I ever cared much for him, I was led, for want of better companions, into a close intimacy with this wild young man.

My bedroom window was situated immediately above a wall which inclosed a small court at the back of our house. No sooner had my father paid me his last visit than I let myself down upon this, and, running round it, dropped into the narrow, deserted little street below. Here Burkhardt met me, and we directed our steps either to his lodging, where he taught me the use of the sword, and we practiced music together, drank beer and smoked, or (but this was not often) he led me to some night revelry, for which I never had a taste. I was not naturally wild, nor did I exercise this deceit on my parents for love of adventure; I wanted recreation and liberty, and this was my only means of obtaining it. I never looked upon the part I was acting as wrong; and if it did by chance occur to me, I smoothed over my conscience by saying, that the hours of dark were at my own disposal, and if I did not choose to spend them in sleep I was at liberty to go where I liked. Little did my discipline-loving father know where his son was, and if he had, he would never have blamed himself for being the cause of this want of trust in me. Burkhardt was confessedly an Atheist; and though his views and opinions had little weight with me, he was the first to show me disbelief was possible, and the simple, unquestioning faith with which my mother had striven to inspire me from my birth, received a shock whilst I listened to his wild, unreasoning theories, from which it was destined never to recover.

It happened sometimes that Burkhardt was unable to keep his appointment. I would then stroll out of the town to the banks of the little river Ilm; it was my delight to see the water sparkle in the

moonlight, to hear the night breeze murmur in the tall trees, to feel the repose of nature, and to banish Greek and Latin from my head. Often have I stood by the floating bridge concealed in the deep shade of some spreading branch, and there have been the invisible watcher of Goethe's midnight bathing.

This part of the river had the reputation of being haunted by water-sprites, and the peasants would not pass that way after dark. I can not say I had any adventure of this kind, and the eccentric poet is the only living thing I have ever seen disporting itself in the shining water at that hour.

Monotonous years are flitting by without any peculiar circumstance to form a landmark in the passing time. Each day is alike; my studies are advancing, my midnight rambles the same. I am a slim youth of sixteen, rather grave for my age, and having all the ways and manners of a young man. My aunt often laughed at me for my peculiar dress. She called me a book-worm, and, strange to say, by some unusual power of persuasion, she made my father think I wanted change, and needed the society of young men of my own age to make me like the rest of the world. It was settled I should become a member of the university at Jena in the following year, there to pursue my medical studies, and, till then, I was to mix more in society and be my own master during the day. This sudden liberation was hard to understand; but it had one bad effect, and that was, I never opened a book from the moment of my freedom being granted to the day I quitted Weimar to become a student.

"You are a lazy fellow, Hans," said my father sharply; "I thought better of you; my lessons have been entirely thrown away. You will never do any good."

"Pardon me, father," was my rejoinder. "When I am at college I shall be numbered among the hard workers."

He looked incredulous, and was vexed with me, but my mother understood all that was passing in my mind, and smiled approvingly, though she warned me, at the same time, not to let my holiday extend too far.

Now that I was at liberty to choose my own companions, I openly avowed my acquaintance with Burkhardt. For some weeks my father took no notice of our

intimacy, but one morning I was about to leave the breakfast-table, pleading, as my excuse, an appointment I had made with him.

"I tell you what, young man," said my father, in his sharpest tone, "if you make such friendships your ruin is not far off."

I felt very angry, but perceiving a look of deep distress on my mother's face, I forebore to open my lips, and left the room, telling myself that I was unjustly treated, and had always been so. There is nothing that galls a youth's pride more than to be told, when he is just verging into manhood, that he does not know how to take care of himself. Burkhardt encouraged me in these rebellious feelings against my father. He laughed at the idea of my being led about in leading-strings all my life, and jeered me for having endured it so long. At first, I thought him in the right; but he carried his joke too far, and it became an insult to myself which I resented hotly; he turned upon me again, and each grew warm. My eyes opened to his real character, and from that time the friendship which had existed for so many years was dissolved. I no longer sought his society as a privilege, but, on the contrary, avoided him as much as possible, and if by chance we met, it was but to exchange a few words and pass on.

In the month of August of this year, Count von P—— treated me to a *redoute*. It was the first I had ever seen, and my astonishment was great. The Duchess Amalia was dressed *en reine grecque*, and displayed jewels of what to me appeared fabulous value; she danced with any mask who had courage sufficient to ask her, and staked dollars and half-louis at the faro-table. The ball was very successful; every one seemed happy; but as I had never learned to dance, and felt very uncomfortable in my Savoyard dress and mask, I did not altogether enjoy myself. Some students from Jena were there; they seemed much at their ease, and wholly independent in their manners. The costumes were dazzling: masks as Fire, Love, and Zephyr passed me, and men dressed as women with their hair curled.

We staid till the last, although I was tired out long before Count von P—— proposed returning home. The cool air was refreshing after the close, heated atmosphere of the ball-room. I felt like a bird escaped from its cage, and rejoiced in my accustomed clothes. I never

thought my blue coat half so comfortable as I did the day after my first dissipation.

Ida now lived at home, her education was completed, she had grown up even more fascinating in outward appearance than she promised to be as a child. All the force of my childish affection returned when I met her again, not as a child now, but as a woman full of grace and beauty. Whenever I could invent an excuse sufficient to pay the Hannemanns a visit, I was sure to be found with Ida. She treated me with the cordiality of an old friend, but preserved her maidenly dignity, which I then misconstrued into coldness, so little do men know of the shades of feeling within a woman's heart. Every thing is open with us; we are not bound to conceal our passion, whilst a woman must guard her every look and movement lest inadvertently she should betray what is passing in her breast.

Ida loved me, and this I learned to my inexpressible joy on the morning of the 10th of November, 1792. I was to quit Weimar on the following day, and went to bid her good-by; she was seated by the window arranging some wild autumnal flowers in a little vase; there was no one else in the room, and I stole unperceived to her side.

"Like their mistress," said I, alluding to the flowers, "they are modest and beautiful."

Ida started up. "O Hans! how you frightened me!"

"Did I?" I said, stooping to pick up the blossoms she had let fall in her alarm.

"Yes, you should have knocked at the door."

"I will go and do it now. They say it is never too late to mend."

Ida put out her hand to take the flowers, laughed, and called me a foolish fellow.

"Let me keep these flowers," I said.

"I am going to Jena to-morrow."

"Going! Are you really?" asked she; and a shade of melancholy passed over her face.

"Yes, I want a keepsake from you. I may keep them, may I not?"

"Certainly, but they will fade;" and she blushed as soon as she had given her permission. Gaining assurance from her manner, I approached nearer, and said with a beating heart:

"There is one keepsake I aspire to which would never fade."

"Indeed!" rejoined Ida, putting the last flower into water, and averting her face from me. "I can not think what that can be."

"Your heart." I saw her hand tremble, but she was silent, and I continued: "You know how very deeply I loved you long ago when we were quite children; well, that love has grown up and strengthened in me; it is a passion now, Ida, a strong, manly passion. Tell me from your heart if you could ever love me? Bid me hope, and I shall go to college happy and fight my way in the world with the joyful assurance that one day, when I have earned the right, I may look forward to the inexpressible blessing of your love. Do not turn away, Ida; you make me tremble for fear that I have been mistaken."

At first she made a movement as if to run from me, then checking herself, she turned suddenly round and gazed at me timidly, as she said: "I do love you, Hans; but I am so very young, I am only just sixteen."

"We are both young, but as we were not too young to love each other at six years old, we can not be too young now. I could not leave Weimar without the assurance of your attachment."

"I am afraid you will forget me, Hans," said she, sorrowfully. "You have seen but little of the world, you will meet those who will please you far more than I, and then you will regret having said all this to me."

I took both her hands in mine, and looked full into her face. "Can you not trust me?"

"Oh! yes, if I thought you knew the full meaning of what you say!"

"You believe in my love; what doubt, then, can possibly remain?"

"A great one, Hans; we can not marry for many years to come. Is it right to enter into such a long engagement? Will our parents permit us to do so?"

Ida was far more thoughtful and experienced than I; I could think of nothing but love, and it galled me to have truths set before me—truths which I could not set aside except by vehemence, not argument.

"Your father would not hear of your taking so imprudent a step," said she, with provoking composure.

"Ida, you will drive me wild; you can not love me if you persist in putting forth doubts where none exist."

"It is because I love you that I raise these doubts."

"Why should we ask his consent or any one's? It will be time enough when we can marry."

"And must we live in deceit for so many years? O Hans! that would be dreadful!"

"Why? I do not understand your scruples."

"I feel sure they are just, because it pains me to make them."

"And is the right always painful?" asked I mockingly, for I was vexed with her.

"Do not be angry, Hans," she said, looking up at me with her bewitching eyes. "Let us ask our parents now; if they refuse to permit our engagement, we can still love each other."

"And be parted, or else use deceit? No, Ida, you are in the wrong now; better never speak of our engagement than go contrary to their wishes after asking their consent."

"But perhaps I was wrong when I thought there would be any objection made," mused Ida, irresolutely, and turning from me.

I caught at that doubt, and said reproachfully: "It is you who shrink from a long engagement; you do not love me sufficiently to bear the tedium of it."

I had gone too far; she burst into tears, and said she had not deserved this of me. My conscience was pricked, I tried to soothe her, said I would do anything she wished if only she would smile.

"I do not wish to lead you, Hans; I wish you to follow your own judgment; only think before you decide."

"I have thought, and it is the result of that which brings me here to-day. I could not leave home without telling you all, for I wanted strength to enable me to leave you. You have given me this, by the assurance of your love; our engagement is now inevitable. You surely will not torture both yourself and me by refusing to become my promised wife?"

"No," said Ida; "I do but wish our parents told."

"My father will refuse his consent now; we must wait, and when I return from college with my doctor's diploma, we will ask for it, and all will go well."

Ida smiled when I mentioned the diploma, but the smile had faded in a moment from her lips, and she said gravely: "You

ask me to hear of your success in life without a proud smile. You ask me to appear outwardly to regard you with no more interest than if I had no right to share in your joy, whilst inwardly I feel the greatest right of all—that of being your promised wife."

"What do you mean, Ida? You puzzle me," I said; but she continued without appearing to have heard me:

"Yes, and when I hear of your being in sorrow, I must weep alone, and feel that I have no right to make known my grief when I did not suffer any one to share my joy. Wherever I go, the secret of my heart will make me lonely. I may want consolation, support, and sympathy, but I shall have no one to fly to—no one, and yet so many."

"Why not fly to me?"

"How? You will be away; we shall meet very seldom."

"And can not you bear all this for my sake?" I asked mournfully. "I ought not to ask you to do it, but still I did hope——"

"Hope every thing," said Ida, hurriedly. "I would bear it all, and a thousand times more, if it be really necessary."

"It is," I said slowly, and I felt I spoke the truth, though it cost me a pang as the thought of my selfishness came before me, more especially when I held my little promised bride in my arms, and she whispered:

"I am yours, Hans."

Was I destined always to lead her astray? No, no, the great fault of our lives was committed then, and it was I who led her wrong, and many a bitter, lonely hour she must have spent, whilst I, buoyed up with hope, stormed out into the world of manhood, and, save for a few brief moments of self-reproach, our engagement was joy to me, and never cost me an instant's perplexity or pain, till the unforeseen consequences of my hasty step burst upon me, bringing distress and sorrow on the head of him who most deserved to suffer. That head was mine.

From the Leisure Hour.

AN INCIDENT IN OUR HONEYMOON.

I do not know if any one else will think the story I am going to try to write down as interesting as we—that is, John and I—did. I will try to tell it in the simple words in which it was told to us. But, first, I must say that we heard it during our honeymoon, which we were spending at a cottage in the beautiful park of Lord —; I shall call him Dimdale. The cottage was situated in a wild and lonely part of it; and the deer used to come up close to the door, and lie under the fine old oaks, through whose branches the sun glimmered on the soft warm turf and clumps of young fern. And how the birds sang! for it was the beginning of May, and fine hot weather. But to come at once to the story.

In one of our walks, we had made acquaintance with the clergyman, Mr. Morton, an old man, with a placid sweet smile, and long snow-white hair, who somehow

gave one the idea of perfect happiness and peace. He asked us to drink tea with him in his vicarage, to which we gladly agreed; and he led us through paths in the forest, all bordered with primroses and bluebells, to a small house covered with creepers and in front having a garden as neat as you can imagine a garden to be, and full of old-fashioned flowers, such as crown imperials, starch hyacinths, and polyanthus, and sweet with southernwood, etc. On entering the house, I perceived that the parlor was full of children's toys and work-baskets, and I expected every moment that a whole flock of grandchildren would come rushing in; but none appeared.

I suppose Mr. Morton observed my surprise, for while we were at tea, before the open window, he said: "Mrs. Fairfield, I see you looking at those toys, and wondering what little children come here

to enliven an old man's loneliness; but no child comes here. The little girl whose busy fingers last dressed that wooden baby, would have been an old woman now, and the merry boys who laughed and shouted at play with those horses, would have been elderly, care-worn men. Yes, they were mine; and in one week they all left me."

I uttered some exclamation of pity, and he went on in a dreamy voice, as if more to himself than to us, looking from the window all the time:

"Yes, thank you, my dear young lady. In one week, wife and children were taken, and I became the solitary man I have been ever since. . . . It was in a fever," he continued, after a pause—"a fever brought here by some wanderers, who came one night to a barn near the village, where one died, and from whom the infection spread. The weather was very bad for it—burning hot and very dry; there was no rain or dew, so that the flowers drooped and the leaves withered with the summer sun beating down all day long. There were deaths around me every day, and the bell was always tolling for the passing of a soul or a funeral. They brought the coffins that way," and he pointed to a green path out of the forest, "in the evening, when one could hardly see them and their attendants against the dark green foliage in the dusk."

"I went to the sick as much as possible; but I took every possible precaution against infection to my wife and children. We would have sent our darlings away, but we had no one to send them to, and we were a mile and a half away from any infected house. We had three children: Ellen, about eight years old, a thoughtful, quiet, loving little thing, older than her years. How she used to trot about the house after her mother, trying to help her, and looking up at her, with calm deep blue eyes. Then there were Hugh and Harry, rosy boisterous boys, and their mother—Ellen, Ellen. All that your bride can be to you, Mr. Fairfield, my wife was to me."

He was silent, and looked from the lattice window into the sweet spring evening, at the swallows darting about in the sunshine, the young green leaves and the flowers, whose scent floated through the open window, thinking of the dear companion who had once walked by his side

in that sunshine, and tended those flowers with him.

"One evening," he went on, "I was at liberty, and we took the children out, letting the breeze, what there was of it, blow from us to the village. We went to a hill, from whence we could see the silent village afar off. The boys ran about and shouted in their glee, but little Ellen came and laid her golden head on my knee, and looked in my face, with her deep sweet eyes. She said: 'Papa, there must be a great many people sorrowful down there in the village. I would like to help them. I wish we could comfort them. I should like so much.' I told her how we could help them, by asking Him who sends us all our troubles to help us to bear them patiently, knowing that they are sent in love and pity. Then we walked home, for the sun was setting like a red ball of fire. The children gathered great nose-gays of roses and honeysuckles, which they put in water when we got home. The smell of a honeysuckle always brings that evening again before me."

"My darling laid her doll to sleep just as it lies now, and wished it and myself good-night; the boys arranged all their playthings, and then their mother took them to bed, and I sat here, where I am now, looking into the darkening night. I heard them sing the evening hymn—Ellen and her mother, softly and clearly—the boys with loud, eager, joyous voices—and my heart was very thankful for the many blessings vouchsafed to me."

"That night there was a great cry in our house, as in Egypt of old, for our first-born was to die. The fever had begun. Our frightened servants ran from the house at midnight, and we were left alone with our stricken child. The morning dawned. The boys awoke, and we bid them dress themselves, and go and play in the forest. Meanwhile I went to Marston, the nearest town, for the doctor and a nurse, resolved on their arrival, that I would take the boys away to the woodman's wife, Annice; I knew she would take care of them. But neither nurse nor doctor could be spared from Marston; and all that burning July day we watched by our darling's bed, listening to the distant sound of the boys at play in the forest, commingling with her ravings. Hardly ravings either, for there was nothing frightful; all was happiness and peace, as her young life had been. She talked of

Harry and Hugh, of her birds and flowers, and of appearing in the presence of her dear Saviour.

"At last the long, dreadful day was wearing away. The sun was lowering, and we saw the struggle was nearly over. Those who had that fever rarely lived more than twenty-four hours, even the strong, much less one like our darling. About sunset I heard a voice under the window. It was Annice, who had heard of our trouble and had come to help us. I went down to speak to her, and she told me we were to part with our merry healthy boys. I had not dared to go near them all day; but we had heard their voices within an hour. But Annice had found them, and recognized the ghastly signs too well. I knew, too, as soon as I saw them. I went back to tell their mother, and we sent Annice to be with them, and staid with the one from whom we were first to part.

"It was dark now, and the stars came out, and a red glow on the horizon showed where the moon was to rise by and by. Ellen was talking of walking as we had done last night. 'Papa, I am very tired; do carry me home; we are coming very near home now, aren't we, very near home?' Then we were in church. You have seen how the sunset light shines on the monument to the Lady Diundale, lighting up the sweet pure face that is raised to heaven? She thought she saw it. 'It is growing dark; I want to see the glory on the monument. Ah! there it is; the head is all bright and shining. It is looking at me. I am coming. Such a glory is all around. I am coming. Wait till the hymn is sung, or papa and mamma will be vexed. And she raised herself, and stretched out her arms; and, as loud and sweet as last night she had sung in health and reason, she now sung the evening hymn:

'Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh! keep me——'

And so singing, the angel of Death, that had come so gently to her, took her home. We stood by her grave that night under the solemn stars, and, grief-stricken, thanked the chastening Father for the child he had given and taken away.

"But a great horror fell on me when we went back to our remaining dear ones. It was in bitter anguish that our little

Harry left us. He was so strong and so healthy, that he struggled hard to live. He wanted to be out in the forest at play, he said, to feel the fresh air, and to cool his burning hands in the sparkling brook. No vision of glory calmed his last hour, and we were thankful when the end had come.

"Then Hugh woke up from the deadly stupor in which he had lain. He saw his brother lie still and quiet in his little crib; and when his mother took him on her lap, he said in his own sweet lisping voice: 'Harry is better now; I'll be better soon, mamma.'

"His mother told him Harry would never be ill any more, and never sorry; but, taken to his Saviour, would rest and be happy for evermore.

"I'll rest, too, till morning, mamma;' and so, clasping his little hands round her neck, he went to his eternal rest; and we were childless!

"After the little coffins had been laid by the first we had followed there, Ellen, my only Ellen, and I sat together on that seat in the twilight. Well do I remember the night. The air was heavy with the scent of hay and flowering bean-fields; bats wheeled round our heads, and great white moths and cockchafers flitted past us. We talked of our darlings, and how perhaps even then their angel spirits were near us; and we felt that it was well. We had laid them in the dark bosom of the earth for a time; but it would soon pass away—oh! very, very soon, and then how light the present bitterness!

"'And, dear heart,' I said to my beloved one, 'we have still each other; we will not be desolate.' And we felt peace in our hearts, even the peace of God, that the world can not give. But the pestilence that walketh in darkness had not yet done its mission.

"'My dearest,' my wife said to me one day, 'I am going to leave you too; you will then be alone, but do not let your heart break. A little while—a few years—and then we shall all meet together before the throne of the Lamb!'

"I watched one day by my wife's dying-bed, with Annice, and I remember no more. A long frightful dream, a deep stupor succeeded. When I awoke it was evening, and the golden sunshine was in my room. From the window I could see into the forest; I saw that rain had fallen, and the grass and leaves were green again.

The lurid mist had cleared away, and the sky was soft and blue. All looked joyous and glad; but I knew there was no more earthly gladness for me: the blessed rain had fallen on the graves of all I loved, and the grass grew green upon them.

"I need not tell of all I suffered; it has long gone by. When I first came down here from my chamber, all was as I had left it the night that sorrow first fell upon us. The very flowers, gathered by the little hands that were stilled forever, were there, but dry and dead. I would not let any thing be moved. So they have been for fifty years, and so they will be till I join those who left them there. And in the quiet evening I can see them unaltered before me. Ellen, my wife, with her quiet eyes and smile, in the wicker-work chair; and little Ellen deftly working by her side, with a sedate womanly look on her sweet face; and the boys at noisy play around them. And then I feel that I am alone. But He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has helped me through all my lonely days.

"And now all I have to tell is told. Perhaps you wonder at my telling it. I could not have done it twenty, nor even ten years ago; but I am now an old man,

eighty-five years of age; and it can not be long ere the changes and chances of this mortal life are over for me. A long life have I had, and rest will be sweet after the burden and heat of the day. I never see the sunset light on the Lady Dimdale's sweet face, without thinking of the shining glory round that angelic head, that seemed to call my little Ellen home, and longing for the time when I too shall go home to her, and her gentle mother, and her two happy brothers."

And when Mr. Morton was silent, we rose up gently, and bade him good-night, and walked home through the quiet forest. The influence of his calm resigned spirit seemed to us to pervade all things; and I earnestly prayed that when our day, dark or sunshiny as it may be, is over, and the golden evening falls, that the wondrous peace which is his, may be ours also. John and I, as we walked along, talked seriously of our future life, and of the vast importance of possessing that faith in God, and trust in the Saviour, which alone would fit us to endure with calmness the shocks of earthly sorrow and trial. And the twilight fell gently around us as we came to the cottage-door.

TO A SEA-GULL SEEN OFF THE CLIFFS OF MOHER.

"WHITE bird of the tempest! O beautiful thing!
With the bosom of snow and the motionless wing;
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along like a ray of the morn;
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam;
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the spirit of charity brooding o'er pain;
Now gliding with pinion all noiselessly furled,
Like an angel descending to comfort the world;
Thou seem'st to my fancy as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays,
Now lost in the storm-driven vapors that fly
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,

Like a pure spirit true to its virtue and faith,
'Midst the tempests of nature, of passion and death.

"Rise, beautiful emblem of purity, rise!
On the sweet winds of heaven to thine own brilliant skies,
Still higher! still higher! till, lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a bright spirit gazing on thee
Must long for the moment — the joyous and free—
When the soul, disembodied, from nature shall spring,
Unfettered at once to her Maker and King;
When the long day of service and suffering past,
Shapes fairer than thine shall shine round her at last,
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
She smiles like a victor serene on the world!"

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT: Together with Selections chiefly from his Contributions to Journals, intended to illustrate his Opinions. Arranged by his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. Pp. 243.

DOUGLAS JERROLD has a world-wide reputation among reading people for his witty sayings, "brilliant repartees," the sparks of wisdom which scintillated, "the flashes of burning fire which fell from the eloquent tongue that is now mute forever." He abounded in these literary coruscations, for even in the volume before us only a small part of the thousands of brilliant things which he uttered are gathered. We intend to give some goodly specimens from this book as soon as room will permit. The publishers of this volume announce in press a forthcoming life of this renowned man, which the reading public will welcome.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER. By THOMAS BROWN.

"A star hath left the kindling sky,
A lovely northern light;
Many a planet is on high,
But that hath left the night."

New-York. Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1858. Pp. 346.

A LIFE of this remarkable man whose history, fame, writings, and untimely exit from the brilliant orbit in which he moved, have excited so wide an interest over two continents, that the announcement of this book of personal history can hardly fail to receive a cordial welcome, and the volume itself a wide circulation.

DEATH OF A FRENCH CELEBRITY.—An illustrious name is now extinct; this week died in retirement, of old age, at Autueil, the last of the Bouffiers, nephew of Chevalier de Bouffiers, so well known as a *bel esprit* and poet, once Governor of Senegal, French Academician, and member of the States-General in 1786. The deceased was great-grandson of Marechal Duc de Bouffiers, who defended Lille against Prince Eugene and Marlborough. There are so very few genuine representatives of the old noble stock of gentlemen in France, that the few authentic bearers of historic names can be badly spared. We have still Rochefoucaulds, Noailles, and a few remnants of fossil gentility in the Faubourg over the way, and in the wilds of Brittany; but if the law against usurped titles is really enforced, Paris will awake some fine morning without a Marquis or Viscount to signify.

GOING OUT OF OFFICE.—Lord Lyndhurst tells a good story *apropos* of his surrender of the great seal in 1846. "When I went to the Palace," says his lordship, "I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called in sonorous tones from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment: 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England.' I entered the presence-chamber; I gave the seals to her Majesty; I had the honor of kiss-

ing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back staircase, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey bustled up, and with a patronizing air, said: 'Lord Lyndhurst, can I do any thing for you?'"

LIVES OF THE REGICIDES.—The mania for writing the "lives" of a certain class of persons widely differing from each other in character, but susceptible of being grouped under one category, has been some time prevalent in England, and to it we owe, after Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," (most of whom were not poets at all,) "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," of "The Speakers," etc., etc. "Lives of the Regicides" is now announced by an over-zealous Frenchman, M. de Bussy, and if all cases of political assassination are to figure in his book, he will be simply compiling a martyrology for the disciples of Mazzini. The ancestor of Empress Eugénie, Kirkpatrick, slew Comyn on behalf of Bruce, and made the murder of a rival to the throne "more sikkur" with his dirk. Sisera sleeping had a nail driven into his skull, and in the very chapter preceding that record, Eglon, "King of Moab," was summarily disposed of by a regicide dagger; without mention of Holofernes, whose slayer, Judith, lives in the songs of Israel, the Charlotte Corday of her country. It is a dangerous topic in every sense.—*Paris Letter*.

NO SUNDAY PRIVILEGES FOR SHAREHOLDERS.—The scheme of the Crystal Palace Company for giving an increased value to their shares by the admission of the holders to the Palace on Sunday has been stopped by Vice-Chancellor Page Wood. Mr. Rendall, a shareholder, sought an injunction to prevent the carrying out of the plan, on the ground that Sunday opening is contrary to the Company's charter. The Vice-Chancellor decided that such opening would be a direct violation of the charter; and he granted an injunction.

FAR-FETCHED PROOF OF THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.—In a paper read before the Royal Society, on 11th February, Mr. Horner, giving an account of researches undertaken near Cairo, with the view of throwing light upon the geological history of the alluvial land of Egypt, stated that a fragment of pottery, now in his possession, an inch square and a quarter of an inch in thickness, the two surfaces being of a brick red color, had been obtained from the lowest part of a boring, thirty-nine feet from the surface of the ground. The entire soil pierced consisted of true Nile sediment; and allowing the estimated rate of increase of deposited sediment of three and half inches in a century to be correct, this fragment having been found at a depth of thirty-six feet, is a record of the existence of man 13,375 years before A.D. 1858—11,517 years before the Christian era—and 7625 years from the beginning assigned by Lepsius to the reign of Menes, the founder of Memphis—of man, moreover, in a state of civilization, so far at least as to be able to fashion clay into vessels, and to know how to harden it by the action of strong heat.—*Athenæum*.

THE FUTURE OF THE MUTINY.—Speculation is rife as to the future policy of the rebels. They are somewhat premature, as it is not absolutely impossible that Sir Colin Campbell may be shut up as Sir Henry Havelock was, but the two plans attributed to them deserve a notice. According to one opinion they will, on the fall of Lucknow, disperse, seek shelter in the 400 forts with which Oude is studded, and there maintain a desultory war. According to another, they will disperse, outmarch us as they have always done, and penetrate by detachments into Central India. In that pestilence nest of rajahlings, newabs, chiefs, independent zemindars, and titled vagabonds of every kind, the materials of insurrection are ready to their hands. They will be able, too, to raise the Bombay army should it be at heart disloyal, and in the very heart of the continent, protected by thousands of square miles of jungle, by the absence of roads, and by their distance from our true base—the sea—they may maintain themselves for months.

It is, of course, impossible to predict what an Asiatic will do, his usual line being to adopt the course most opposed to his obvious interest. For myself, however, I believe the second opinion the more probable. One thing is certain; the majority of the Sepoys disbelieve the fall of Delhi. The Kotah regiments mutinied in consequence of that belief. The 32d Native Infantry considered the storm an invention. The Sepoys at Lahore laugh at the assertions of Government. Even the men at Barrackpore doubt and ask travelers. The unfortunate mistake made with respect to the King, deepens the prevalent impression. — *Calcutta Letter*, Nov. 23.

BYRON'S FIRST LOVE.—In alluding to the death at Brighton, on the 6th ult., of Mrs. Mary Duff, widow of Mr. Robert Cockburn, the *Glasgow Herald* says: "We believe this lady, whose husband was a brother of the late Lord Cockburn, was Lord Byron's first love. The noble poet mentions, in one of his letters, that when a little boy, residing with his mother in Aberdeen, he and 'Mary Duff' used to walk together under the charge of their female attendants, and that the feeling he then cherished towards her was the first dawn of that passion which, in more mature years, glowed with sufficient intensity. His famous 'Mary,' Miss Chaworth, to whom he addresses that impassioned poem, the 'Dream,' died more than twenty years since. No wonder Byron, in another poem, writes: 'I have a passion for the name of Mary.'"

HOW TO FOSTER A TALENT FOR DRAWING.—If a child has talent for drawing, it will be continually scrawling on what paper it can get; and should be allowed to scrawl at its own free will, due praise being given for every appearance of care or truth in its efforts. It should be allowed to amuse itself with cheap colors almost as soon as it has sense enough to wish for them. If it merely daubs the paper with shapeless stains, the color-box may be taken away till it knows better; but, as soon as it begins painting red coats on soldiers, striped flags to ships, etc., it should have colors at command; and, without restraining its choice of subject in that imaginative and historical art, of a military tendency, which children delight in, (generally quite as valuable, by the way, as any historical art delighted in by their elders,) it should be gently led by the parents to try to draw, in such childish fashion as may be, the things it can see and likes—birds or

butterflies, or flowers or fruit. In later years, the indulgence of using the colors should only be granted as a reward, after it has shown care and progress in its drawings with pencil. — *Ruskin's Elements of Drawing*.

THE CROWN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—As it may be interesting to our readers, who have heard so much lately about *fezes*, ceremonies, and the magnificence of upholstery, to know the value of some of the articles used on the occasion, we subjoin the estimated price of the jewels of the crown of state which the Queen wore in St. James's Chapel:

The great ruby,	£10,000
The aqua marina,	12,000
Twenty diamonds round the circle, (£1500 each),	30,000
Two large center diamonds, (2000 each),	4,000
Four crosses, each composed of 25 diamonds,	12,000
Four large diamonds on the top of the crosses,	40,000
Twenty-six diamonds contained in the <i>fleur de lis</i> ,	12,000
Pearls and diamonds on the arches and crosses,	14,000
	£184,000

Notwithstanding the enormous mass of jewelry, the crown weighs only nineteen ounces ten penny-weights. It measures seven inches in height from the gold circle to the upper cross, and its diameter at the rim is five inches.

A MOHAMMEDAN OPINION OF OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.—I may now sum up the character of the English by saying they are entirely submissive to the law and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable. — *Autobiography of Lutfulah*.

A TELEGRAPHIC LINE is to be commenced forthwith between Marseilles and Constantinople. The wires will pass by the Hyères Islands to Corsica, and so on from island to island till they reach Constantinople.

A FEW days ago, at Havre, a bon constrictor, received from Brazil, laid an egg, and almost immediately a serpent about one and a half feet long issued from it. No preparations having been made to receive the young bon, it died soon after of cold.

M. BOISSONADE, the distinguished Hellenist, has just died in Paris, at the age of eighty-three. He was professor of Greek literature at the Faculty of Letters, and was the oldest member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S VOYAGE.—Sir Roderick Murchison has received letters from Dr. Livingstone, the latest date being Sierra Leone, March 30. The party were to sail that day for the Cape. The voyage of the Pearl had been a very favorable one; and of his companions the Doctor says: "I am very thankful to have such a lot. There seems to be none of the cantankerous persuasion among them. Long may they continue so! Every thing has been propitious hitherto, and I trust we shall have the Divine blessing on our labors." Sierra Leone, Dr. Livingstone was informed, has been much healthier during the last ten years than previously, owing, he thinks, to the drainage of Kroo Town, accomplished by the present Governor, Colonel Hill.



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